

MUSEUM

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CHRISTMAS is come and gone, and I am again alone! That it is not good for a man to be so, is a truth which eleven years of absolute solitude have taught me too often to feel, though it is chiefly at this precise period that a sense of utter loneliness finds vent in thought, if not in words. It is not in spring, when the woods are vocal, and the fields instinct with life; it is not in summer, when a contemplative mind finds "tongues in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing"—still less amid the sober stillness of autumn—the year's grey twilight, when man holds communings with his spirit, too deep and awful to be shared with his nearest and dearest,—that the burden of solitude becomes oppressive. No! it is when, after partaking in the refined, the social, or the domestic joys of those, among whose firesides custom and consanguinity have divided my holidays, I return to the cheerless meal and silent vigil of my own bachelor home.

And yet it is a beloved home,—hallowed by fond recollections, and rich in present enjoyments; endeared by the shelter it afforded to the green loveliness of a mother's old age, which had nothing of age save its sanctity; hallowed, as the scene of a transition which had nothing of death but the name; adorned by her own exquisite taste, and my solicitude for her comfort, with a thousand little refinements which few bachelor homes can boast. It is not that I would give the roof that sheltered her (humble though it be) for the stateliest halls of the revellers I have left,—nor the garden she planted for "a wilderness" of exotics,—nor the little library originally selected for my Emma, and perused with my mother, for the treasures of the Vatican or Escorial,—but simply, that man has gregarious and social propensities, which, when awakened by human intercourse, leave a painful void behind.

It is nearly twenty years since, with blighted hopes and paralyzed energies, I ceased fruitlessly to struggle in the race of life, with those who had still bright eyes to cheer them during the contest, and a prize before them at the goal. The world called my retreat pusillanimous and absurd. I deemed it providential, when I found, that slender as were my resources, and humble as my home, both would contribute

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materially to soothe the decline of my mother. Even selfishness might have found its account in the compact—for who can bind up the immedicable wounds of the heart with the skill or the tenderness of a mother?—one, too, gifted, far beyond the generality of her sex, with almost masculine strength of mind, tempered by more than feminine gentleness of disposition. She had seen enough to be an amusing companion, and suffered enough to be an edifying one. There was a sunshine of conscious integrity and benevolence about her, which no despondence could resist; and a vigour of principle and intellect before which selfishness and inutility shrank abashed. If her increasing infirmities forbade her literally “going about doing good,” there emanated from her humble abode, as from some stationary beacon, a ray of Christian charity precious to the safety and welfare of hundreds. She had wisdom to advise, and influence to promote, and experience to warn, many a young adventurer on the voyage of life; and a purse, that, like the widow’s cruise, seemed replenished by the miraculous blessing of Heaven. I never knew any one whose tastes and enjoyments were so delightfully perennial—“age could not wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.” She loved her friends with the singleness and warmth of a novice in the world. She looked on nature with a relish as exquisite, as one who, having been born blind, was revelling in the luxury of vision; and she had for literature the enthusiasm of fifteen, with the tact arising from fifty years’ cultivation of a powerful mind!

What did I not owe her, when, broken-hearted and forlorn, a second time I sought shelter on her maternal bosom! She first soothed her wayward child, by sharing his griefs; then weaned him from them by her bright example. She had buried husband, sons, and daughters, and stood in the world lonely, but unrepining. Could I, who had but been called on to resign an untasted good, look on her, and refuse to be comforted?

I roused myself to the strife of mutual kindness and good offices. When I was successful, she would tell me I resembled my father; and when her efforts triumphed, I could speak to her of Emma as of a daughter who would have been worthy of her. Surely there are few human ties so tender as that which unites a widowed mother to her widowed son! Both have known joys and griefs, which the other alone can perhaps adequately appreciate—both have just that surplus of chastened and sober feeling to bestow, which the other can afford in return.

Nine happy, yes! happy years did we pass together; yet, when called to resign her, with all her affections unchilled, and her faculties unimpaired, and her talents undimmed by decay, I gathered from these very circumstances the strength requisite to support the trial, for where could I have found that necessary to enable me to see her the gradual prey of imbecility and decay? It pleased Heaven to spare us both the infliction. In the most literal sense of the beautiful language of Scripture, “she fell asleep”—and her waking was doubtless with God!

For a period of perhaps more than forty years—excluding the brief feverish ten passed in the vortex of the busy world—my 25th of December had occasionally been passed under the same hospitable roof. When first its Christmas pies and Christmas gambols awakened my

childish anticipations, they were blended with vague and groundless fears of a stately and somewhat awful lady, whom the sense of her being my mother's bosom friend, could not entirely divest of terror in the eyes of childhood.

She was one whose tall majestic form and penetrating eye did but reflect the energies within; and if full-grown folly and titled insignificance withered under her glance, it is not to be wondered that childhood cowered before it. It was not as now, when the presence of parents only animates and emboldens the revels of their emancipated children. Duty is a word grown obsolete—whether happily or not, remains to be seen. Love, in those days, was shrouded and almost stifled under a cold exterior veil of duty. Circumstances had, perhaps, given added stateliness to Lady Mary's deportment, and assumed sternness to her rule; for, left early a widow with a numerous progeny, she had to act a father's and a guardian's part to seven high-spirited youths, amid whom three lovely daughters grew, half unnoticed, like violets in a stately grove.

When I first joined their festive board, it was surrounded by all its olive branches;—hardy adventurers already launched on life's ocean, and returned to cheer the Christmas fire with tales of wonder from sea and land. The pale and pensive student, shuddering as he heard, and feeling that nature meant him for a man of peace;—the rosy sparkling schoolboy, panting with eagerness to share the perils, and partake the joys of active life;—the gentle sisterhood of Graces, listening with rapt attention and varying emotions, legible on each soft fair countenance, to the soldier's foray, and the sailor's watch;—and, lastly, infant urchins like myself, half frightened, half enchanted with what we heard, and escaping from the awfule presence of the elders, to re-enact it all—and play at least at men.

No after Christmas fireside boasted the same rich family blessings. One or other gallant boy was ever absent and in peril; and it was the silent tear that dimmed Lady Mary's usually keen blue eye, as it rested on their vacant place, that first knit my heart with filial veneration to my mother's friend. With the necessity, too, for absolute despotism, its foreign assumption gradually wore away. The elder ones became endeared and privileged friends; and the younger, objects of solicitude rather than discipline. More of Lady Mary's leisure could be devoted to her fair daughters, and towards them sternness would have been as impossible as misplaced. The anxious struggle occasioned by an encumbered property gave place to dearly-earned ease and affluence; and the mother reposed upon her laurels, amid filial gratitude, and public veneration.

I went to school and college. Once only, during that busy period, did I Christmas at Dunbarrow. It was a joyous and festive meeting to appearance, for the band of heroes was nearly full, and the newly ordained and piously dedicated student had been summoned to give the hand of the most bewitching of the Graces to a man deemed worthy of the prize. Few have lived long in the world without learning that wedding laughter is the hollowest of all; but not even the thoughtlessness of youth could then render our gaiety spontaneous and sincere. Louisa was going away, probably for life, and with a stranger. Was

not this enough to make a mother tremble, and sisters weep, and the very little children hang about her, and forget their gambols? My sympathy, for it was no more, though I was now a susceptible lad of eighteen, found vent in a dislike to Mr. B—, which circumstances sadly justified. When Louisa returned to Dunbarrow, it was an early blighted flower, withered by unkindness and misfortune!

From that time, a long period intervened before I again joined the circle. My father died, and my mother removed from the family seat in the same county with Dunbarrow, to preside over my sister's education in town, and cheer with her presence and counsel my legal studies. We returned no more to —shire, till my blighted hopes, and her repeated losses, made retirement precious to us both; and friendship, as well as a thousand pleasingly painful associations, bade us seek it in our old neighbourhood.

I shall not soon forget the Christmas that succeeded our return, after an absence of thirteen years. Lady Mary's erect and stately form had shrunk in dimensions, like the halls I once thought boundless. Her step was tottering and feeble, and her powerful mind, though unimpaired, had lost the light of memory to guide its path, and wandered without rudder or compass on the ocean of the past and present.

Her heart, however, was warm as ever, and clung the more tenaciously to early friendships, that much that was more recent eluded its grasp. My mother was hailed with transport—but by that maiden name, which, for thirty long years, had not saluted her ear; and it was among her many causes for thankfulness, that Heaven had sent her, as a ministering angel, to cheer the benighted soul of her early friend with glimpses of youthful affection and joy. There was nothing painful or humiliating in Lady Mary's abstraction from the things of to-day and yesterday:—those of fifty years back were related with her characteristic energy and acuteness. She alone, of all who exceed their usual span, could people the desolate past with friends long buried and forgotten by their own nearest and dearest. She alone consigned all the painful visitations of the present to happy and merciful oblivion; and gradually learnt to dwell chiefly on a futurity which was not of earth, but heaven.

Grandchildren were now growing up to supply breaches in the circle of her goodly sons and blooming daughters, whose few survivors were now way-worn pilgrims in the various paths of life. These, fondly misled by similarity of name or personal resemblance, she would frequently identify with the "beautiful and brave," over whom she had once wept; retaining, through all her aberrations, such a vague sense of their affinity, as made their presence and attentions delightful, though their absence was happily unmarked. I felt as if on the narrow isthmus between two states of existence, when I looked on Lady Mary's venerable form, and heard her discourse with my mother on events as present, which had become the province of history; and when, without a contemporary of my own to break the spell, I saw, on the other hand, a race of rosy infants (the orphans of long lost sons) rising to usurp the places which I thought it seemed as yesterday since their sires had occupied.

These feelings have long since passed away. My mother was mer-

cifully first summoned from her soon unconscious survivor, who, with the snows of near ninety winters on her head, looked like some hoary peak, whose base the storms of a century have slowly but surely undermined. It fell, at length—but gently, as the ripe grain before the sickle. We laid her mortal remains beside her friends, in the lovely woodland chapel sacred to her race; and rejoiced that her spirit was now presenting unfettered, at a throne of grace, the prayers which had long faltered on her aged lips, and the praises which had formed the chief solace of her closing ear. It was on Christmas day that her eyes first opened on the world she inhabited so long. It was about Christmas that she bade it adieu; and when the first rays of that hallowed morning beamed on the sweet spot where slept the mother of generations, I fancied they rested with a softer smile on the graves of those whom, “lovely in their lives,” death had not long divided!

Such friendships could not fail to be hereditary; and I have long given to the generation that embellishes Dunbarrow a filial place in my heart. Sometimes I dream, like her who is no more; and see in the gay gallant soldier, and gentle soft-eyed maiden, the parents whom they meetly represent. Sometimes I feel like an interloper in a circle which has but a traditional knowledge of my joys and sorrows; but that very circumstance has lent them sacredness, and if kindness, filial kindness, and tender sympathy, can cheer the grey-haired man, they are and have been completely mine.

Under their influence I often enter cheerily into the sober and chastened mirth which best suits the feelings and character of my children at Dunbarrow. They have been early mourners, but not “as without hope,”—and pursue the even tenor of their pious and dutious path, in all the sunshine which Heaven can shed on what is, at best, a pilgrimage.

When sitting around their social and domestic Christmas fire, I often find amusement in the changes which even I have witnessed on the surface of society, and the character of its recreations. When I first knew Dunbarrow, it was, as now, an old-fashioned irregular mansion, capacious as the hearts of its owners, and hospitable as the times they lived in. The hall, with its sculptured ceiling, rich in scriptural and heraldic devices, remains unaltered; and the same grim visages frown over our heads as we demolish Christmas pies of puny modern dimensions. But then, my lady's parlour! It puzzles me to this day to remember how all the guests who surrounded the ample board, managed to find even standing room within its Lilliputian precincts. And yet it had afforded scope even to the hooped and furbelowed generation which preceded!

They enjoyed it, however, unencumbered, by those ponderous pieces of furniture which usurp the dimensions even of our stately drawing-rooms. No grand pianos, loaded book-cases, or claw-tables, redolent of literature and the arts, adorned the cedar parlour of Dunbarrow;—the reason was obvious,—they were not invented, nor could they, if invented, have got in, nor if got in, could they have stood there. To this day I recognise, with a degree of indignation, in a forlorn and neglected passage, the inlaid cabinet which formed the glory of that sanctum sanctorum; but whose China pagodas, and fairy cups and saucers,

have long since gone to swell the store of some antiquarian collector. This cabinet, a fly-table, capable of containing, with management, two bags for knotting, a fire-screen—whose gigantic and non-descript flowers, might have been worshipped as resembling nothing on earth beneath—and some chairs of the same elegant design, whose size and ponderosity chiefly confined them to the wall—formed, as far as I recollect, the only furniture of the apartment: while its stamped leather hangings had contracted, from age and their Eastern origin, a mingled mustiness and perfume, which it gladdened my nostrils to recognise lately in a Burmese letter of compliment.

The first happy evenings I had spent at Dunbarrow were passed in that little parlour; and when, on my return from College, I found that Lady Mary's favourite son had, with difficulty, achieved the erection of the large new drawing-room, I own I entered into the old lady's feelings of regret and dissatisfaction. The room had too, that year, the waste, uncomfortable air of one scarce fully inhabited, and the marriage of Louisa, which was then celebrated, contributed to leave an unfavourable impression on my mind.

Other, and more auspicious weddings, however, had redeemed its character, and ere my mother and I revisited Dunbarrow, the cedar parlour had been transformed into a green-house of gay exotics; and the old lady, like a stately transplanted evergreen, sat amid the flowers of a new soil and atmosphere. There was something in the new room very attractive to this rising generation. Its walls were covered with a gay Indian paper, whose birds of gorgeous plumage had called forth the infant wonder, and exercised the opening faculties, of all the rosy tribe. A spacious table groaned with choice prints, and books especially written for childhood, affording a feast of reason very different from the meagre fare which the well-thumbed and solitary picture Bible held out, on high days and holidays, to our infant optics. Dissected maps were eagerly adjusted by unbreeched geographers—and the awful responsibilities of chess lent premature gravity to warriors and statesmen in embryo.

These intellectual toys have now long since given place to the elegant accomplishments and varied resources of modern youth. The harp of Erin, and the guitar of Spain, blend their tones with lays of many lands; and while the family concert sweetly beguiles the winter evening, I see the playful creature, who, in form, feature, and character, represents the youngest and most fortunate of the graces, stealing the portraits of the whole rapt musicians, and transferring them to paper, with a rapidity which, fifty years ago, would have been ascribed to magic. The theft is discovered—the laugh goes round—and a kiss from the brother, whose martial figure is so prominent in the group, is the punishment!

It is always a painful effort that transplants me, on the last day of the expiring year, from Dunbarrow, with its youthful dreams, its tender recollections, and its "sober certainty of waking bliss," to the anarchy and universal suffrage with which a troop of wild and lawless boys and girls are every year gradually overpowering the obsolete despotism of my cousin Jack Thornley's earlier sway. Whoever for the first time hears Jack and his stentorian sons, and shrill-voiced daughters, all talk-

ing at once, feels inclined to think that "Chaos is come again,"—and certainly concludes them to be all quarrelling; whereas, no family, differing, as they do on every minor affair of life, can possibly be on better terms on all essential matters.

Jack, a little older than myself, was my comrade at school and college; fought my way through a thousand scrapes in both, and, being one of the best creatures alive, such a friendship as can subsist, independent of one congenial point in our characters, has always been kept up between us. Jack, who was, like myself, a younger brother, owed to the good offices of my mother, the Government situation, which enabled him to rear and support, though in comparative obscurity, the offspring of a marriage of consummate and characteristic imprudence; and now that Jack has succeeded to the family estate, I verily believe he could not enjoy it, if her son did not grace his board much oftener than his recluse habits and quiet disposition render agreeable.

Among the many sacrifices which a man of common good nature is called upon to make, custom has hardly reconciled me to sit up till past twelve at Thornley, to see in the new year, while the obsequies of the old one are celebrated with a noise which may set at defiance the howl of an Irish wake, or the jabber of a Jew's synagogue. Noise seems here an essential element of happiness, nay even of existence—and the Eolian harps that whisper peace at Dunbarrow, are exchanged for a perpetual peal of alarm bells at Thornley. The contrast, in other respects, is not less sudden and striking. Hospitality at Dunbarrow is rather felt than seen. Meals seem to come and go by magic; and the minor details of life are lost in the harmonious result of the whole. But at Thornley every thing is matter of discussion, from the fate of empires to the ingredients of a sauce; and a stranger is often led, erroneously, to feel himself unwelcome, from the debates to which his accommodation and entertainment give rise.

Breakfast passes amid stormy anticipations of the morning's amusement, when project succeeds project like waves in a troubled sea, and the forenoon is half spent before some philosophic stranger pours oil on the waters by his neutral and eagerly adopted suggestions. A party of young people, endowed with health and high spirits, would generally contrive in the end to be happy—but Jack likes every one to be happy in his own way, and by dictating the mode of felicity, usually throws down the apple of discord. A general revolt against papa's tyranny is succeeded by the splitting of parties before alluded to. Fishing is voted a bore—shooting a nuisance, and coursing barbarous, in proportion as the several pastimes come recommended by parental authority. The out-voted grow sullen, and the victors clamorous—the sisters side with either party, as inclination or partiality prompts—and even the passive languid mother, whose existence amid such an element seems miraculous—when referred to as an umpire, adds, by her uninterested verdict, new ardour to the combatants. The young men at length separate, to pursue their joint or separate pastimes; the girls debate about riding or walking till the time for both is past. They walk when they should be dressing—dinner is on the table—Jack sits with his watch in his hand fretting—the storm bursts, and the first

course passes amid a chorus of scolding from papa, and recrimination among the culprits themselves.

There is something wonderfully pacific in a good dinner—and by the time the cloth is removed, all parties are in high good-humour, ready to devise the amusements of the evening. With the help of narrations of the day's sport from the lads, and some twenty times told tales of Jack's youth, I sometimes get the debate adjourned to the drawing-room; and that it does not languish there, a pretty thin partition, and ears too acute for my own happiness, generally convince me, were the clamorous appeals with which our entrance is hailed ever wanting.

There is, in truth, no great variety of evening resources at Thornley. Few books are to be found except the Sporting Magazine and the last novel—and the piano is chiefly valued as a substitute for the fiddle. Dancing is a nightly expedient to kill time and drown clamour; but who shall play, always gives rise to a brisk contest; and the choice of the dancers is matter of life and death. Cards succeed, to relieve the heels at the expense of the head, and the game, whatever it is, was surely invented at Babel!

Such, without much exaggeration, is a picture of every day's tumultuous existence at Thornley—and yet father and mother, boys and girls, are all worthy creatures, and would go through fire and water for each other. Much of the evil must be ascribed to the bluster with which Jack, from their infancy, covered his lack of authority; and the utter incapacity of a mother, weak in health and intellect, to restrain the high spirits of a brood of stout urchins, who scrambled as they best might for very short commons and scanty education. The unexpected possession of affluence came too late to afford polish—while it gave sudden scope to a host of ill-regulated desires and incompatible wishes. My young friends at Thornley are like children in a well furnished toyshop; they want every thing at once, and don't well know what they want—and poor Jack is as bad as any of them.

His second son, whom, as senior wrangler of the family, he deemed eminently fitted for the bar, will be nothing but a cornet of dragoons—while his eldest, whom he would gladly inoculate with military ardour, prefers the *otium cum dignitate* of his paternal mansion. His schemes for his daughters have been equally discomfited, by the youngest and prettiest being married before all her elder sisters—and to whom? A Nabob and a Whig!—two characters which Jack holds in nearly equal abhorrence.

It is impossible not to smile at the mingled emotions which Jack feels when Christmas brings Mrs. —, her diamonds, her barouche and four, and her Whig husband, to Thornley. How he writhes when the Nabob sends away, untasted, his mother-in-law's most elaborate curries, and makes faces at his father's West India Madeira! How the pollution of his breakfast table by the Morning Chronicle turns his toast to wormwood, and the sentiments of his radical son-in-law, his tea into gall! Nay, how the very languor and *nonchalance* which so often provoked him in his own wife, and which Fanny inherits from her, appear, to his jaundiced eyes, the effect of her connexion with the sneering and supercilious Indian!

His sneers and impertinence have always the good effect of putting

me in Christian charity with the whole family. They reconcile me to all their good-humoured sparring, and open-hearted roughness of deportment. My Toryism becomes *ultra*, as I support Jack in politics. I beat the bushes for the boys in the morning, and talk it over with them after dinner; nay, I have danced reels with the girls, and joined their uproarious Commerce table at night—just out of spleen against a man, who thinks it the height of wisdom to do none of them.

But these are not good or pleasing feelings; and I pay for them by the headache which I always carry away from Thornley.

It was this year exchanged for a heart-ache; and my next visit, though one of bridal felicity, proved one of the deepest calls on my sympathy which it had perhaps ever experienced.

I received, during the course of the autumn, a letter from my only nephew, the son of my elder brother, Arthur, and that dazzling Caroline, the flame of my boyhood, one whose gay facile disposition I formerly mentioned, as having led her to the verge of error, from which she was timely rescued by myself, and a saint now in heaven.

Arthur died early in life, in a foreign land, where he had been ordered for his health; and his widow, to whose character foreign manners were congenial, had ever since remained abroad, retaining her only son, on whom she doated, as her inseparable companion. This was, during the life of my mother, one of the most severe and least patiently endured trials. She had no illiberal prejudices, beyond that legitimate and ennobling preference which every native of this free and happy land must feel for its morals and its manners; but the thought of a young man of birth and fortune, thus estranged from every English feeling and association, made her almost unjust to the lands in which he had been brought up an alien, and towards the mother, whose mingled romance and levity had induced her to prefer them.

It had been well if the consequences to poor Philip had been bounded by making him an awkward and dissatisfied Briton—disqualified for the pursuits, and disinclined for the pastimes, of his countrymen. But deeper evils still had nearly sprung from the siren song and witching graces of the south; and those who deprecate foreign connexions for their children, would do well to pause ere they expose their susceptible feelings to fascinations which it may be alike misery to yield to, or resist.

The young man's letter—the first for many a long year—breathed a very pleasing desire to cultivate the acquaintance of his only near relation; and agreeably surprised me by the information that he was actually in England, on a visit to a nobleman in the north, with whose nephew he had formed an intimacy abroad, and to whose only daughter, a beautiful young woman, with whom he was sure I should be pleased, he was on the point of being united. He was desirous, if possible, to spend a few weeks with his bridal party at our old family seat, to which I have before alluded, in the county in which I was now residing—and ventured to request me to ride over to Westerton, and give directions for such temporary accommodations as the neglected mansion, in its state of long dilapidation, could be made to afford.

My heart warmed, as I read, towards the son of my poor Arthur,

whose marriage I hoped would prove, in all respects, a more congenial one—and I found, during autumn, very agreeable employment in fulfilling his request. My first visit, however, to the home of my childhood—for later I had not inhabited it—was abundantly trying,—from precisely opposite causes to those which often render such visits in after life painful. Many old men complain of the metamorphoses which their home has undergone; and feel as if improvements and embellishments were outrages on its remembered sanctity. Here, nothing had been altered, nothing improved—but the house which I had thought princely, and which even the county histories of the day styled the fine New Place of Westerton, seemed to stand alone in its neglect and its desolation, while all around bore the smiling marks of rapidly advancing taste and comfort.

It had been let to casual tenants as long as these would submit to its long damp passages, gaping sashes, decaying floors, and scanty furniture—but that time had long been passed, and an old gardener alone, a contemporary of its better days, lived in the mansion he still thought unrivalled, sighing over its decay, and the still more complete desolation of those famous terraced gardens which, in their pride, he had supposed no faint image of those of Babylon, but which his feeble arm had long proved unable to rescue from becoming, like them, a “howling wilderness.”

It was a fine soft autumnal morning when I rode up to the house; shocked by the neglect of the once trim yew hedges and over-grown grass walks which, in my youthful ignorance of better things, I had fancied the very perfection of taste.

The old gardener, aware of my coming, was hobbling about in the sun, before the door, anxious to catch the first glimpse of his mistress's son,—and looked with his crutch (for he was almost a cripple from rheumatism) in too good keeping with all around.

The house was a long straggling mansion, which the vanity of my ancestor had expanded into an imposing length of front, while his finances had proportionally contracted its breadth,—so that it consisted of endless files of rooms, following each other in antique state and tarnished finery, like a procession, not over-well appointed, in a country theatre. The small narrow windows were sufficiently numerous to admit light, but too high to afford any prospect to those who might be attracted by the vicinity of the huge antique chimneys, which, grim with the smoke of a century, presented devices unintelligible to modern *vertu*. Many of the bedrooms were covered with that sort of faded tapestry, where (as I once remarked, with indescribable awe, to be the case with the objects of nature during an almost total eclipse) trees, skies, men and women, all assume one pallid nondescript tint—like the ghosts of Ossian, scarce distinguishable from the grey clouds on which they floated, or the grey mountains on which these reposed. The ceilings again, teemed with sparkling gods and goddesses, whose unnatural attitudes and bulky limbs, as viewed by the flickering light of an expiring wood-fire, seemed to threaten a second fall from Olympus—and I remember, even yet, my boyish horror, lest an Icarus, whom no wings save those of a fabulous *roe* could have supported—should really tumble, and crush me in my bed.

The garden was the very *beau ideal* of desolation; for, to the not un-picturesque wildness soon assumed by unrestrained vegetation, was added the far less pleasing ruin of the costly labours of art. Buttresses, whose very ivy looked grey and superannuated, mouldered away from walls, the yawning chasms in which were rendered more unsightly by the cankered branches of the once trimly dressed fruit-trees, partially adhering to them. Flights of steps, so broken as scarce to afford footing, led to lower and lower ranges of less and less cultivated garden-ground; while noiseless, nay, headless statues, lay prostrate, across the path, or stood like mementoos of the taste of forgotten generations.

Last of all, came what was once a blooming orchard, and now a reedy swamp, whose moss-grown stumps barely indicated its former destination. It had boasted, in its centre, of a pond, or lake, as it was ambitiously called, where two miserable-pinioned swans sighed for their native waters—but the chains of both the element and its prisoners had long since been broken, and while the latter had perhaps sought the boundless lakes of Norway, the former had usurped possession of all the adjacent level. I turned hastily from this meanest aspect of desolation, and ran up the broken staircases, delighted to recognise, in the old bowling-green above, one curious flower-bed, forming a true lover's knot, which the gardener would have deemed a sacrilege not to keep in its original quaint neatness. He told me it was made by him in honour of my mother's marriage, from one of the French King's at Versailles—of the almost equal dilapidation of which seat of royalty, I question whether he had ever heard!

My exertions, and those of the universal genius of the nearest town, whom I took into my councils, succeeded in putting a habitable face on the old premises, many weeks before the gay party found it convenient to take possession; and I began to think the idea had been altogether given up, and to feel, unfit as I was for such society, a degree of natural disappointment, when, late in December, which had not failed this year to come in all its gloom and dreariness, I heard that my nephew and Lady Jane, along with a whole troop of the set he had been living among in the North, were daily expected. They only came a few days before Christmas, when I was, as usual, at Dunbarrow, quite on the other side of the county, so that I could not, as I intended, ride over and pay an immediate visit of congratulation. Philip, however, wrote to me in a strain that would take no denial, urging my coming to stay with him whenever I should have fulfilled my previous engagements. He conjured me, by the love I had borne to his father and mother, to come and be a friend to their son; but amid this exuberance of kindness, there was little indeed of the joy of a bridegroom. There was something in the words of this short gloomy epistle, which haunted me painfully amid the placid stillness of Dunbarrow, and it was a knell which all the joyous tumult of Thornley could not drown. It was, therefore, with a deep presentiment of sorrow that I went to meet this bridal party at my paternal mansion.

It was a chill foggy afternoon when I drove up the old-fashioned straight avenue, and there would have been something very cheering in the blaze of lights which streamed from almost every window of the mansion, had I not encountered its master, his back turned to the fes-

tive scene, pacing, wrapped in his travelling pelisse, up and down the approach. I stopped the carriage, and springing out, embraced the son of Arthur and Caroline with parental affection. The likeness to his mother, even in the imperfect light, was such that I should have recognised him any where. He was moved, far beyond what I supposed our mere relationship could call forth; and, anxious to give a more cheerful turn to the interview, I put my arm within his, and begged to be conducted to his bride.

"She is riding, or walking, or something," said he, "with the rest of them. You will see her by and by." We now entered the drawing-room, and in the full light it afforded, I gazed on the slender, elegant, almost feminine looking youth, whose pensive and eloquent countenance bespoke him as quick to feel as he was perhaps unequal to struggle with the inevitable disappointments and evils of life. There was an expression of settled dejection on his fine features which made me shudder; and it contrasted so with his position as a recent bridegroom, and returned heir, that it shocked me the more.

"We have made the old Chateau tolerably comfortable, I hope, nephew," said I.

"I believe they find it so," said he negligently; "as for me, I know too little of what English comforts are, to be sensible of their absence. Your winter," added he, shivering, "is sadly gloomy, and I feel a want of sunshine which all your coal fires cannot compensate."

"Don't let it affect your spirits, my dear nephew," said I; "we have many things besides coal fires to make sunshine within doors in England. The smiles of a wife, for instance."

"Cold as your northern suns!" was the muttered reply, in a tone of bitterness which really frightened me. "I am as bad a judge of English smiles as of every thing else I suppose,"—added he, in a softened accent—"I have been spoilt for them too I fear."

Just then a loud sound of talking and laughter announced the return of the equestrians, and my painful curiosity to see my new niece, was gratified. I had heard that she was handsome! She was more—she was dazzlingly beautiful—her tall fine figure, set off by her riding dress, and her complexion, heightened by exercise, struck me with admiration; and I wondered what Philip could mean by "cold smiles," when with one of irresistible frankness, she bade me welcome to Westerton. She made some lively remarks on their ride, and joined cheerfully in the chit-chat around. I looked at my nephew, to whom she had not spoken; and he, probably reading my astonishment, rose as with an effort, and approaching us, asked her in a tone of tender interest, if she felt fatigued? As if all her animation had been suddenly chilled by a painful recollection, she coldly and gravely answered, "Not in the least;" and rising with ungracious haste, left the room to dress. "There must be something at the bottom of this," thought I, as my nephew, shaking his head sorrowfully, led me, with the rest of the gentlemen, to my room.

When we met at dinner, I was much struck with the contrast between the plain substantial meals which in my childhood covered my father's board, and the perfectly foreign air which, under the superintendence of an Italian major domo, the table had now assumed. The

party—who seemed about equally made up of mere sportsmen who despised, and dashers who criticised, their entertainment and host—provoked me by alternately devouring and disparaging every thing before them; while Philip, a stranger to their local wit, and disgusted with their selfishness, sat nearly silent by my side; and Lady Jane, more radiant than ever, listened complacently, if not encouragingly, to the small talk of her privileged cousin, the puppy of the set.

I never in my life saw such an ill-assorted party. There were one or two ladies, meet helpmates for their foxhunting or blackleg lords, silly, insipid, or worse; and it was impossible not to pity a poor foreigner thrown by his hard fate among such a specimen of British *bon ton*. On the guests I could scarcely waste a thought; but Lady Jane cost me much painful rumination. She was certainly clever and accomplished; she must despise the beings around her; nay, I saw she did, by the smile which curled her beautiful lip, when their absurdity out-Heroded itself. It was scarce possible she should dislike her handsome, refined, deeply interesting husband; she did not.—“Thank God!” ejaculated I mentally, more than once, when I detected her large blue eyes fixed with a softened expression on his face. “I will know the true history of all this,” said I to myself; “two young hearts shall not misunderstand each other if I can help it.”

There was in the party one individual whom I could not help regarding as the evil genius of the pair—the cousin of Lady Jane, who had been acquainted abroad with Philip, and whose mutual representations had greatly conduced to make the match. This young man, who was certainly of a cold calculating disposition, but in whose glances I could not avoid occasionally suspecting a warmer sentiment towards his fair cousin, seemed to exercise over her uncommon influence; and before the evening was over, I fancied she took advantage of his absence to address a few words of more than common kindness to her lord. He returned and found them sitting together; and his supercilious look of reproach gave me, as I supposed, a key, of which I determined to avail myself.

A few days placed me on a footing of privileged intimacy with my niece, who seemed to indemnify herself by kindness to me for her restraint elsewhere; and taking her arm within mine for a long walk, one bright frosty morning, I ventured to hint that I did not think the air of England seemed altogether to agree with her husband. I was delighted to feel the start with which she received this observation.

“Do you really think so?” said she, stopping and looking earnestly up in my face.

“Oh! perhaps,” said I, wishing to touch another chord, “it may be only something on his spirits; he is certainly not so happy, as, with all he has to make him so,” kindly pressing her arm, “methinks he ought to be!”

My fair companion grew very pale; and her lips were compressed as with the effort of one, determined to be silent, *coudre qui coute*.

“I seek not to intrude on your confidence, my dear niece,” said I; “mine is, alas! no idle curiosity. Philip is my only brother’s only son, and his mother was once the object of a boyish passion, which it nearly cost me life to subdue.”

"His mother!" exclaimed Lady Jane, scarce conscious of the abruptness of her interruption; "I always thought—" then suddenly aware of the delicate ground on which she was treading, the sweet girl blushed, and hesitatingly added—"I had understood the object of your youthful affection was removed to a better world."

"You heard but the truth, my dear niece," replied I, with a sigh. "She to whom my heart has ever remained indissolubly united, is indeed no more; but the attachment I felt for her was but enhanced and deepened by contrast with the meteor blaze of passion which preceeded it."

"Did you really love twice—and so soon? For you were but young, I have heard, when you lost your intended bride?"—And this recently married young creature hung on my reply as if worlds depended on its tenor.

"I did, indeed, Lady Jane, if love's sacred name could be usurped by idle, frantic, unrequited passion! but such as it was, it melted before a steadier and holier flame, as a feverish dream flies before morning's fresh invigorating breeze."

"There is hope for me yet, then!" exclaimed my young companion, no longer repressing the tears which injured pride had long forbidden to flow.

"Hope?" said I, "and of what?" for I could not yet divine where lurked the demon fatal to her peace.

"That Philip may love me in time, in spite of his early and mad attachment to the Italian girl his mother rescued from taking the veil, and whom, but for her and my cousin Charles, he would have married."

The whole mystery, as it regarded my niece, was now unravelled; jealousy accounted for all her dissembled coldness, but whether any trace of entanglement still combated, in my nephew's breast, his evident attachment to his bride, I could not be quite certain. I, however, felt sufficiently confident of the contrary, to cheer her heart with assurances of the genuine and unfeigned affection I had remarked in his conduct towards her.

"Oh, he is very very kind; but when, some weeks after our marriage, I received the cruel Vittoria's letter, invoking curses on my head, and boasting of the indelible hold she possessed over Philip's perjured heart, I thought I should have died. I flew and upbraided my cousin with his knowledge of this prior attachment; he confessed it, but, while he gloried in having assisted to break it off, and affected to treat it with scorn, he warned me how I revived a slumbering spark by any sentimental allusions or unguarded disclosure; assuring me, from his knowledge of Philip's temper, that I could only acquire or maintain a hold on his affections by a dignified reserve, the most opposite to the jealous transports which had at length weaned him from my foreign rival. He told me my husband was romantic to excess, and that romance in a wife would be the bane of his happiness and hers; that amusement and dissipation were the only cure for his melancholy, and seeing me admired by others, the likeliest mode of fixing his truant affections on myself."

"Poor child!" said I, almost unconsciously, as this highly born and highly gifted creature wept in agony on my shoulder, "by what machi-

nations has thy peace been invaded and thy innocence endangered! Such invidious counsel could have had but one object, to estrange thee from the most affectionate of hearts, and cast thee for comfort on the most artful of seducers!"

Just then, I saw approaching, but at the further extremity of the long avenue we were entering, the husband so nearly about to become a prey to this deep-laid plot against his peace. Burning to dispel, without the loss of a moment, the remaining clouds of misapprehension between two young and amiable beings, I requested my niece to step aside, and pursue her walk, screened from observation behind the high yew hedge of the approach, while I went forward alone to meet my nephew. I quickened my pace, and joined him almost instantly. "Philip," said I, "am I right in supposing that your evident dejection is occasioned by doubts of your young bride's affection?"—He looked up, and sighed assent.

"What, then, if I inform you that her coldness proceeds from far better founded misgivings; lest, in offering her your hand, a heart should not have been yours to bestow?—I need only name Vittoria, and say that Lady Jane knows all, to account at once for her injured pride and wounded feelings!"

"Does she indeed know all?" said Philip, looking up with the air of one rather relieved than disconcerted. "It was not my fault she knew not from the first that I once childishly imagined loveliness of mind and person must be found united; and woke from the delusion to bless my escape from the toils of an incarnate fiend."

As he spoke, I caught a glimpse of a white veil, and, by an emphatic cough, warned my fair neighbour to remain, justly supposing that to overhear such unsuspected testimony to her sole empire in her husband's heart, would be worth volumes of direct assurances.

"Would I were as sure," continued he, "of my place in Lady Jane's pure and spotless bosom, as that mine has long ceased to feel aught but contempt or pity for the shameless being, whose own rude hand dispelled the illusion, which a romantic history, a fair form, and consummate art, had cast around rashness, levity, and, I fear, guilt!"

"Thank God! it is, as I hoped, my dear Philip, on your side," said I; "and I think I may venture to assure you that half what you have told me will suffice to give to the smiles of your bride a warmth and sunshine, amid which that of Italy will never be missed."

He shook his head incredulously, and sighing, exclaimed, "What would I not give to see them on her own dear lips!"

We were near an opening in the old rugged yew hedge; I suddenly drew my nephew within it, and the fair listener stood confessed. The tears of joy, irradiated by such a blush, and such a smile as I have seldom seen but on the cheek of a daughter of England. "Give her your confidence, Philip," said I; "can you doubt further?"

"Give me your pardon, my dear husband," said she, as he flew towards her, "for being an involuntary, but oh! a blessed listener!—It was your uncle—"

"Who has made me the happiest of men!" cried Philip, his whole expression absolutely changed by the transition from despondence to

ecstasy. I took a hand of each in mine, and ratified this solemn union of hearts with a truly parental blessing.

"Uncle," said Philip, in a tone of manly firmness, "you will assist me to get civilly rid of yonder host of idlers, and the false friend who hoped, by their means to disgust me with my country, and estrange me from my bride. You shall make me an Englishman after your own heart."

"Uncle," whispered Lady Jane, with the most insinuating softness, "you will invite us to your cottage, won't you, till a few more comforts are added to our home, to make it all that an English home should be?"

I carried them with me in triumph. I introduced them at Dunbarrow to the worthy and the wise among their compatriots. I saw at my own tranquil fireside their once threatened wedded bliss assume the imperishable hues of eternity. I saw, not only without reluctance, but with delight, a youthful figure in my mother's sacred chair, and a second Emma beneath the picture of my sainted bride. They staid, only to grow too dear; they left me, at length, to know, for the first time, what it truly is TO BE ALONE.

From the Monthly Review.

AUSTRIA AS IT IS; OR SKETCHES OF CONTINENTAL COURTS. By an Eye-witness. 8vo. pp. 228. London: Hurst, Chance and Co. 1828.

THERE IS, perhaps, no part of Europe, with the domestic and everyday life of which we are so little acquainted, as Austria. Travellers, particularly those of our own country, who have visited that empire, have found themselves generally so uncomfortable there, in consequence of the actual, or apprehended, interference of the police, and of their well-founded fears of being perpetually surrounded by spies, that they have usually been disposed to quit such disagreeable quarters with all convenient speed. A very short residence at Vienna, would teach them, that to commit any memoranda on the state of the country, or concerning its government, or its inhabitants, to writing, would be a task of some danger, even if it were not attended with difficulties, that to a foreigner are almost insurmountable. For such a person to make inquiries upon the most common subjects of political interest, would be only to attract the more marked attention of the police. Even if he have numerous letters of introduction to private individuals, he is permitted to see but the external features of society; and generally speaking, he can do little more than visit the theatres and public buildings, and repeat from catalogues and guide-books, the same dull details which had already abundantly wearied the public ear.

The work before us, however, bears all the tokens of having been written by an Austrian, or at least by a person who is intimately conversant with the whole fabric of society in that country. We imagine that he must have been educated in England, or that he has been here a sufficient length of time to enable him, not only to think, but to write, like a John Bull. We do not mean as to his style, which frequently be-

trays an alien hand; but as to the freedom, and the unprejudiced intelligence, with which he delivers his remarks on every subject.

Nothing can less resemble the usually grave and ponderous manner of German tourists, than the sketches contained in this volume. They are full of materials, always interesting, and sometimes wholly new; they touch chiefly on those topics, upon which a stranger would most wish to obtain information; and they unquestionably afford the clearest and most animated picture of Austrian life, which we have yet seen. They present us with several anecdotes of the royal family, and of the Austrian, Bohemian, and Hungarian nobles; but they do not stop with the higher circles. They introduce the reader to the middle and lower classes of the community, and place them before him in a strong light, not decked out in their holiday robes, but in their plainest and homeliest attire.

The impression which this work leaves upon the mind, as to the character of the great mass of the people of Austria, is decidedly favourable to them. Attached to their sovereign on account of his personal dispositions and merits, they are a frugal and industrious race, and only want education and knowledge to teach them to shake off the yoke of an absolute monarch. That yoke the Austrians do not severely feel at present, as Francis is popular amongst them, and he has done every thing that an autocrat can do to conciliate the affection of his people. But when he ceases to reign, it will entirely depend on the character of his successor, whether they will submit to be taxed without even the formality of asking their consent. There is not a more complete system of tyranny established in any part of the world, than that which prevails in Austria. The emperor is the centre, round which every part of that system moves, and towards which it tends; and if ever that centre lose even a particle of its attraction, the whole machine will necessarily get out of order, and finally fall asunder.

The Austrians, however, properly so called, are far behind the Bohemians, and still farther removed from the Hungarians, in all that concerns the influence of public opinion, and the growth of public spirit. The latter, particularly, seem to be advancing with rapid strides towards the era of their regeneration. For some time their representatives have been on bad terms with the emperor; complaints of their turbulence have escaped his lips, though uttered in calm, cautious, and polished phrases. They, on their parts, have evinced a national spirit, which, though it has not yet flamed out in all its fervour, has given indications of its existence, and of its vigour, that are not to be mistaken. Let us hear our author on this subject.

"Francis was never a favourite with this lofty nation of noblemen. His plainness and common manner, so much admired among his German subjects, and so well calculated to make them forget taxes and oppression, they do not hesitate to call vulgarity. With a growing discontent, since the reign of Joseph the Second, they watched over their rights, joined but coldly in the wars of Austria, and were even, during the eventful period of 1809, with difficulty prevailed upon to furnish more troops than their stipulated contingent. Though they refused the offer of Napoleon to choose a king of their own, yet to see their king subservient, as Francis showed himself to Napoleon, and then to

act so perfidious a part, mortified them exceedingly. During the time of the wars, and while the emperor was guided by the counsels and influence of their nobility, they overlooked the encroachments attempted at different times, and even the suspension of the sittings of their Diet. Repeated petitions were presented, yet they never complained loudly. Things have, however, changed, and assumed a rather serious aspect, since Metternich was placed at the head of affairs. Repeated encroachments on their constitution, and, above all, the engrossing of the sole power, formerly possessed by the whole body of the aristocracy, by their sovereign, roused the indignation of this nation, in a manner which alarmed even the phlegm of his majesty. Francis himself is little fond of his lofty Hungarians, with whom his broad and short way, "I will," would not do; and though he flattered them, apparently in every manner he could, yet he did every thing in his power to retaliate on them for their indifference and stubborn neglect of his imperial dignity. They are excluded from trade with the rest of the empire, and considered, in fact, as strangers.

"Exports and imports are subject to the same duties as coming from a foreign country. His policy, with respect to the Greeks, who confess the same religion with, at least, 4,000,000 of Hungarians, contributed, with the fluctuating value of the depreciated currency, not a little to augment their indignation. The freedom with which they proceed in their parliamentary discussions offended his majesty more than any thing; and when he complained that they were sitting four weeks without deciding any thing, one of the magnates, Count P—, rose and said, 'His majesty has been seated thirty years on the throne of Hungary, and has not done any thing for us.' "—pp. 124—126.

"Francis is well aware of what is going on, and so are the principal characters; and hence the thousands of secret spies, watching, not the foreigners, but his own subjects; his repeated visits to Bohemia and Hungary; his remission of the outstanding taxes and contributions to both kingdoms; and his endeavours to secure the succession to his beloved son Archduke Francis Charles,—whom he thinks more able to master the impending storm than the Crown Prince:—but, with all his endeavours, he will not be able to lay the rising ghost. Silent, deep, but embittered, this people go on: Francis has instructed them in the art of dissimulation and treachery, and the successor of Francis will reap the fruits of it. The deep-rooted habit of obeying, a certain reverence towards his age, and, above all, the well-known omniscience of the emperor and his designs, will keep them in obedience as long as he lives, and as long as he is able to pay his spies and his army of officers; but the load of the public debt, the financial confusion, is too great, and the resources of the German hereditary dominions are too exhausted, to permit a long continuance of this system. Opposed as the Hungarians are with their whole and unexhausted strength, and only waiting for the favourable moment, they will raise the standard of opposition, and the rest will follow. The ties of honour and good faith which bound the Austrian subjects to their emperor are entirely broken, and the death of Francis will disclose scenes of which we never dreamed." —pp. 133, 134.

The discontent that at present prevails in Hungary, is, however, in a great measure confined to the upper classes; the peasantry, who are in a state of vassalage, take as yet little, if any interest at all, in public affairs. In this respect, they differ from the peasantry of Bohemia, who are not the property of their lords, and who may sell and purchase estates, and do many other acts which are only compatible with a free-hold system. They have also various judicial tribunals, which would seem powerful enough to protect them from oppression, at least, on the part of the nobles. But they are ruled, nevertheless, by such a crowd of masters, in the character of government officers, and are taxed so severely, that their freedom is worse than positive slavery. Hence, says our author, "they are slavish, insidious, treacherous! There is a gloom brooding on the countenance of the Bohemian, or, as he prefers to style himself, Czechian, which makes him unfeeling. Music is the only thing which clears up his melancholy brow. The gloomy stare of his countenance brightens; his sharp grey eyes kindle and beam with fire and sensibility; the whole man is changed." They have a tradition that one of their early warriors lies asleep with five hundred of his followers, beneath a wild solitary mountain on the road from Töplitz to Prague, "waiting for the thunder-clap which is to rouse him and lay open the doors of his prison, from whence he will sally forth to deliver his countrymen from the yoke of the foreigners, whom they call *hiemezy*, intruders." They still possess the mere shadow of their ancient constitution in their diet, which sits twice a year with great pomp, but only for the purpose of *registering* the amount of the taxes, and agreeing to complimentary addresses to the emperor. It is obvious, however, that even the retention of this shadow may one day prove of importance to the Bohemians; for when we want an efficient instrument, it is a great point gained to have all the materials ready to our hand, and in some measure seasoned. If we may believe our author, who appears to have been recently among the Bohemians, they are strongly disaffected towards Austria, and entertain a lively sense of their political degradation. Italy also, he thinks, sighs for her dukes, and Venice for her doges, and even the Tyrol is far from being indifferent to the desirable blessings of a constitutional government.

But let us pass from such grave matter to lighter themes. It is a relief to turn from politics to the following cheerful picture of an Austrian village.

"The distance from Zuayra to Vienna is thirty miles on the Imperial road. The more interesting road is, however, through Ratz, Kremsk, and Potten. We took the latter. The country from Zuayra westward is almost an uninterrupted vineyard, softly rising and descending on the eminences, and now and then interrupted by an orchard or by wheat-fields in the lower grounds. There is a calm, an hilarity spread over the whole, which is reflected in the laughing countenances of the lads and maids employed in stripping the vines of their superfluous branches and leaves, to hasten the ripening of the grapes. Many as we met, all of them offered us grapes. As the forerunners of the villages are always the same wine cellars, at the distance of fifty yards. They are dug into the ground, and generally vaulted. The entrance to them is through a stone building, containing the wine-press, and a

room or two for the entertainment of the proprietor and wine buyers. Wagons loading for Vienna, Bohemia, or Moravia, are waiting before the doors, and, as this trade cannot be carried on without frequent libations, we were sure of being invited at every such stand to share in them. These cellars, from forty to fifty in number, are each overshadowed by walnut trees, which guard the entrance; two banks and a table are commonly raised under them. The villages themselves bespeak a serenity and a wealth which you will not find elsewhere throughout the continent. A brook is a necessary ingredient to an Austrian village; its banks are lined with willows, horse-chestnuts, and walnuts. At some distance the houses run down in long rows. A thatched roof is as great a rarity as a tavern. The inhabitants being cultivators of the grape, prefer to take a glass, or rather a flagon, at home. The houses are from one to two stories high, covered with tiles, and provided with green shutters. On both sides, before the house, are small gardens with green or yellow painted railings, through which the passage to the house door is left open. You enter through a wicket which is in the large door. The first room is the visit room; it is generally painted, and furnished with an elegant stove, two bureaus, half a dozen chairs, and a sofa. In the midst is a large table covered with a Tyrolian carpet, on which two flagons and a number of tumblers are placed. The other rooms are furnished in a less sumptuous, but clean and substantial manner. Round the green stove, and the white shining walls, runs a row of open benches; round the ceiling, large wine glasses are seen hanging, in which the journeymen receive their daily portion of wine. Some pictures of saints, or an engraving of Maria Theresa, Joseph, or Francis, decorate the walls."—pp. 91—93.

From the portrait of Francis we shall proceed to the original, as he is characteristically described by our author.

"The imperial burg, tinted with the grey hue of age, contrasts strangely with the splendid and modern apartments of the imperial chancery; but it convinces you at once of that imperial pride which prefers a stately ancient residence to a more splendid modern one. The interior is magnificent, and the pomp and taste of nearly six centuries are here blended in the different dresses and exhibitions of this splendid court. A guard of grenadiers on the left hand, with four mounted cannons, show that you are before the entrance of the Emperor's apartments. A double flight of stairs leads hence to a noble staircase from this to the first guard room, occupied by the German and Hungarian guards; the former dressed as Austrian majors of the infantry, in white coats, with red cuffs and collars, three cornered hats trimmed with gold lace. The Hungarian is the hussar dress, with their tiger-skin *kalpaki* glittering with gold and embroidery, without doubt the most splendid guard in the world. Their number is fifty, all of them Hungarian noblemen, who bear the rank of premier lieutenants. Their captain is Prince Esterhazy. From this dazzling apartment you enter a sort of Pensionnaires, dressed in yellow and black mixture, of the old Spanish and German costume. From this you go into the common *Saal*, or audience room. The next apartment is that of the imperial pages, dressed in red and silver. A few steps farther will bring you to the apartment of the chamberlains, two of whom are always in waiting; they are distin-

guished by a gold bullion on their back and a golden key. Of the sumptuousness of this court personate, you may form an idea by the twenty-five body coachmen, fifty body footmen, and twenty-five body servants of the chambers attending his Majesty. The adjoining room is the private cabinet, a simple but costly furnished chamber, with green curtains, in which, leaning with the right hand on a moderate mahogany table, there stands a figure of a middle size, but exceedingly lank, surmounted by an oblong head, with a couple of large blue eyes, apparently all openness and sincerity but for a sinister twinkling, long and hollow cheeks, which seem to have ceded all their flesh to the chin, and a pair of thick lips, expressing now and then a good humoured complacency, with his head at times nodding, and again a scowling sullenness. Let your eyes descend on a frame most loosely hung together, legs on which there is scarcely left an ounce of flesh, boots dangling about a pair of equally ill provided feet,—and you have the descendant of nineteen emperors, and the present Sovereign of Austria.”—pp. 110—113.

An interesting account is given of the mode in which Francis carries on the détails of his government, and manages the appointment of the 60,000 officers, who are scattered through his empire. But we must pass it over in order to make room for the following sketch of the imperial family, including that important scion, the young Napoleon.

“He (the Emperor) rises commonly at six o’clock, takes breakfast an hour afterwards, and transacts public business till one o’clock, or gives public audiences. At two o’clock he takes a ride, sometimes with his Empress, but oftener with his favourite Grand Chamberlain, the excellent Count Wobna, or his aid-de-camp, Baron Rutscherd. At four o’clock he dines, commonly on five dishes with a dessert: his beverage is water, and a liqueur tumbler filled with Tokay. After dinner he takes a peep at his plants, in the Paradise of Garth; or looks whether any of his pigeons have strayed away or have been captured, a circumstance which makes him always angry; and at six o’clock he takes coffee, made in the new Imperial Garden Pavilion by the Empress herself, who, dressed in a plain suit, delights to be cook and landlady in person. The time till supper is filled out with *térzettos*, which he performs on the violin with his favourite aid-de-camp, Baron K—a, and another nobleman or prince. As father of a family, he deserves praise: there is not a more decent and respectable family in the empire than his own. Besides the higher branches of education, every member of it is obliged to learn a mechanic occupation; and the Archdukes are carpenters and cabinet-makers, and the Crown Prince himself, a weaver. Gallantries are entirely excluded: and a celebrated beauty who, from an opposite box in the Imperial theatre, had the audacity to wish his son-in-law, the Prince of S—o, a good evening, was sent to prison, and the prince himself severely reprimanded. His second son, Francis Charles, is his favourite, a clever young man, of a prepossessing appearance. He is universally spoken of as his successor. Whether this violation of the Pragmatic Sanction, though caused by the absolute stupidity of the Crown Prince, would not be productive of even more serious consequences than the reign of the latter, we doubt very much. Hungary is

absolutely against this; and this alone is an impediment which never can nor will be overcome.

"Of all the members of his family, the Duke of Reichstadt experiences the most marked tenderness. It seems as if he (the Emperor) wished to obliterate the wrong he had inflicted on the father by his double dealing. He is, indeed, an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without a deep emotion. He has not that marked plain and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the extreme. Two Prussian officers arrived with us at Shoenbrunn, his residence, and wished to be introduced to him. His lord chamberlain was just refusing their indelicate demand, in rather an animadverting manner, when the Prince stepped out from his apartments, and advanced towards the grand staircase before the palace, to take a ride with the governor. He stopped awhile before the two officers, his eyes fixed; describing at the same time figures on the ground. At last, casting a significant glance at them, "*Des Prussiens?*" demanded he; and turning gracefully aside, he went down to mount his horse.

"It is an Arabian steed, a present from his grandfather, and he strides it with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. We saw him some time after at the head of his *escadron*, who almost adore him; and he commanded with a precision and a military eye, which prognosticate a future general. He is, by virtue of an imperial decree, proprietor of the eight domains of the Grand duke of Toskana, in Bohemia, with an income of above £20,000 sterling: a greater revenue than is enjoyed by any of the imperial princes, the Archduke Charles excepted. His title is Duke of Reichstadt. He is addressed "*Euer Durchlaucht*," (*Votre Altesse*). His rank is immediately after that of the princes of the reigning house, the Austrian family of Este and Toskana. His court establishment is the same with the Imperial princes: he has his *Obersthofmeister*, his Lord Chamberlain, aids-de-camp, and a corresponding inferior household. In possession, as he is, of a large fortune, his destination will depend on his talents and on his inclination. pp. 140—143.

Our author gives some interesting particulars of the life of Prince Metternich, and comments with great, though just severity, upon his political character. He describes that wily diplomatist, as the most "dangerous enemy to human freedom" that has ever existed; as a very indifferent lawyer, and "an absolute idiot in financial matters." "A self-possession," he adds, "under the most trying and harassing circumstances; a sure and fine tact in judging characters; an ease in gliding into the secrets and the confidence of his superiors; and, above all, an inimitable grace of lying, as they say, with an assurance which it is not in the power of any human being to disconcert, are his principal characteristics." His late paper, addressed to the Austrian Minister at the Porte, fully bears out the latter part of this description; as to the other features of it, they are easily recognised, as belonging to the most finished intriguer in Europe. It is a remarkable inconsistency in the

life of this individual, that all his policy is intimately connected with that cold and unbending haughtiness, which so strongly characterises the imperial family, and the nobility of Austria; and yet, that only "one little month" since, he should have married—an opera dancer!

But let us not be unjust to the "Corinthian pillars" of that proud empire. The following account of their general habits place them in a very amiable point of view.

" You will find, in the circles of the nobility, an union of every thing delightful, with the stateliness and solidity which blend ancient grandeur with modern taste. The picture of Austrian high life is less dazzling than the French, but it is more solid. There is less extravagance, less variety than in Paris, but infinitely more reality. It is this steadiness which has preserved their wealth, even through centuries, little impaired by the late disasters; while the French nobility and that of the German states, are generally more or less impoverished.

" The French is still the favourite language, not so much from an indifference to, or scorn of, the native German, Hungarian, or Bohemian languages, as from the necessity that is felt to speak a tongue which is not understood by their servants; and does not expose them to the danger of every word being betrayed to the secret police.

" French manners have, however, lost much of their universal sway, though a tinge of them is still visible throughout Vienna society.

" The children of the Austrian nobility are almost universally educated at home. Each family has at least one tutor, generally a lawyer or a divine, who has gone through the course of his studies. This gentleman superintends the education of the young members of the family. While the young ladies take their lessons in religion, writing, drawing, music, or dancing, the youths go through their Latin, or other lessons, under the superintendence of this tutor, or of competent masters, who are sometimes public professors. After the lapse of six months, the youths are publicly examined by the professors of the government, and advanced into a higher class. Even the philosophical course is frequently completed at home in this manner. Though these tutors cannot impart what they have not themselves acquired, yet as they are generally men of learning, and their fortune depends entirely on the progress of their pupils, young noblemen who are not condemned to the mere learning of their lessons by memory, and who have a free literary range, become more thoroughly instructed than the other classes.

" A solid family of the high nobility will rise early,—between six and eight o'clock,—if a ball or a party of the preceding night has not encroached on the morning. A cup or two of coffee, with a small white roll (*semmel*), is the usual breakfast which is taken *en famille*, with the exception of the youths, who breakfast and dine separately with their tutors. The subsequent hours are dedicated to business. The lord is engaged with his privy or court-counsellor, or director of his domains, in the current business, which takes from two to three hours: the reading of English, French and German newspapers. The lady is all the while busy in her apartments with the supreme regulations of the household; reading, writing, drawing, and dressing. At twelve o'clock the visiting hours begin. The lady either pays or receives visits, in which, however, her husband seldom participates. Their apartments

are generally separate. As they keep separate carriages, the lady takes her ride at two o'clock, either in the company of her husband, or of her lady companion, in the Augarten, the Prater, or on the Glacis. At three o'clock dinner is served, attended by the whole family, except the youths, who are only permitted to join them on a Sunday, with their tutor."—pp. 171-173.

"Nothing, however, is more delightful than an evening party in a private circle. You assemble for this occasion immediately after tea, which is regularly taken at six o'clock. Some refreshments, such as pine-apples, grapes, &c. are handed round. The whist, quadrille, or *ombre* tables, are arranged, and the company sit down to play. During the play a band performs tunes of Mozart's, Weber's, and Rossini's operas; and if there are daughters in the family, whom their friends are coming to see, a dance is arranged before you are aware. There is in every house not only the music-master, but at least two or three servants, who are excellent performers. Their rooms not being carpeted, but *parquetted* and polished with wax, are at any time ready for this occasion. It is in these evening parties, that the amiable and fascinating character of the high classes of the Austrian empire shines out in all its charms. The *sans géné*, the modesty, the true nobleness and simplicity which develop themselves in these circles and occasional dances, show that these people are more fitted than any other to enjoy the pleasures of life. They give happiness to their guests, and try to make every one round them happy too."—pp. 182, 183.

From these extracts, which we might have lengthened had our space permitted, the novel and interesting character of this little work will have been fully appreciated by the reader. Should it reach a second edition, as we imagine it will, we would recommend a careful revision of the text. It abounds with grammatical errors, and foreign idioms, which ought never to have been permitted to pass through the press.

BURMESE PETROLEUM WELLS.

"The gentlemen of the mission examined carefully the celebrated Petroleum Wells, near which they remained for eight days, owing to the accident of the steam-vessel taking the ground in their vicinity. Some of the wells are from thirty-seven to fifty-three fathoms in depth, and are said to yield at an average, daily, from 130 to 185 gallons of the earth-oil. The wells are scattered over an area of about sixteen square miles. The wells are private property, the owners paying a tax of five per cent. of the produce to the state. This commodity is almost universally used by the Burmans as lamp-oil. Its price on the spot does not, on an average, exceed from five-pence to seven-pence half-penny per cwt. The other useful mineral or saline productions of the Burman empire are coal, saltpetre, soda, and culinary salt. One of the lakes affording the latter, which is within six or seven miles of the capital, was examined by the gentlemen of the mission." *Crawford's Mission to Ava.—Jameson's Journal, 1827, p. 366.*

From the London Magazine.

HINDOO WIDOWS.*

It has long been a question with those conversant with East India affairs whether the practice of suttee, or widows burning on the funeral pile with the bodies of their husbands, should be permitted by an enlightened Christian Government. The reluctance with which it has been witnessed, and the appearance of force being in some instances used by the relatives and priests to compel cremation, produced an interference on the part of the authorities, which it appears has only tended to make the practice more common. It was ordered that, when a suttee was about to take place, the official persons on the spot should inquire whether the act was voluntary on the part of the widow, and that they should attend at the funeral pile and see that no force was used. This at once authorized suttees, and by requiring the presence of the magistrate or his representatives gave the sacrifice a consequence which it had not. As no European could witness such a scene without trying, by gentle means at least to prevent it, unavailing interference gave the victim the air of a martyr, and natural vanity and pride were called into the aid of superstition.

A decided prohibition would be the natural course of the government in India; if this is not issued, considerations of policy are the sole cause. It has been a principle with it, and, it is supposed, one of the main causes of its stability, not to interfere with the religious prejudices of the natives. Nevertheless, such interference has taken place in some cases. Infanticide, the putting to death of the aged, infirm, slaves, and others, though at the desire of the party slain, have been prohibited without dangerous consequences. It becomes then an issue of fact; and the question to be tried is, whether the natives are attached to this custom of suttee to that degree that a decided prohibition would be attended with any dangerous consequences to the government in India; or whether it might cause that amount of dissatisfaction among them, which, though it should not threaten the stability of the government, might fairly, according to their prejudices, be considered a grievance. In determining this question, evidence of several kinds is to be considered.

The practice of suttee is not enjoined by the Hindoo sacred writings—it is only recommended by part of them, and in fact discountenanced by Menu, the greatest of Hindoo authorities, who enjoins upon the widow, not cremation, but austerity and a pure life. The custom, however, is chiefly prevalent among the lower Hindoos, who know nothing of the Shasters; it is in fact a superstitious rite, founded upon a popular prejudice that the widow, by the act of suttee, secures permanent bliss in another world. The frequency of the sacrifice varies in different districts; and so far from being a uniform religious offering, it appears to depend upon the caprice of the individual, or the extent of the superstition of the district. As the consequences of the

* East India Affairs. Hindoo Widows Immolated since July the 5th, 1825. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th May, 1827.

sacrifices are not supposed to be a general good to the community, but merely a security of eternal happiness to the widow herself, it might be inferred that a general prohibition would be viewed with indifference. The wives, not yet widows, would not be afflicted by a loss still in distant prospect, and, in case of dying before their husbands, not to be in this manner obtained. It would directly concern no other persons. Accordingly we find, that in all those cases where a magistrate, influenced by his own views or other circumstances, has prohibited the rite, no dissatisfaction has been expressed, either on the part of the relatives or the people generally, but that, on the contrary, in some instances the widow and her friends have subsequently declared their gratitude at the interference.

It is a mistaken notion that the widow is influenced to self-destruction by the fear of loss of caste, or by disgrace consequent upon a non-performance of the rite. There is no such motive. In the higher classes, self-immolation is rarer than in the lower. Loss of caste and overwhelming disgrace indeed follow a failure of resolution on the pile itself. Should the widow flee when the fire is once lighted, she is then dishonoured for ever; and here the interests of the community, as seen through superstitious notions, become acted upon; because it is held an undeniable truth that these imperfect sacrifices provoke the wrath of heaven, and call down upon the country its judgment in drought, famine, or plague.

Now a decided prohibition of the suttee, or a total neglect of it by the government, could not have produced this dreaded event; whereas the partial interference of the authorities, has absolutely proved the cause of it, or at least supposed to be so, which, in effect, is the same thing. The priests and attendants round the pile have always taken good care that the suttee should not benefit by any sudden fit of repentance or failure of resolution. If the victim has not been always secured, the pile has been constructed in such a manner that escape was nearly impossible, and force was frequently used to hold or strike down the unhappy victim who was seen struggling from the pile. One of the devices of certain magistrates, and of their interpretation of the general order, has purposely led to the escape of individuals from the flames. It being ordained by the government that the directions of the Shasters should be minutely complied with, the pile has been constructed above ground, supported by pillars, covered with a roof, and partially lined with burning materials. This construction renders escape easy: and it was hoped that, should imperfect sacrifices become frequent and facile, that the horror and dread which the natives entertain of such a catastrophe would naturally make them unwilling that the suttee should be attempted. Now the natives see, as far as this plan has been attended with success, that it has been caused by the interference of the British authorities. Thus, by these half measures, the very result has been brought about in a degree which it was desired to avoid altogether. A drought of two years, which lately took place, has been entirely attributed to this tampering with the suttees.

Instances have occurred where the sacrificed widow has been too young to have herself the decision of her own fate, and where relatives have inhumanly interfered and absolutely forced her immolation. In-

quiry will probably decide that these relatives and their assistants have been worked upon, not by superstitious but by interested motives. Such an act would, if proved against a person, be murder, and he would be amenable to the criminal law. The police ought certainly to ascertain that this inhuman act is not perpetrated, but the investigation ought undoubtedly to be made in such a way as not to lead to the supposition that the voluntary act is authorized and sanctioned by the government. It is possible that it may be both a difficult and a delicate matter to make this inquiry in a satisfactory manner. It is the form now to ask leave of the Company's magistrate; where leave is given, the victim goes to the sacrifice with the additional satisfaction that she is authorized by the government; if leave is reluctantly yielded, and all persuasion and solicitation attempted, the victim goes to the sacrifice with an additional honour and credit; where leave has been withheld, the suttee has not taken place.

Many opinions are held upon the subject by the best informed persons in India: we are inclined to think that the balance of intelligence and ability is on the side of the safety and humanity of issuing a direct prohibition. The question has also been agitated both in the India House and in the House of Commons; and the papers before us contain the proceedings on the subject, both at Leadenhall-street and in the east. The reports of the different magistrates from various districts contain many interesting facts, some of which we shall give, in addition to the brief summary of the question, which we have just run through, and which will both receive and reflect light upon the facts in the extracts.

Before we proceed to the quotations, we may observe, that the policy of the Mogul government was to tolerate these sacrifices with the utmost latitude; and several interesting anecdotes are given of suttees by Bernier, in his *Travels in India*, in the time of Aurengzebe. This bigotted emperor of course looked upon these Pagan rites with abhorrence, but he thought it prudent to let them alone. On the contrary, the practice has been disapproved by a Hindoo rajah, and was forbidden during the reign of this individual, for ten or twelve years, in his extensive principality.

The first description of a suttee that occurs in these papers, is the case of a widow named Hoomalee, and one of great atrocity. The perpetrators were punished with imprisonment:—

"The case is that of a widow named Hoomalee, a girl of about fourteen years of age, whose husband, a Brahmin, died when absent from his family, and a fortnight after the event, her father being absent and unacquainted with what was passing, she proceeded to burn herself on a pile prepared by other near relations, and which was fired by her uncle. She soon leaped from the flame, and was seized, taken up by the hands and feet, and again thrown upon it, much burnt; she again sprung from the pile, and running to a well hard by, laid herself down in the water-course, weeping bitterly. A sheet was then offered, and she was desired by her uncle to place herself upon it; she refused, saying he would again carry her to the fire, and she would rather quit the family and live by beggary, or any thing, if they would have mercy upon her. At length, on her uncle swearing by the Ganges, that if

she would seat herself on the cloth he would carry her home, she did so, was bound up in it, carried to the pile, now fiercely burning, and again thrown into the flames. The wretched victim once more made an effort to save herself, when, at the instigation of the rest, a Musselman approached near enough to reach her with his sword, and cutting her through the head, she fell back, and was rescued from further suffering by death."—p. 13.

Three more similar cases, are thus reported:—

"We have adduced one affecting instance in which that option was implored, and most inhumanly denied. A narrative of almost equal horror, but of briefer suffering, appears in the proceedings of your government in the judicial department, in the month of August, 1822, with several other cases stated to be considered by the Nizamut Adawlut as demanding particular notice:—The case of Mussunt Kumbahin Cuttack is reported to have been at first in appearance perfectly voluntary, and the widow performed the usual ceremonies, after which she dropped herself into the burning pit or koond, which in this province is always used for burning the bodies on the occasion of a woman becoming a sutee. Immediately on dropping into the pit, she rose up and stretched out her hands to the side of the pit, but whether this was done with an intent to escape, or whether it was merely an involuntary motion from pain, does not appear; however, Keyjed, a washerman, who appears to have had the management of the ceremony, seeing this, gave her a push or blow with a bamboo, which tumbled her into the hottest part of the fire, where she was immediately consumed. The washerman was summoned before the magistrate, but released, under a doubt if his conduct had been illegal. The Nizamut Adawlut remarked, that he ought either not to have been summoned, or being summoned, should not have been released without punishment."

"At Maradabad, three persons were committed for assisting at an illegal sutee, and the magistrate of the same district reports a case, of which the following is the substance:—On the 28th May, 1821, a person named Bhoonmlanee, reported at the thannah of Goomour, that a year and a half had elapsed since his brother Sewarour had died; his wife, Rhoobe, aged twenty years, proposed to perform sutee. The thannadar being unwell, sent some burgundauzes to prevent the sacrifice, and they reasoned with the woman, but without effect. The thannadar repaired instantly to the spot, where he found a large assembly of people, in the presence of whom the woman prepared herself and sat upon the pile, having with her the turban of the deceased husband. Bhoomutrai then set fire to the pile, and when the flames reached her body, she jumped out of the fire. Her relations immediately tried to force her back into the flames; but the thannadar rescued her, though she was much burnt. He then apprehended the persons concerned in the sacrifice, and sent them with the woman to the magistrate, and Bhoomatrae was committed for trial."

"The magistrate at Gorakhpore reports a second case of compulsory sutee, in addition to that which was brought under the consideration of government in August, 1821, the particulars as follows:—Mussumul Bussuntree leaped twice from the pile and attempted to escape; she was twice thrown back by her relations, who surrounded the pile, and

forcibly detained her there until consumed. This took place in the presence of the cutwall of the city, who, with others proved to have been concerned, are committed for trial to the judge of the circuit.”—pp. 14, 15.

The following paragraph contains a description of the manner in which a suttee is usually brought about, by Mr. Ewer, superintendent of the police of the lower provinces, who is a favourer of the direct prohibition:

“I know (Mr. Ewer continues) it is generally supposed, that a suttee takes place with the free will and consent of the widow; indeed, that she frequently persists in her intention to burn in spite of the arguments and entreaties of her relations; but I submit that there are many reasons for thinking that such an event as a voluntary suttee very rarely occurs; that is, few widows would ever think of sacrificing themselves, unless overpowered by force or persuasion; very little of either is sufficient to overcome the mental or physical powers of the majority of the Hindoo females; and a widow who would turn with natural and instinctive horror from the first hint of sharing her husband’s pile, will be at length gradually brought to pronounce a reluctant consent, because distracted with grief at the event, without one friend to advise or protect her, she is little prepared to oppose the surrounding crowd of hungry Brahmans, and interested relations, either by argument or force; accustomed to look to the former with the highest veneration, and to attach implicit belief to all their assertions, she dares not, if she was able to make herself heard, deny the certainty of the various advantages which must attend the sacrifice; that by becoming a suttee she will remain so many years in heaven, rescue her husband from hell, and purify the family of her father, mother, and husband; while, on the other hand, that disgrace in this life, and continued transmigration into the body of a female animal, will be the certain consequence of a refusal. In this state of confusion a few hours quickly pass, and the widow is burnt before she has had time to think on the subject. Should utter indifference for her husband and superior sense enable her to preserve her judgment, and to resist the arguments of those about her, it will avail her little; the people will not on any account be disappointed of their show, and the entire population of a village will turn out to assist in dragging her to the bank of the river, and in keeping her down on the pile.”

“Under these circumstances nine out of ten widows are burnt to death; and having described the manner in which these sacrifices are generally performed, I shall now proceed to show that they are more frequently offered to secure the temporal good of the survivors, than to ensure the spiritual welfare of the sufferer or her husband.”

“I have already stated, that the widow is scarcely ever a free agent at the performance of a suttee, and therefore her opinion on the subject can be of no weight, and whether she appear glad or sorry, stupid, composed, or distracted, is no manner of proof of her real feelings; her relations, her attendants, and the surrounding crowd of men, women, and children, will be seen to wear one face of joy and delight, none of the holy exultation which formerly accompanied the departure of the martyr, but all the savage merriment which in our days attends a box-

ing match, or a bull bait; nor can this be otherwise among those present, her relatives are directly interested in her death; if she had a son, he may perhaps wish to be relieved from the expense of maintaining a mother, and the trouble of listening to her unseasonable advice; if she has none, her husband's male relations will take care that she stand not in their way, by claiming his estate for life, which is her legal right. The Brahmins are paid for their services, and are of course interested. The crowd assemble to see a show, which in their estimation affords more amusement than any other exhibition with which they are acquainted, and the sacrifice is completed, because the family is anxious to get rid of an encumbrance, and the Brahmins desirous of a feast and a present.'”—pp. 16, 17.

We shall now give some examples of suttees conducted in a different spirit, when the act is voluntary, and the resolution of the devoted widow a high example of fortitude and unshaking resolution. The following is an extract from a private letter from Mr. Pringle to Captain Robertson, collector, dated Camp, at Bour-Boodburg, 6th February, 1825:—

"Information was brought to me yesterday morning at Peepulwundee, where I was encamped, that a suttee was about to sacrifice herself at the village (Boree); I immediately sent my caroons to try to dissuade the woman, and at least prevent her mounting the pile till I should arrive. I rode over myself in the forenoon, and found that every argument had already been used to prevent her without effect. I told her that she would suffer no disgrace by not going, and if she was under any anxiety about her future maintenance, I would take care she should not want; but that if she persisted in burning, it must be according to the rule of the Shasters, when if, as was most probable, her nerves should fail her, and she came out of the fire, she would lose her caste and reputation. When she heard this she smiled, and told me that she was actuated from no sudden impulse of enthusiasm, but that it had been the cool determination of her whole life, ever since she was married; and that she had often promised her husband she would not survive him, and she was fully resolved to abide by her word; that if she wished to remain she had children and relations who would be willing to support her, but her resolution was not to be altered by any offers of maintenance; that with regard to the form of the pile, the facility of escape would only serve to prove the firmness of her resolutions; and she begged that I myself would be present to see how heroically she could behave. She appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had two sons and several grand-children; her husband resided as private tutor in the family of Gobal Row Despandee, at Chinchodee, where he died three days ago: she herself had gone the day before yesterday to the alabazar, where another suttee had been burnt, and she had assisted at the ceremony; on her return home in the evening she was met by the messenger bringing her husband's bones; she immediately expressed her determination of burning with them, much to the grief of her family and the villagers, who remained up the whole night trying to dissuade her, but in vain. When I found her determined to go, I took care to have the pile constructed on the most orthodox plan: above was a light covering of dry twigs, supported by four forked

posts firmly fixed in the ground; the ground below was covered with wood and cow-dung, leaving a space of about five feet on the top; on three sides the pile was surrounded with grass and straw, and the fourth was left entirely open. After the preliminary ceremonies, which the woman went through with perfect self-possession, it was nearly dark when she was brought up to the pile: I told her to look at it well before she went further; she did so, and said distinctly her resolution was fixed: she stopped a few minutes at the edge of the pile performing the last ceremonies, during which time her senses appeared to be failing her; she was then assisted in mounting, and all were made to stand at a little distance, except her two sons, who applied a light to the outside of the pile, as she did within; not a word was uttered, and in a moment the pile was in a blaze—she raised herself and turned completely round, and her cries were heard distinctly for about three minutes, when the fury of the flames, fortunately, by the dryness of the fuel and the strength of the wind, soon put an end to her sufferings; the surrounding grass was consumed almost instantly, and the covering above remained burning, but did not fall in till long after her death: her person was quite visible during the whole of the time—the by-standers were amazed at her constancy, but she was an old woman, and was perhaps too feeble to get out of the fire, otherwise I think human nature would have been too strong in her to have permitted her to remain as she did. I have been thus particular, as I believe it is the first time the new pile has had a trial, and the account may perhaps interest you. It was not until yesterday that I heard of the Ala suttee, which the villagers had not reported to the shekdaur: I fancy it was conducted on the old plan; it was much against the will of the Brahmins, that I carried my point yesterday, but when I appealed to the Shasters they had nothing to answer."—pp. 138, 139.

The following is a similar case extracted from a report by Mr. Anderson, criminal judge at Surat, dated 18th June, 1825.

"Yesterday morning, the 17th, Kasumath Sokajee, of the Patana Prubhoo caste, and a clerk in the collector's office, died of the epidemic cholera; his widow Dworkabaae declared her intention of immolating herself on the funeral pile. Application was made to me for permission; I immediately proceeded to the house, and found the widow with all the circumstances about her denoting the intention she had formed; she was an old woman, between fifty and sixty years of age; she was perfectly collected, and replied to the different arguments I used to dissuade her from the sacrifice with coolness, and in a manner to convince me that she would go through with the resolution she had declared. There was no appearance of natural excitation from any cause—no influence—no encouragement; her relations and her sons, grown-up men, were in great grief, and declared they had used every persuasion to induce her to refrain from the vow.

"I directed the shastree to ascertain if the widow was competent according to the Shaster, in all its conditions, to become a suttee; he made his inquiries, and stated that she was so. I asked if he thought she was free from influence of any kind, and if he himself considered that the vow was the widow's voluntary act; he replied he had no doubt of it; it appeared to me also in the same light. I then declared that

these sacrifices were so contrary to humanity, so dreadful, that the government could never approve them; but still, in its toleration in matters of religion to all its subjects, it allowed the practice, if countenanced by the Hindoo religion and law, and therefore I felt myself constrained to grant the permission required, and that permission I accordingly gave, however reluctant I was to see the best feelings of our nature so violated.

"In the determination to see that the permission was not abused by any obstacle being offered to prevent the effect of any subsequent disposition, should any such be shown, on the part of the unfortunate woman, to retract, I proceeded to the phoolpara, and witnessed the awful, and really most dreadful sacrifice.

"The conduct of the widow throughout was that of the most perfect firmness, and freedom from alarm; she engaged in and witnessed the appalling preparatory ceremonies with a collectedness and presence of mind I could not have conceived. Seated on the pile, she adjusted the faggots about her with an unaltered countenance, and on my addressing her, with a last hope, that, in that situation, she might be shaken, saying, that I would still protect her in a return to her house, she unhesitatingly, and in the tone and manner she had preserved throughout, declared, that what she was engaged in was her happiness. Aloud she called to her son, directing him to heap the fuel upon her, and then with her own hand applied the torch to the pile. For two or three seconds the torch did not take effect—she sat with unchanged countenance—the flames then burst forth—she was seen clapping her hands, and in less than a minute all of this most frightful and revolting spectacle was over."—pp. 143, 144.

In the following extract is a full and interesting narrative of the sacrifice of an heroic old lady, detailed by Commissioner Robertson. It is dated 7th June, 1825.

"I am sorry to have to report to you the successful immolation yesterday evening, of a Brahmin widow, on a pile constructed according to the new model laid down by the shastrees of this place. This is the first suttee which has occurred at Poona since September, 1823. Every means were used to dissuade the woman from burning; the boldness of the attempt only gave her new courage: her husband had died on the evening of the 5th instant, and when her intention was declared, she was waited upon by the shastree of the court, and by other public functionaries of my department. They sat with her till past midnight, without effecting any change in her determination. I delayed as long as possible, before I went to her myself, in the hopes that if poignancy of grief was the cause of her resolution, it might be somewhat abated, and her mind more fitted to listen to reason. I found her, however, at eleven o'clock, perfectly calm and fixed. No argument, no dread of issuing from the fire and disgracing herself, induced her to swerve from her purpose; she was deaf to the prospect of visiting the infernal regions, should she change her resolution while burning, and so die. Neelcunt Shastree, Thuthey, and other learned and eminent shastrees, who have influence over the minds of the people, visited her after I left her. They knew my determination to be present at the construction of the pile, and at the burning, and their arguments of dissuasion were

urged with all the interest which their conviction of the woman's inability to remain in the fire, when there was an opening for escape, could arouse. The escape of a suttee alive would bring a calamity on the country; and I learnt for the first time, that the cause of our not having had any rain for two years, was generally attributed to the escape of Radhabhyee in 1823.

"Every argument failed with this woman: a pilgrimage to Benares would divert her grief, and Neelcunt Shastree had an hundred rupees ready to give her; other shastrees would contribute their mite, and so would government: she had already seen Benares, and her own means were ample to visit other places of pilgrimage: various acts of devotion were mentioned to her; she had visited or performed the most interesting in the society of her husband. What pleasure would there be in a lonely repetition? She had not a single relative alive, and not an acquaintance for whom she cherished any regard, why should she live? and why was she prevented from accompanying him, for whom alone she had any affection? She had balanced every thing, and knew the precise nature of what she was about to undertake; she had within the last week visited upwards of a dozen women who had lately retracted their declaration of burning—she had discovered that they were 'dissuaded, not prohibited.' The terrors to them of the new pile were to her its beauties—she would show her affection and her firmness—she was old enough to know what she could dare, and what she could do—others were chained to life by other motives—she had no child to cling to her for protection—she never knew the weak tenderness of a mother—she was an isolated being in the universe, without friends, and without an affection that was not centered in her husband. She would not, like some, tremble at the pile; and though fifty years had passed over her, she required not to be supported to the performance of this last act of her duty and pleasure.

"The shastrees having left her, the pile was constructed under my own superintendence. Four strong posts, ten feet distance from each other, and ten feet high above the ground, supported four cross beams fitted into deep hollows to prevent them from slipping. The space within the posts too was filled up with dry billets of wood to the height of four feet and a half, leaving a distance of five feet and a half to the top of the posts. The woman was less than five feet high. The upper part of the pile, from the wood to the top, was enclosed, excepting a door of two feet and a half wide at one corner, with cusby and grass, and the roof was covered with rafters supporting first, grass, and then billets of wood. There was a fresh breeze from the southwest, and her position was on the northeast side of the pile. No combustibles were allowed to be used, excepting grass and the cusby straw; I estimated the intensity of their heat and the fury of their blaze by far too lightly; and I ought to have been more scrupulous in regulating their thickness just opposite to the woman's head: at the upper part of the pile there was only one bundle of straw in thickness, but bundles were piled downwards (like tiles resting on each other) at half their length, so that the thickness opposite the suttee's head was equal to three bundles. Perhaps the shastrees, who had before been so eager to prevent the suttee, and who must have known the fury of the conflagra-

tion that would ensue better than myself, did not care to point out this mistake to me, in the hopes that it might possibly effect the destruction of the suttee, for they looked with horror on the probability of her escape; the universal belief, however, was, that the woman would immediately reappear from the pile on its being lighted.

"The conduct of this extraordinary old woman, when preparing for death, was characterized by the most determined bravery and coolness; she spoke to every body, repeated the invocation and prayers in an audible, distinct, and fervent tone, and walked her rounds about the pile, over rough stones, with the most perfect steadiness; several gentlemen of the cantonment were present, and we once or twice believed that she had a reluctance to enter the pile, from a disposition we thought she evinced to loiter and converse; I therefore sent Neelcunt Shastree to her, who explained to her there was no disgrace in then retracting, and that I had requested him to beg her to reconsider what she was undertaking; she only smiled and sent me her blessing; after entering the pile and laying herself down, an officiating Brahmin went in to her; I was afraid he was tying her down, but before I had satisfied myself on this head, he again came forth and handed a light to the woman, who placing it between her toes, lighted the pile at her feet, and then stood up with the light in her right hand, and with the most undaunted courage set fire to the pile in several places over her head: while she was employed in this manner, the officiating priests were firing the outside; at first a slight fire was seen in various parts, just as we observed the woman lying down by the body of her husband; but almost in an instant afterwards the fire burst into one sheet of flame, and in about a minute and a half the grass and cusby of the sides having been consumed, the suttee was seen dead, with her right hand in the very position in which it was remarked before the flames enveloped her from our view; although we were ten or twelve yards from the pile, and to windward, the heat was so overpowering that we were obliged to step back. My opinion is, that this woman died before the fire could have scorched her flesh in more than one or two places; the wind blew the flame directly through the pile and upon her face, and she must have been instantly deprived of breath from the want of air, as well as from the heat of the very little there might be left to inhale."—pp. 151, 152.

The following is another account of a resolute sacrifice that took place at Concon Essary Poona, on Sunday the 12th June, 1825.

"On arriving at the ground where the suttee was to burn, I found the officiating Brahmins preparing the pile, in the manner laid down by the Shasters of Poona. There were four strong posts fixed into the ground, with grooves at the top of each, into which cross beams were fixed, and upon them cross rafters were placed, so as to form the roof of the pile. The length of the space between the corner posts might be about nine feet, and the breadth probably five, while the height of the posts were about eight or ten feet; dried logs of wood and cow-dung were piled up to the height of four and a half feet inside the corner posts, and dry grass was laid on them. The roof of the pile was formed of hay and wood, the only use of which seemed to be to exclude the light, as it was too light above the bodies to assist in burning them; the space between the top of the pile and roof might be

about four feet, which was enclosed by bundles of kusbey placed longitudinally, giving the inside the appearance of a cabin or hut; a door was left, rather more than two feet wide, at one corner, so that ingress and egress might be obtained. The kusbey was placed much more thinly on the windward side than on the other, as it was hoped that if the woman was not suffocated at once by the flames and smoke, that she would come out, and it was expected that from this consequence no one would be found bold enough to again undertake a similar act of devotion.

"During the time that the pile was constructing, the body of the husband was laid on a bier at the edge of the river, and his widow dressed in flowers, and surrounded by her friends and relations, sat at its head.

"When the pile was finished, the body was lifted up and placed in it, and the woman having first gone through the customary ceremonies of ablution and worship, and distributed victuals to those round about, ascended herself with hardly any assistance: she sat up for the space of one or two minutes, looking at her husband's body, and then coolly arranged a place near it, on which she laid down, a Brahmin handed her a lighted torch, which made a sign to those outside, and in a few seconds the whole kusbey was in a blaze. She never moved from the place on which she first laid down, and her death must have been instantaneous.

"When the straw was all burned, it appeared to those looking on as if she was moving in the pile, and a feeling of horror thrilled through the by-standers at the idea of the torture she was suffering. On looking more closely, however, it appeared to be only her knees which had assumed an upright posture from an horizontal one, by the contraction of the sinews, and the same effect was produced upon those of the dead body.

"Her death must have been as easy as possible, and if her mind was in that happy state we must suppose from her having the resolution to make such a sacrifice, I think it would be desirable if every person could resign this world with as little bodily or mental suffering. She lay down to die a violent death, and as she must have supposed, a very agonizing one, with as much composure as I will venture to say most men lay down to sleep."—pp. 147, 148.

In a letter from the Commissioner in the Deccan, Mr. Chaplin, dated 17th June, 1825, we find some very cool and philosophical opinions:—

"Humanity is apt to shudder at these sacrifices, and true religion very properly condemns them; but recent observation convinces all who have been present, that much of the horror of the sacrifice itself is the effect of the imagination of the spectators, which has no foundation in reality. The dread of death once got over by the devotee, death is in fact passed, unless indeed the pile is very scantily supplied with fuel, so that the victim may be purposely roasted by a slow fire. But such a mode of construction is neither consistent with the Shasters nor with established usage, by which in all matters of law and custom we profess to be guided. Both the old and the new piles seem to be equally efficacious in quickly destroying life, for suffocation seems to follow instantly the application of the torch to the inflammable materials. It is

an idle fancy to suppose that the torture is prolonged even for a minute, and it is quite certain that a woman drowning herself in a well, or swallowing a little arsenic, would undergo much greater bodily suffering. Whilst such sacrifices are religiously deemed meritorious, we cannot suppress them by any half measures. The exposure of the naked bodies of the Milesian virgins, it is recorded, put a stop to their propensity to suicide, and if we could so far trample upon inveterate prejudices, as to collect and scatter the ashes of the Brahminee victims of fanaticism in the quarters belonging to the polluted and degraded castes, we too might check the practice without resorting to an absolute prohibition of it. I confess, however, I deprecate all interference in these sacrifices, beyond that of ascertaining that they are purely voluntary—that point decided, the pile cannot, in my opinion, be too combustible. I must also take leave to question our right to harass the afflicted widow by long, frequent, and pertinacious visitations, or by any vexatious delays in constructing the pile, by which means the body of the deceased husband which ought to be burned a few hours after death, is liable to become a mass of putrefaction dangerous to the health of relatives, who are compelled to approach it to perform the last rites, and who are obliged to fast until the final act of cremation is completed; we have seen, and we shall again see, that to the persuasis mori, to those who believe that this immolation opens the way to the mansion of bliss, to those who are armed to resist all pain, inured to suffer, and resolved to die, no dissuasive arguments are of any avail; I therefore think that we should refrain from unnecessarily annoying the unhappy devotee in her last moments, by endeavouring to make her feel more deaths than one, and by giving unprecedented vexation to all those who are connected with her."—pp. 145, 146.

We shall close this article by recording, that the number of suttees were in—

1820	-	-	-	-	597
1821	-	-	-	-	654
1822	-	-	-	-	583
1823	-	-	-	-	575
1824	-	-	-	-	572

DESTRUCTION OF AN OAK BY LIGHTNING.

M. Muncke describes a case in which an oak, being struck by lightning, was rent and destroyed in an extraordinary manner. The trunk of the tree was about fifteen feet in height, a foot and a half or two feet in diameter at the branches, and three feet in diameter at the root. The top of the tree was separated as if by the stroke of a hatchet, and without any appearance of carbonization: the trunk was torn into a thousand pieces, exceedingly small in size when compared with the original mass, and thrown to a great distance. The division and destruction was such as to sustain the thought, that in certain cases the lightning might cause the entire dispersion of the tree, an opinion which was suggested, by the circumstance that lightning which had fallen at Le Chateau de Marbourg left no traces of a rafter that had occurred in its course.—*Bull. Univ. A.* viii. 194.

From the Monthly Review.

SIR MICHAEL SCOTT, A ROMANCE. By Allan Cunningham, 3 vols. £ro.
London: H. Colburn. 1828.

We cannot but lament to see high talents, fine imagination, and the resources of a copious poetical vocabulary wasted, in an idle attempt to give interest and importance to a subject totally incapable of receiving either. There can be no doubt that, in former times, and in certain places, the legend was very respectfully listened to, which represented James the Fourth of Scotland going forth from the field where the battle of Flodden had been fought, and wandering over the earth a sort of philosophic pilgrim, under the guidance of Sir Michael Scott, the wizard of dreadful repute: of whom it was sung that, when he lifted his magical wand in the cave of Salamanca, the distant bells of Notre Dame acknowledged the gesture by a submissive chime. It is quite sufficient we should think to know, that there was once credulity enough in the world to harbour such absurdities. Mankind is now too much enlightened to take pleasure in the description of them, even the nurseries have outgrown such methods of entertainment. For whom then, they can be supposed to possess the slightest attraction, we must altogether leave to the judgment of Mr. Cunningham to find out.

In the Romance of Paul Jones, this author gave some indications of the error which he has in the present volume carried to a strange excess. In the former work he introduced the aid of preternatural machinery, not only where there was no exigency to require it, but with the facility and seriousness of one who really believed in the truth of what he told, and expected the same degree of faith from his readers. This was a fault so puerile in itself, and so detrimental to the popularity of the writer, that we had supposed that merely to point it out, would have been sufficient to convince him of its nature. We certainly never could have anticipated that it would reappear in such gigantic proportions as it has assumed in the romance before us.

To relish a story, founded on mere supernatural agency, it is necessary that one side or other, either author or reader, should give some credence to the narrative. It is upon this principle that we tolerate the ghost tales of the old writers. Poetry too might lend its charms to such materials, and succeed in investing them with attractions not their own. And lastly, they may be properly handled as the subjects of entertaining ridicule. But for any author of the present day, particularly for a man of Mr. Cunningham's practical acquirements, to pretend all of a sudden to the simple credulity of one of his remotest forefathers, and personate the character of a thorough believer in the wild superstitions of the mountain peasantry of old; and further, to carry on the dull drama to a close, without ever letting us into the secret of his identity, is one of those acts of extravagance which carries with it its own penalty. Neither in its plan, nor in its execution, is this production entitled to rank with those which serve to illustrate ancient manners and beliefs. If the author meditated a purpose of that useful nature, it would be easy for him to accomplish it by a work directly applied to that object. The undertaking might prove both valuable and interesting.

Mr. Cunningham is not only very injudicious in the choice of his materials, but in the attempt to connect his allegories and prophetic visions with real events and personages, he shows himself to be a very illiberal writer. We do not envy the feelings of that man who would run the chance of offending a large class of his respectable countrymen, by raking up the exploded accusations of partial history against their creed, and some of its former professors. The subject, indeed, appears to deprive Mr. Cunningham of all control over his reason—he breaks forth in impassioned apostrophes, and utters such denunciations as could be exceeded only in a certain asylum which we forbear to name.

We sincerely wish to see this author recalled to those pursuits in literature, for which his powers are naturally suited, and in which his mind will find congenial occupation, and its efforts be crowned with success; instead of exhausting itself upon the left off fables of nurses and old wives—an employment, however, which we must beg leave to observe, is far less discreditable than that of pandering to the prejudices of the weak, and fanning the flame of religious discord in the country.

REMARKABLE HAIRY MAN.

The following account is given of an individual of this kind in Crawford's Mission to Ava. "As connected with this department may be mentioned the existence at Ava of a man covered from head to foot with hair, whose history is not less remarkable than that of the celebrated porcupine man who excited so much curiosity in England and other parts of Europe near a century ago. The hair on the face of this singular being, the ears included, is shaggy, and about eight inches long. On the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. It is singular that the teeth of this individual are defective in number, the molares or grinders being entirely wanting. This person is a native of the Shan country, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen, or Martaban river; he was presented to the king of Ava as a curiosity, by the prince of that country. At Ava he married a Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters; the eldest resembles her mother, the youngest is covered with hair like her father, only that it is white or fair, whereas his is now brown or black, having, however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exceptions mentioned, both the father and his child are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the king to the residence of the Mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken."—Jameson's Jour. 1827, p. 368.

COLOUR OF THE RED SEA.

The colour of the Red Sea has given rise to various investigations. Dr. Ehrenberg, who accompanied Dr. Hemprich, ascertained that it was caused by a species of *Oscillatoria*, one of those small plants which are intermediate between animals and plants.

From the Quarterly Journal.

STATISTICAL NOTICES, *Suggested by the actual State of the British Empire, as exhibited in the last Population Census. Communicated by Mr. Merritt.*

[Read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool.]

THE population returns of the *decennial lustrum*, or period of ten years, which ended in 1821, were delayed for a considerable time, on account of the difficulties which have always occurred in taking the population of Ireland. They have now, however, been some time completed, and from the *data* they afford, a few reflections naturally present themselves, which though sufficiently obvious, yet, from the extreme interest of the subject, may be thought deserving of being brought together, and exhibited in a connected form. They point out some peculiarities in the situation of this country, which distinguish it from almost every other nation that has yet existed in ancient or modern times.

From the notices which have been published respecting the different districts, it may be inferred, that the portion which may be termed the *Urban* population, has augmented in a much greater degree than the *Rural*. The general ratio of increase has, however, been very great, and, in the opinion of Mr. Malthus, still continues at the same rate. That eminent economist has lately given it as his opinion, before the Emigration Committee, that the present inhabitants of the British Islands do not amount to less than twenty-two millions and a half. This estimate is perhaps a little exaggerated; but as it may be assumed sufficiently near the truth for all the objects of general speculation, I shall proceed to point out a few of those leading peculiarities, to which I have just alluded. In the first place we may assert, I apprehend, on sufficient grounds, that Great Britain is the most populous nation which has existed since the Christian era. No other instance has occurred in which an extent of continuous surface of 93,000 square miles has sustained a population of twenty-two millions. Italy, which is not of much greater extent, has sometimes been rated at nearly the same amount, but this estimate has been formed in the absence of all actual enumeration, and is now ascertained to be a considerable exaggeration. No other part of the world can enter into the competition, unless it be certain districts of China and Japan, but which, as our knowledge of them in this respect is quite uncertain, I shall leave wholly out of the question. How far some nations of the ancient world may have approached or gone beyond us in the race of population, is perhaps equally lost in uncertainty. There is reason to believe, as I have endeavoured to demonstrate on another occasion, that some districts of the old world exceeded, in this respect, any country of modern ages. Amongst them, perhaps, may be reckoned Egypt, Mesopotamia, the lesser Asia, and some parts of Persia: but certainly, neither in ancient nor modern times do we find any instance of a single, compact, distinct empire, exactly defined, identically governed, and peopled by twenty-two millions of souls on the same extent of soil; this is undoubtedly a peculiarity the most striking which can exist among nations.

In the second place, we may, I think, affirm with tolerable certainty,

that no nation ever contained so many large cities. On this point Great Britain exhibits a splendid superiority. We have two cities of the first class, London and Dublin; the one with a population of more than a million, the other with little less than three hundred thousand. Of cities of the second class, or those which reach one hundred thousand inhabitants, or above that number, we have seven, *viz.*, four in England, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol; two in Scotland, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; and one in Ireland, the city of Cork. These seven average considerably more than one hundred thousand each. We have fourteen towns of the third class, or those containing from thirty to fifty thousand or upwards of inhabitants, *viz.*, ten in England: Portsmouth, Plymouth, Norwich, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Bath, Newcastle, Coventry, and Hull. Two in Scotland, Paisley and Dundee, and two in Ireland, Belfast and Limerick. Of towns of the fourth class, in which are usually reckoned those of from fifteen to thirty thousand inhabitants, we have at least thirty, and probably more. A slight glance at the principal nations of Europe, with this view, will show at once their immense inferiority.

To begin with France, the most populous of the great sovereignties. That empire possesses only one city of the first class, *viz.* Paris, which is inferior to London by one-third. She has five of the second class, *viz.*, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Lisle and Rouen; but, according to the latest information which I have been able to obtain, they will not reach, by a very considerable proportion, the average number of the seven English cities of the same class. France has also eight towns of the third class, *viz.*, Amiens, Caen, Nantes, Brest, Toulouse, Toulon, Mentz, and Versailles. I am not quite sure, as no census has lately been taken, whether two or three of the following towns ought not to be included in this class, though I am inclined, on the whole, to a contrary opinion, *viz.*, Melun, Montpelier, Nanci, Dijon, Tours, Rennes, and Troyes; they will not, however, I am persuaded, come near the average of the British third-rate towns. The same remark will hold as to the number and size of the inferior towns.

With respect to the next in rank of the great monarchies, the Austrian Empire, a very few words will suffice, as it cannot pretend to come into any competition with us, on the point in question. Austria possesses only one city of the first class, and three of the second, *viz.*, Vienna, Prague, Milan, Venice. The towns of the third rank are proportionably few. With Spain, Russia, and Prussia, it would be idle to enter into any comparison.

It must be confessed, however, that the present kingdom of the Netherlands, as established by the congress of Vienna contains, in proportion to its extent and population, more large towns than any single state which now exists, or perhaps has ever existed. With an extent of territory and number of inhabitants scarcely exceeding one-fourth of the British dominions, that kingdom has one city of the first class, Amsterdam; two of the second rank, Rotterdam and Brussels; and probably as many of the third class as Great Britain herself. But the Kingdom of the Netherlands is in itself too insignificant to enter into any competition with such a state as Great Britain for any objects of general comparison. The various states comprehended under the com-

mon geographical appellation of Italy, if that superb country was united under one head, is the only one of the European nations which, under the view we are now considering, could sustain any parallel with Great Britain. But this union, so desirable in many points of view, would probably diminish its pretensions as a nation of large cities. Many of these have reached their present grandeur and extent by having been long the seat of a court or a government, and would perhaps decline considerably if reduced to the rank of mean provincial capitals. But even under any circumstances of territorial union, Italy could not be held to comprise more than one city of the first class, *viz.* Naples, and six of the second, *viz.* Turin, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Rome; whereas, as we have just seen, Britain has two of the first and seven of the second, and these superior in size and number of inhabitants.

The third peculiarity which I have to remark in the actual situation of the British dominions is, that no nation ever had so great an *urban* population, or so large a proportion of its inhabitants residing in towns. This peculiarity is intimately connected with that which I have just described; but it is nevertheless a very different characteristic. Great Britain is not only distinguished for the number and size of her large cities, but for having so *great* a number of them on so *small* a territory. By the census of 1815, it was found that nearly half our population resided in towns, and at present, I apprehend, the proportion will be found still greater. In this respect no nation has ever approached us. The French economists were of opinion that not more than one-fourth of the people of France lived in towns; and the latter statists, who have alluded to the subject, contend that a still greater proportion of the population is rural. This will not appear exaggerated when it is recollect ed that all the lower classes of that country subsist principally on vegetable food, and that, consequently, the greater part of the soil being under tillage, a great number of hands is required for its cultivation. In Great Britain, on the other hand, the inhabitants of all classes consume a great quantity of animal food, and, of course, a great part of our lands, being in a pastoral state, require a small proportion of occupants. In the kingdom of the Netherlands, it is supposed about one-third of the inhabitants live in towns: in Italy about one-fifth: in Austria, Spain, and Russia, except the province of Siberia, where the abundance of manufactures congregates the people in masses, not more than one-fifth. In Russia, Sweden, and Norway, where, amongst the lower classes, nearly every family is its own manufacturer, not more than one-eighth or one-ninth.

The fourth and last of these peculiar characteristics which I shall remark, is, that no great nation ever employed so large a proportion of its people in trade and manufactures. In speaking thus, I leave out of the question the Italian and Flemish republics of the middle ages, and the Hanse Towns, free cities, and United Provinces of later times. I speak only of great and extensive countries. It will appear, I doubt not, by the present census, that at least half our whole population is employed in trade, commerce, or manufactures. This is a feature altogether singular; a circumstance to which no parallel can be found in the ancient or modern world.

From these premises, a few observations, in the way of corollaries, will naturally suggest themselves.

In the first place, such a state of things is indicative of great wealth and power. A country thus situated is, beyond any other, powerful for attack and strong for defence. A profusion of great cities can only be produced by extensive trade, and can only be maintained by a highly cultivated soil. The wealth acquired by the industry of the towns, re-acts on the industry of the agriculturist, and it is in this that the real advantages of commerce primarily consist. In this way an extensive population is gradually generated, for no maxim or political economy is now more generally admitted, than that population is sure to follow close and to press hard against the means of subsistence. An affluence of inhabitants on a comparatively small territory, is itself the primary ingredient of power, and this first requisite of strength is, in the case of Great Britain, essentially corroborated by our insular situation. Surrounded by dangerous coasts and tempestuous seas, we can only be approached at certain points and certain times; whilst, on the other hand, as this state of things supposes and supports a powerful navy, we are able in a great degree to choose our point of attack.

From a population such as we have described, of which only a very limited part is employed in creating the means of actual subsistence, a very considerable portion may always be abstracted for purposes of attack or defence. It is usually calculated, that one-fifth part of the inhabitants of every country is capable of bearing arms. On this calculation, Great Britain contains four millions of fighting men, of whom it is believed one million might be formed into an army without any very serious interruption to the essential operations of agriculture and commerce. This supposition may seem a little extravagant, but it must be recollect ed that, at one period during the late war, the number of men under arms was actually calculated at seven hundred and fifty thousand.

In the second place, such a state of things is favourable to public liberty. The congregation of men in great masses is found to give great force to the influence of public opinion; by the spirit of discussion which it generates; by the anxiety for intelligence which it diffuses; by the collisions of opinion which it engenders, and by the facility of union which it affords. Nations purely or principally agricultural are generally under a despotic government, especially large states, for the maxim of *divide et impera* is applicable as well to internal as to external politics. Ancient Persia and Assyria, and modern Russia and Poland, are instances in point. The fierce and demoralizing tyranny of the feudal system, which, after the destruction of the Roman monarchy, left scarcely any other division of the people than those of tyrant and vassal, could only be effectually broken by the rise of great towns. These communities were alone competent to resist the aristocratical and subordinate despotisms into which all the nations of Europe were subdivided, and which, as is well known, overawed the throne, whilst they enslaved the people. In confirmation of this, it may be remarked, that the free republics of antiquity, as well as those of the middle ages, derived the spirit which nurtured them almost entirely from the

capital city; and though, in the former case, there was scarcely any commerce to excite the activity of the people, yet the mere congregation of a numerous body of men sustained the power of public opinion.

But the most important question remains behind. Is a civil community thus constituted favourable to individual virtue and happiness? This is assuredly the point which it most behoves us to ascertain, since no truism is more obvious than that power and opulence, and refinement and splendour, and even liberty itself, are only so far valuable as they tend to make men wiser, and better, and happier. Is it true, then, that Great Britain has antecedently other nations in these fundamental points, as much as in those we have just described? This question cannot be answered without some hesitation: for we may say, with Addison's facetious Knight, "that a great deal may be urged, on both sides." On the one hand it is certain that our situation is eminently favourable to intellectual improvement. The increasing spread of instruction, and the rapid advancement of knowledge which are necessarily concurrent with our career of prosperity, must ultimately advance us in the scale of moral and rational agents. If knowledge be power, it is also happiness; for communities as well as individuals would all be happy if they knew how to be so. It is also certain that the incessant struggles of competition and the strenuous efforts for distinction which are always at work in an over-peopled and highly refined country are favourable to the active virtues. They operate amongst the higher classes to provide many objects of laudable ambition; and amongst the lower, afford perpetual facilities for bettering their condition, and furnish an incessant supply of occupation, the want of which is sure to open the door to the incursion of all the worst propensities and basest vices. They bring into action all the resources of human ingenuity; all the aids of fortitude and enterprise; all the trials of patience and perseverance; all the equanimity demanded by the constant mutations and rotations of fortune. It is not to be denied, moreover, that the first-rate virtues of beneficence, charity, and hospitality, take root and flourish with peculiar vigour in a commercial community. The fluctuations of condition to which almost every man knows himself liable, and the constant proximity of distress and opulence, offer perpetual excitements to the benevolent affections.

These, it must be confessed, are important ingredients in the composition of human happiness; but considerations not less momentous present themselves on the opposite side, for every thing in human affairs is on a system of compensations. It is not to be denied that a state of society, in which one-half of the population is congregated in towns, and nearly a moiety of this half crowded together in enormous factories, is highly unpropitious to virtue, to health, and to happiness. In these huge receptacles of human labour, it would be absurd to expect that the women should be distinguished for their modesty and propriety, or the men for their prudence, temperance, and regularity. It is an unhappy law of human nature, that the force of example is most prevalent on the side of vice. A few depraved characters scattered amongst a multitude are commonly found sufficient to corrupt the whole mass: hence we may always expect to find, in the seat of a great manufactory, all the worst ingredients of civilized society; all the base de-

pravities of a luxurious and opulent community, combined with much of the grossness and rudeness of the savage state: in a word, all the corruptions of high civilization without any of its polish. Nor is this mode of life, generally speaking, more favourable to health and comfort than to good morals. The constitution of the young is impaired, and their growth retarded by excessive labour and close confinement. Those of maturer age are glad to seek relief from the depressing effects of a wearisome and monotonous labour, unwholesome air, and constant restraint, in intemperate indulgence; and all the long train of vices and miseries to which the poor are liable, follows of course. Nor are their prospects for the future often such as to encourage hope or stimulate exertion. The habitual improvidence of the poor is aggravated in their case by the dangerous fluctuation of their trade. Sometimes they are eagerly courted with high wages, and lavish promises; at others, no employment is to be had, and not enough can be earned, even by the most unnatural exertions, to sustain their families. Nothing can be imagined more fatal to order, regularity, and comfort, than these vicissitudes. Hence it commonly happens, that, in the decline of life, these poor creatures are driven to the sad resource of parish relief. It is moreover not one of the least evils of the manufacturing system, that it has a tendency, in prosperous times, to generate an excessive population, which, on any great reverse, is suddenly thrown on the community as a superfluous burden. The changes of a fashion, the caprice of public taste, or the sudden interruption of a foreign market, will reduce thousands to helpless and unexpected poverty.

It must, however, be admitted, that the picture of rural life has also its unfavourable aspect. Those who retire into the country are apt to find themselves somewhat disappointed in their expectations of rustic simplicity and pastoral innocence. In situations where every breath of air, and every feature of nature express nothing but peace and love, they are a little surprised to see the selfish and malignant passions at work in all their baneful activity; to find, as in the purlieus of a court, the symptoms of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." Still we shall find that instances of utter depravity and abandoned profligacy are of much rarer occurrence than in great towns. In a village, every individual is known, and the very consciousness of being conspicuous, creates a sense of shame which is highly salutary. It has often been observed, that men in a body will commit, and even justify, atrocities which no individual amongst them would be capable of attempting, if not screened by the shelter of a crowd. We find, accordingly, in the annals of Wesley and Whitfield that the great scenes of their operations are in collieries, factories, mines, canals, and all the other appendages of a great commercial and manufacturing nation. It was there, according to Whitfield, that the "Arch Enemy" raised his triumphant standard; it was there that the harvest of lost souls was ripe and abundant. But the most decisive proof of the comparative purity of the rural population above that of the manufacturing districts, is the fact that the single town of Manchester will furnish ten times more criminal prosecutions than two Welsh counties which contain an equal number of inhabitants.

On the whole, I think we cannot escape the conclusion, that, though

a certain degree of commercial and manufacturing property is necessary to stimulate the agriculture of a nation, and to call forth its utmost powers of production, yet that it is not desirable that this country should proceed much further in that dangerous career, or increase still further the disproportion between its urban and rural population. The late increase in our numbers is so rapid and alarming, that I am afraid some positive checks (to use Mr. Malthus's language) of very terrible potency must soon be brought into action. The forcible lines of Goldsmith, though that great poet knew little enough of political economy, are applicable to the wise and benevolent statesmen of all times—

"Tis theirs to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

From the Annual Biography and Obituary.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

ONE of the ancients has observed, that there is no spectacle more sublime than that of a good man bravely struggling with affliction. Next to this may be reckoned the triumph of native genius over the obstacles which impede its progress to literary eminence. When the possessor, in spite of the chilling blast of penury and neglect, succeeds in the acquisition of knowledge, every step he takes affords new delight; and, in the language of Gray,

"The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Of the truth of this we have a happy illustration in the following memoir.

The earlier part of Mr. Gifford's life has been described in so admirable a manner by himself, that arrogance itself would shrink from blemishing so beautiful a production by the change or omission of a single word. We shall, therefore, literally copy the narration as it appeared in the preface to Mr. Gifford's translation of Juvenal, which was first published in the year 1802.

"I am about to enter on a very uninteresting subject, but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following work; and I can only do it by advertiring to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

"I know but little of my family, and that little is not very precise. My great-grandfather (the most remote of it that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halseworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited I never thought of asking, and do not know.*

* I have, however, some faint notion of hearing my mother say, that he, or his father, had been a china-merchant in London. By china-merchant, I always understood, and so perhaps did she, a dealer in china-ware.

"He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them, too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon at Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

"My grandfather was on ill terms with him; I believe not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much I know; but I am inclined to think that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

"My father, I fear, revenged, in some measure, the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, 'a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing.' He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter, from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was soon reclaimed from his situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother† (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton), and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself, which he did with some credit at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there I never inquired; but I learned from my mother that, after a residence of four or five years, he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

"My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the Lyon, a large armed transport in the service of government; while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1757.

"The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school, they consisted merely of the contents of the 'Child's Spelling Book'; but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which about half a century ago amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

"My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's Christian name was Edward.

for prize-money, and his wages were considerable, yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness,* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house-painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free-school (kept by Hugh Smerdon) to learn to read, and write, and cypher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this love he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with him; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity with coldness or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

"I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left; most probably they were inadequate to her support without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burdened with a second child, about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been there was no opportunity of knowing, as in somewhat less than a twelvemonth my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last exhausted with anxiety and grief, more on their account than on her own.

"I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C—, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims, and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the almshouse, whether his nurse followed him out of pure affection, and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mo-

* This was a lot of small houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

ther's effects,) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense; and as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more; and, in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table I had fallen backward and drawn it after me; its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow, of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

"As I could write and cypher (as the phrase is), C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland to assist in a store-house. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdesworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdesworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed, with a look of pity and contempt, that I was too small, and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle.

"My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went, when little more than thirteen.

"My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man, at least not to me; and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness, moved, perhaps, by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my goodwill was not overlooked.

"Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

"In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

"It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and

discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the *Coasting Pilot*.

"As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropped into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

"This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

"On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton, and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holidays there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

"Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude or kind remembrance. I lived, therefore, in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought, without regret, of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awaked at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a

* "Of my brother, here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally

'The child of misery baptized in tears,'

and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so, and was taken on board the *Egmont*, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at Cork."

state of wretchedness. In a large town this would have had little effect, but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand; he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me, which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and, consequently, was not yet bound.

"All this I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

"After the holidays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic; my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles; a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

"On mentioning my little plan to C. he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so, indeed, he had): he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should obtain the age of twenty-one.

"The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

"With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of

* "My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the 1st of January, 1772."

knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the imitation of Thomas à Kempis, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

"As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge. This did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and, therefore, secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure.

"These intervals were not very frequent, and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

"I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a Treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure, but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

"This was not done without difficulty; I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

"Hitherto I had not so much as dreamt of poetry; indeed, I scarce knew it by name, and whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never 'lisp'd in numbers.' I recollect the occasion of my first attempt; it is like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an alehouse; it was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verses: I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I

thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject; and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable; such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going farther—but in truth I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

"The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial; little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

"But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

"This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another severer still: a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

"I look back to that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in spleenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent; unfriendly and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

"From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my *Wolfius* in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word: and the gratitude I felt for it was the first pleasing sensation I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

"Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately

possessed me: I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good will, and came by degrees to be somewhat of a favourite.

" My master still murmured, for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

" In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggrel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and gave him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

" It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

" Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town men of science are not the most liberally rewarded; he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence; that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

" On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that, amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he had learned that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

" The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man: he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart; it ran thus: 'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship (the sum my master

received was six pounds), and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

"At the expiration of this period, I found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me, and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk in indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

"In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing-school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

"During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon, I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight,) and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics; and indeed I do not know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, JUVENAL engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth satire for a holiday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself;) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him, and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and I think the eighth satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

"On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stintan (afterwards Rector), to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter: I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second satires (I mention them in the order in which they were translated), when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of going through the whole, and publishing

it by subscription, as a means of increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth satires; the remainder were the work of a much later period.

"When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design: it was very generally approved of by my friends; and on the 1st of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

"So bold an undertaking, so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents: neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance: I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough, to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them; but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity and kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before he had quite finished the First Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

"This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever-active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support: the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected; and it was to be feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth would insensibly cease to be afforded.

"In many instances this was actually the case: the desertion, however, was not general: and I was encouraged to hope by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

"Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out with the terms of the subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed.† To obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the First Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

* "I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801; twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness: I yet cherish his memory with filial respect; and at this distant period my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name."

† "Many of these papers were distributed; the terms which I extract from one of them, were these. 'The work shall be printed in quarto (without notes), and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next. The price will be sixteen shillings in boards; half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book.'"

"After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end: and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

"To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages: by permission, too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils: this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heart-felt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college: it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears the most distant resemblance to talents; for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

"The lapse of many months had now soothed and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names: but, alas, what a mortification! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend, had engaged me in a work for the due execution of which my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

"In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country (the Rev. Servington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan; nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

"For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the work (which I was still secretly determined to complete) rendered more worthy patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

"In the leisure of a country residence, I fancied this might be done in two years; perhaps I was not too sanguine: the experiment, how-

ever, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

"I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of —,* recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in a cover, and sent to Lord Grosvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, had the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him on his coming to town: to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to this nobleman.

"On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!†

"In his lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast,) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years: years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

"It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace: my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether; but the ever-recurring idea

* The Reverend William Peters, R.A. ED.

† To this passage Mr. Gifford, in the second edition of his Juvenal, appended the following note:—

"I have a melancholy satisfaction in recording that this revered friend and patron lived to witness my grateful acknowledgment of his kindness. He survived the appearance of the translation but a very few days, and I paid the last sad duty to his memory by attending his remains to the grave. To me, this laborious work has not been happy; the same disastrous event that marked its commencement has imbibited its conclusion, and frequently forced upon my recollection the calamity of the rebuilder of Jericho.—He laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub.—1806."

that there were people of the description I have already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbade the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the public:—

—*majora canamus.*”

Of the powerful impression which the foregoing interesting narrative produced, at the time of its publication, on every candid and honourable mind, the following just and animated passages in a critique on Mr. Gifford's Translation of Juvenal, which appeared in the Monthly Review, in 1803, will furnish a sufficient proof.

“Mr. Gifford has introduced this volume by a memoir of himself, which is written with so much ability and unaffected modesty, with so much ingenuousness and manly feeling, that it must secure to him universal regard and esteem. He may say with the admired author whom he translates, *Stemmata quid faciunt?* for he possesses what ancestry cannot bequeath, great talents and a noble mind; and while, without reserve, he discloses the obscurity of his origin, his struggles with poverty in the lowest situations, and his progress in mental improvement under the most sickening discouragements, he increases our respect for him, and prepares us to rejoice in those propitious circumstances which favoured the expansion of his mind, fostered his love of science, and raised him to a state of independence. Of such a life as that of Mr. Gifford, no man who thinks and feels like a man will be ashamed. Fools may be mortified at the recollection of the penury of their youth, and the mean condition of their family; but great and enlightened minds, despising the idle notions of the vain and the proud, will consider superior and cultivated talents as incapable of sustaining any degradation, except by vicious misuse of them; and as conferring a nobility on the possessor which ‘not all the blood of all the Howards,’ nor the circumstance of being ‘stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,’ can, in the eye of reason, ever bestow. We have often been disgusted with men who, after having risen to eminence by their splendid endowments and meritorious efforts, have been studious to conceal the poverty of their early condition, as if this poverty were both a degradation and a crime. Mr. Gifford has administered to such persons a very suitable reproof; and he has set an example which the wise and the virtuous will applaud.”

Proceeding to speak of the manner in which Mr. Gifford had executed his arduous task, the Reviewer says:—

“In the translation before us the Roman satirist appears with great advantage. Mr. Gifford has caught the spirit and style of his author; and he has in general accomplished his endeavour, which was to make Juvenal speak as he would probably have spoken if he had lived among us. Excepting Dr. Johnson's admirable imitations of the 3d and 10th Satires, we know not any prior version in our language which could convey to the English reader so complete an idea of the stateliness,

force, and point, which are the prominent features of the compositions of this bard. It is needless to mention the translations of Stapleton, Holiday, Dryden, and his coadjutors, and Owen, since they will not endure a comparison with that of Mr. Gifford, which conveys the sense and manner of the original in easy and flowing verse."

Of some strictures on the Juvenal, which appeared in the Critical Review, Mr. Gifford published an "Examination," in 1803, and a "Supplement to that Examination, in 1804." A second edition of the Juvenal was published in 1806.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Quarterly Journal.

EXPERIMENTS ON THOUGHT.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is a very common prejudice respecting the rapidity of thought, which is imagined by many to be almost unlimited: and the opinion is very worthily illustrated by a reference to the oriental tale of a man's being bewitched into the belief that he had passed through a period of seven years duration, and full of the most striking vicissitudes; all in the time that he employed in dipping his head in a pail of water. Now there is no doubt that we often dream of a period of many years while we are only sleeping an hour; that is, we dream of an impression of a long continued existence, or perhaps of some detached fact scattered through such a period: but if any person will write down all that he can possibly recollect, of the separate imaginations that have passed through his mind in the dream, he will find that he will be able to read them over with ease in less than five minutes.

It is probable that there may be a considerable diversity in the rapidity of thought in different persons, as there is in that of muscular motions: but there is no reason to think the diversity greater. A healthy young man can run a mile in five minutes: a good pedestrian in four; but no man ever ran a mile in three minutes; and perhaps no horse in two. There is reason to think the rapidity of thought does not differ more materially than this in different individuals.

The rapidity of thought seems, however, more intimately connected with that of muscular motion than by analogy only: for they appear in some cases to be absolutely identical.

I have often been able to count ten in a second, in audible English words; not distinctly, indeed, but so as to assure myself that I do hear the ten words in their proper order; and to repeat the sounds for several consecutive seconds. If I say the words *to myself* only, that is, if I think them over, I cannot repeat them ten times in less than about nine seconds: I can never, for example, keep pace with my pulse, though it sometimes beats as slowly as seventy in a minute: nor can I, by any effort, think over the numbers from one to twenty in two seconds.

If I say to myself the first lines of Milton or Virgil, or Homer, or any other lines that may be still more familiar to me, I cannot get

through them much, if at all, more rapidly than I can pronounce them, even when I fix my undivided attention on them.

The rapidity of sensation is also intimately connected with that of memory and of muscular action. To cast the eye over a sentence, attending to every letter, is an operation which is capable of equal rapidity with the saying it over mentally: but it cannot be made much more rapid. It required four seconds to look over a sentence which occupied six in rapid reading.

The operations, which succeed each other with this limited rapidity, are not incompatible with a partial attention to other subjects: just as in running or walking, we may have our feelings very strongly interested by the sight of surrounding objects without interrupting the train of voluntary motions, which seems thus to be so linked together in a continued chain, as to become almost involuntary. And we may certainly be saying a thing over as rapidly as possible to ourselves, and may at the same time be seeing, and hearing, and even reasoning, so as to keep up what amounts very nearly, though not completely, to a continuity of attention to several distinct trains of ideas: in the same manner as the nerves of involuntary action are notoriously employed in several distinct trains of concatenated muscular motions and vascular actions, and as the ear of a musician is able to follow and retain a dozen different melodies in harmony with each other at the same time.

Dr. Darwin mentions an experiment which has a similar tendency to show the close connexion between thought and sensation. He says, that if we think intensely of a deep colour, for instance red, with the eyes closed, we shall see a tinge when we open them of the opposite colour, or green; just as if we had actually looked at a red colour instead of thinking of it. But I confess that I have never been able to satisfy myself completely of the success of the experiment.

These very hasty observations appear to me to be in great measure original; and the results of such experiments are certainly more calculated to illustrate the nature and powers of the human mind, than the fanciful hypothesis of the fashionable craniologists, with all their measurements of the heads of murderers, are likely to become. ZMINIS.

London, 20th Oct. 1827.

POSTSCRIPT.—I find that some similar remarks have been made by the late Sir William Watson, in his Treatise on Time. He estimated, from some experiments made in company with his friend Herschel, the greatest possible velocity of sensation, such as to admit of about three hundred distinct impressions on the eye or the ear in a second. “It is true,” he observes, “that whoever attends to what passes in his imagination on particular occasions, will be struck at the apparent rapidity with which ideas appear to flow at times, and will be apt to suspect them far to exceed sensation in that respect. But it is probable that we are ourselves deceived in such cases.”—p. 38. But there are no direct experiments to prove this opinion. On the other hand, a sound may be continuous, and yet consist of only about twenty vibrations, or still fewer, in a second.

From the Monthly Review.

MEMOIRS OF THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.*

THE anonymous author of this compilation, makes no pretence of having had access to any private sources of intelligence, or of having enjoyed any peculiar advantages for the performance of his undertaking. He declares, that he has no connexion with party, and expressly disclaims all other knowledge of Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, than as public men, on whose system he has "come to a verdict of approval, because, in the midst of storms that have threatened us with all evil, it has preserved to us so much of political and personal good." It has been his voluntary labour to follow the subject of the memoir, with which he has here presented to us, through his public life; and for "the execution of what has been to him a very agreeable task," he desires to receive only the praise of diligence and impartiality.

The candour, or unpretending modesty at least, of this declaration, bespeaks a favourable judgment for the author, and entitles his work to every indulgent allowance. The merit of "diligence" may also be freely conceded to his plea; for he has put together a sketch of the political events of the last forty years, and of the share taken by Lord Liverpool during that period, in the conduct of our foreign relations, and the struggle of domestic parties, with sufficient carefulness and accuracy:—and so far his book is all that it professes to be. But we cannot equally assign to his opinions, the challenged praise of "impartiality." His general eulogy of Lord Liverpool's administration, might be questionable and uncertain, as a test of political principles; since the measures of government during the last years of that nobleman's premiership differed, "wide as the poles asunder," from those which marked the first ten years of his ministry. Praises loosely bestowed on the cabinet of which Lord Liverpool was the acknowledged president, might be designed for either of the two very opposite parties, who at different periods prevailed in it. But our author has, on the very first page of his volume, stamped the character of his own political tenets with abundant significance. He has inscribed his work to John, Earl of Eldon, as "the colleague, coadjutor, and friend" of his hero; and he has thus of course intended—not to applaud the more liberal measures of Lord Liverpool's cabinet in latter years—but to seal his volume with the type of all the despotic and un-English policy abroad—all the bigotry and narrow-minded prejudice at home, which disgraced the earliest and worst period of that administration.

Of Lord Liverpool himself, it is our wish to speak with respect and with charity, as of the recent dead: with respect, for the moral integrity, and the upright intentions by which, as a man, we conscientiously believe him to have been actuated: with charity, of the errors of opinion and action, which to many passages in his public career are undoubtedly chargeable. The affecting example of a good man suffering under the heavy dispensations of Providence, should in itself disarm all

* *Memoirs of the Public Life and Administration of the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool, K.G. &c. &c. Svo. pp. 649. London: Saunders & Otley. 1827.*

other feelings towards him personally into kindness and sympathy: the spectacle of a mind in ruins, which has once swayed the counsels, and wielded the destinies of a great empire, suggests an occasion of more humbling and awful reflection. But in discussing the public measures of Lord Liverpool's life, there can be no intrusion on the privacy of a broken existence: to the voice of public applause or censure, he can never again be more accessible, than if the grave had closed over him; and his character as a statesman has already become the legitimate property of history.

A brief sketch of the principal events of his lordship's political career, into which this volume is easily abridged, will afford materials enough for a candid estimate of his abilities and merits.—Robert Banks Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, was born on the 7th June, 1770, and is therefore in his fifty-eighth year. His father, then Mr. Charles Jenkinson, and a member of the House of Commons, was of a respectable Oxfordshire family, which had possessed a baronetage for about a century. As the direction of the present earl's political course was altogether influenced by that of his father, some notice of the parent is necessary. By accident, or electioneering intrigue, Mr. Jenkinson had become known to Lord Bute, and was introduced into parliament under the auspices of that minister. He was a person of literary, as well as political pursuits; and in the former character he has, we presume, some title to an honourable record in our pages, since he is declared to have been a contributor to the early numbers of the *Monthly Review*. First obtaining office, as one of the secretaries of the treasury, under Lord Bute, in 1763, he was completely a disciple of that nobleman's school, and “participated with him in the marked and personal attachment of his late majesty.” In other words, Mr. Jenkinson was well known as one of those confidential and personal servants of George III., who adhered in politics rather to the royal will than to any code of party; and he may be characterized, perhaps, as long the principal person of that class of politicians, who, throughout the whole of the last reign, desired to be held, not so much either for Whigs or Tories, as for the “king's friends:” an unconstitutional, or to say the least of it, an invidious, distinction in their service to a free state and a constitutional sovereign.

The existence of this junto has been of late years strangely denied by some writers, though it was perfectly notorious at the time. Our biographer admits, that Mr. Jenkinson became, after Lord Bute's sudden retirement, one of the most conspicuous members of a party often denominated, as he says, *in envy*, the king's friends,—an imputation which Mr. Jenkinson “ever considered as his honour;” nor is it easy to understand, why he afterwards proceeds to quote Bishop Tomline's question (in the Life of Pitt);—“If secret advisers did exist in the late reign, who were they?”—“The favourites of princes,” adds the bishop triumphantly, “are soon detected by the jealous eye of rival candidates, and are drawn into notice by riches, or honours, or some public mark of royal favour. Nothing of this kind occurred in the long reign of his late majesty.” The history of Mr. Jenkinson's elevation, unluckily affords in itself a ready answer to the inquiry of the bishop. Besides the successive ministerial offices which he filled in his ostent-

sible political capacity; he "was allowed in 1775, to purchase the patent place of clerk of the pells in Ireland;"—in 1786, "the valuable appointment of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster being vacant, the minister readily met the king's desire that it should be bestowed on Mr. Jenkinson, who was at the same time called up to the House of Lords as Baron Hawkesbury;"—two years afterwards, "when the baronetage of the elder branch of his family devolved on him, at the death of his cousin, Sir Banks Jenkinson, *his good fortune* enabled him to secure the continuation of the patent place of collector of the customs inward, which that relative had enjoyed;"—and finally, "his personal honours were completed in 1796, by his advancement to the dignity of Earl of Liverpool."

Whether these extra-political acquisitions did not come under the head of "riches or honours, or other public marks of royal favour," few will probably doubt. They assuredly were rather beyond the usual measure of good things which would fall to the lot of a second-rate statesman, of no high family connexions; and they flowed confessedly in part from the personal grace of the king. Charles Jenkinson, however, was certainly an useful servant of the state, as well as of the monarch: a man of respectable political talents, who had attentively studied the commercial and financial system of the country, and had acquired great experience and practical knowledge of its business. His political writings are evidences of his industry; and his "Letter to the King, on the Coins of the Realm," a quarto volume, published in 1805, and the last labour of his old age, deserves to be mentioned with applause.

Under such a parent, his only son enjoyed great advantages of political education, and was naturally destined for public life, which he was sure to enter under the best auspices of the royal favour. The present earl was educated at the Charter-house, from whence he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of A.M. in 1790; and he immediately afterwards obtained a seat in the House of Commons, before he had completed his twenty-first year. His first speech, in 1792, was made on the Russian armament, on the side of government, and he thereby declared his formal hereditary enlistment under the banners of Mr. Pitt's administration. Having thus signified his intended adherence to the minister, he afterwards consistently and actively supported his measures during the revolutionary war. From the commencement of that tremendous struggle, indeed, Mr. Jenkinson took a prominent part in combating the arguments of the opposition, and "rapidly rose," says his biographer, "in the consideration of all parties;" though the confident tone in which he delivered his sentiments, and perhaps his youth, exposed him to the sarcastic supposition of Sheridan, that he must have an "hereditary knowledge of politics, and that a deep insight into the secrets of cabinets ran in his blood." As early as 1793, he obtained his first place under administration, as a member of the board of control; and during the eight subsequent years of Mr. Pitt's ministry, his name appears constantly in the debates of the period.

Although Mr. Jenkinson, or Lord Hawkesbury, to which title he had succeeded on his father's elevation to the earldom, was thus the stre-

nous supporter of Mr. Pitt's government, he showed less deference for his authority on the two great questions upon which the minister appeared as the advocate of the cause of humanity and toleration. From the period of his first entrance into public life, it must be recorded, little to Lord Liverpool's honour, that he constantly avowed himself the opponent of the abolition of the slave trade and of Catholic emancipation. It is worthy of remark, that, on both these questions, his father strongly gave him the example of opposition; and it is to be presumed that, in the formation of these youthful principles, he was originally influenced by the weight of parental opinion. This submission, if such it was, to a father's sentiments, was perhaps natural enough in his outset; but his obstinate maintenance of the same course, with the benefit of the long judgment of maturer years, is neither equally excusable, nor at any rate demonstrative either of the enlargement or liberality of mind, by which his eulogists have laboured to characterize him. Throughout all the debates on the slave trade, in which Mr. Pitt's eloquent share will ever remain among the most splendid monuments both of his oratory and true glory, the high-minded arguments of the premier seem to have had no persuasive power over the prejudices of his follower. Our partial biographer vehemently strives to palliate this reproach, by the assertion, that "Mr. Jenkinson never defended the principle of this enormous iniquity; he was only, as we shall see, an advocate for the gradual abolition of its wrongs and miseries." But in what was this "gradual abolition" to consist? In a mere fatile project for improving the treatment of the slaves in the West India islands, in order to render them "more prolific, so that in a short time no importation should be wanted, in which case the trade would cease of itself?" Even at that period (in 1792), his proposal was rejected by a majority of 234 to 87: yet twelve years afterwards we find him (in 1804), in the Upper house, engaged in defeating for a time longer the exertions of the abolitionists, by a successful motion for postponing the consideration of the question; and finally, even on the actual suppression of that detestable traffic in 1801, he was still numbered among the bigoted remnant of the opponents of the measure!

To most men who are in the habit of studying the springs of human character, this pertinacious adherence of Lord Liverpool's mind to an inhunman cause and an exploded prejudice, will be received as an obvious solution of his immoveable repugnance to Catholic emancipation. This, too, descended to him as an hereditary piece of bigotry; and the strength with which his father had cherished it himself, and impressed it upon him, may be concluded from the monstrous parliamentary declaration of the first earl, that "*the Catholic disabilities were the main foundation on which rested the present establishment in church and state.*" To this liberal and logical tenet, his son subscribed in his political youth; to this he therefore adhered in the judgment of his old age. From the first period at which the Catholic question was agitated in parliament after he became a member, until its threadbare discussion in the last year of his public life, Lord Liverpool remained the unmitigated enemy of emancipation. His arguments on the question were sometimes of the most strange and irrelevant character, as if they had partaken of

the confusion of a mind, accustomed to think, but in which the elements of reason had on this topic been replaced by the jumbled fragments of worn-out prejudices. In a debate on the subject in 1805, (if his speech is here correctly reported, p. 259,) he observed that, "at any time and under any circumstances he must oppose a motion, which might lead to such alarming consequences as the abrogation of all the tests at present subsisting in the empire. Experience had shown the desolation it (?) had occasioned, by a republic of Atheists established in the heart of Europe." The French revolution and Catholic emancipation seem to have been at this epoch the joint bugbears of his imagination: but it would be difficult for a sane mind to perceive any connexion between the two subjects. In what manner the imposition of religious tests could check the growth of Atheism, it is impossible to conceive: since it is precisely to men of no religion that the subscription to any such tests should be a matter of sovereign indifference. Oaths are a stumbling block to the conscientious alone. But we ought to be ashamed of opposing grave argument to such absurd premises. In 1807, in the same spirit, he seriously adduced, as a reason for withholding political rights from the Catholics, that an unauthorized individual of their persuasion in Ireland had contended for the equity of filling up the sees of that kingdom with Protestant and Catholic bishops alternately! Finally, twenty years of experience and reflection had not improved the minister's conceptions of justice; and it was one of the latest declarations of his public life, that "the Catholics of this country and of Ireland were not entitled to hold equal civil rights and immunities with their Protestant brethren!"

While, however, we record with regret these violent obliquities of judgment in a man, otherwise of a mild and just character, it is due to the political memory of Lord Liverpool to observe, that his prejudices were far from amounting in degree to the blind, stern, and obdurate bigotry of the Colchesters and the Eldons. In his celebrated letter to Lord Wellesley, of the 19th of May, 1812, which closed the abortive negotiations for the formation of a new cabinet, there is this remarkable sentence: "With respect to myself individually, I must protest against its being inferred, from any declaration of mine, that it is, or ever has been my opinion, that under no circumstances it would be possible to make any alteration in the laws respecting the Roman Catholics." However difficult it may be to reconcile this protest, with his declaration on tests some years before, it may be received as evidence that he had not *intentionally* shut up his judgment from any future change of conviction; and it must not be forgotten that, in 1824, after the admission of some liberal principles into the cabinet, he strenuously contended for the measure of allowing the English Catholics to exercise the elective franchise, and to act as magistrates, though Lord Lansdown's bills for those purposes were lost at the time, by the efforts of the anti-liberal party in the cabinet, and the House of Peers.

We have brought these two great objectionable features in Lord Liverpool's political life—his hostility to the abolition of the slave trade, and to Catholic emancipation—under one point of view, without reference to the order of time, that we might at once dismiss the least favourable part of his biography. Resuming our general sketch of his

public career, we pass to the close of Mr. Pitt's administration, in 1801, as the epoch which first introduced Lord Hawkesbury into the cabinet. The avowed cause of Mr. Pitt's retirement from office at that period being his inability to carry the Catholic question, in consequence of the king's repugnance to the measure, Lord Hawkesbury, of course, did not share in the scruples which induced his leader to withdraw from power, and he accordingly accepted the post of secretary of state for foreign affairs, with a seat in the cabinet, in the new or Addington administration. In this capacity it fell to his lot to negotiate the preliminaries of the ephemeral peace of Amiens, and to defend the terms of that treaty in the House of Commons. A considerable portion of the volume before us is occupied with the particulars of these discussions, and of the subsequent rupture with France: but it is not within our purpose in this place to examine, for the hundredth time, the disputed policy and merits of that short-lived truce. Whatever might be the prudence of attempting a peace, at the time, it will now scarcely be questioned, from a dispassionate survey of the events which followed, that Napoleon's insatiable schemes of conquest and universal dominion, must have utterly prevented the establishment of any safe and durable pacification.

On the resignation of Mr. Addington, and Mr. Pitt's resumption of the premiership, in 1804, Lord Hawkesbury, now called up to the House of Lords by writ, as a peer's eldest son, retained his seat in the cabinet, merely exchanging the secretaryship of the foreign for that of the home department of state. The death of Mr. Pitt, in the beginning of 1806, was the signal for a more doubtful contest between the conflicting parties; and the Whigs, or Foxites, acquired their brief ascendancy over opponents weakened by the loss of their great leader, and numbering no one in their ranks who was worthy to succeed him. The king's repugnance to Mr. Fox and his principles, and his desire to retain the Pitt party in power, induced him to tender the vacant premiership to Lord Hawkesbury. But his lordship, after a few days' deliberation, declined the offer; and his rejection of the dangerous temptation, at that crisis, was perhaps the best proof of good sense and sound judgment which he ever evinced. He knew the relative strength of parties, and his own weakness. Mr. Fox and his friends, could not, of course, have been induced to serve under him, perhaps not even with him, even if *he* could in decency have coalesced with *them*. Lord Grenville and his party, the moderate or intermediate part of the opposition, had treated him, says our author, with contumely, and besides, had already, two years before, refused office, even under Mr. Pitt's auspices, on any other conditions than the introduction of Mr. Fox; and the hazard of attempting to carry on the business of the state at that appalling juncture, with the powerful opposition of the united Fox and Grenville parties, was manifest. The genius and reputation of Pitt had formed the sole strength of his administration. As a mere ministerial party, his followers, without him, possessed none of the confidence of the country, and had none in themselves; and Lord Hawkesbury, as a leader, had neither weight nor ability to maintain their union and restore their broken spirit.

There could not, therefore, have been a stronger proof of the king's

antipathy to the Whigs and their leader, and of the anxiety with which the royal mind clung to the shadow of hope for their exclusion, than this offer of the premiership to an individual who, hitherto, in any case, had acquired so inferior a rank in political life. The circumstance has also been construed into a signal mark of the king's personal regard for the son of his old favourite; and our author observes, that in declining the premiership, "Lord Hawkesbury retained a decided proof of his sovereign's attachment, in the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, to which he was appointed on the death of Mr. Pitt."

During the brief Fox and Grenville administration, Lord Hawkesbury was of course in opposition; nor did the death of Mr. Fox abate his hostility to the cabinet of "the talents." It is needless to remind the reader that, early in the following year (1807), the resolve of that administration to carry the Catholic question, led to their sudden dismissal by the king. The sarcasm of Sheridan against his friends, upon this occasion, is well known: "That he had often heard of people beating out their brains against a wall, but never before knew of any one building a wall expressly for the purpose." But with Sheridan virtue itself was but a jest, and all grave principle only an object of ridicule. The Whigs may have betrayed a defect of cunning policy in forcing on the question at that moment; but the honesty and consistency of their conduct in the whole transaction will be remembered to their honour, as a party, long after the possible results of its imprudence have ceased, under happier circumstances, to operate.

"The retiring ministry," says our biographer, "ascribed no small portion of the king's personal conduct and firmness at this time, to the influence of Lord Hawkesbury; and Lord Howick condescended to name his lordship and Lord Eldon as the king's advisers on the occasion." The attempt to constitute the former premier of the anti-Catholic administration, was not, however, renewed; and the Duke of Portland obtained the nominal presidency of the cabinet, in which Lord Hawkesbury resumed his post of home secretary. We can remember when it was generally believed, that this party could not retain the direction of affairs for six months, so little did its leaders possess of the public confidence; yet such is the caprice of fortune, and so much are politics a game of chance, that this weak administration—with no more for its head than the name of a nobleman, who never once appeared in his place in parliament, as a minister, and was little spoken or thought of by the public—was composed of the same members, with little variation, who conducted the affairs of the state to the triumphant conclusion of a gigantic war, and retained the possession of their power for nearly twenty years!

The sentiments of a large party of the parliament and the nation, who judged the duty of supporting government in the war against Napoleón, to be superior to all other considerations, upheld the new cabinet; and the Portland administration continued until it changed its name by the quarrel and duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in 1809, and the consequent resignation of those two members, and the nominal premier. The rest of the cabinet, however, remained in their seats; and no change occurred in the character of their principles and measures. But Mr. Perceval was raised to the premiership; and Lord

Hawkesbury (now become Earl of Liverpool, by his father's decease) still occupied only a secondary place in the rapid elevation of that minister. The overtures made at this epoch to Lords Grey and Grenville, to join the government, marked the weakness of the cabinet; but, notwithstanding the contemptuous refusal of the opposition leaders to enter into any union with Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool, the "Perceval administration" was successfully constructed; and it proved, contrary to all expectation, strong enough to maintain itself against its opponents. It even survived the shock which it received within two years afterwards, from the confirmed malady of the king, and the inevitable appointment of the Prince of Wales to the Regency. On that event, the long connexion of his royal highness with the whig party, and his personal regard for several of its leaders, seemed to open the certain road for their entrance into power; and there can be no doubt that, as our author remarks, dissensions among that party, and their own mismanagement, alone prevented their succession to the government. The "stately tone of dictation" assumed by Lords Grey and Grenville to the Prince, was sufficient in itself to disgust him with his old political friends; and the insidious suggestions of Sheridan, perhaps completed his alienation. The Whigs thus played their adversaries' game for them; and to their dissensions, the tottering Perceval administration was indebted for its safety and stability. A combination of circumstances, more unexpected in their influence, or more remarkable in the importance and duration of their results, is scarcely to be found in the history of party and political intrigue.

The assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812, at length prepared the way for Lord Liverpool's elevation to the acknowledged guidance of his party, and the premiership of the cabinet, which he was destined to retain for nearly fifteen years. But here again the direction of affairs was only bestowed by the Regent exclusively upon Lord Liverpool, and the party who were willing to recognise his supremacy, after the failure of all other efforts to unite a large and efficient administration. Lord Liverpool was first commanded by the Prince to communicate with Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning on the subject of forming a ministry. But his lordship's overtures to induce Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning, who had once been his colleagues, to join him in the new administration, were defeated, ostensibly upon differences relative to the Catholic question and the conduct of the war; but in reality, as it should seem, by the disinclination of Lord Wellesley to serve under him. Lord Wellesley himself then received the Regent's commands to "combine an administration on an extended basis;" and addressed in his turn, Lord Liverpool, as well as the Whig leaders, for the purpose. But this plan also failed, owing, as Lord Wellesley declared in parliament, in rather odd phraseology, to "dreadful personal animosities, and the most terrible difficulties, arising out of questions the most complicated and important." It was then only that the premiership fell, as if by default of all other pretenders, into the hands of Lord Liverpool, and the offices of government to those of the old Pitt party, who were contented to receive him for their chief.

Into any detailed history of the "Liverpool administration," as it is usual to term it, it is not our intention, or within the scope of our limits

to enter. The measures which distinguished its long reign of power, must be still fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. Some degree of false splendour has been conferred upon the memory of that original administration, from the circumstance that under its councils, the most arduous, extended, and glorious war, in which this country was ever engaged, was conducted to a triumphant consummation. But the honour of that struggle is due, not to the mere party who held the direction of affairs, but to the constancy and indomitable courage of the aristocracy, the mercantile classes, and the people in general, of Great Britain. To Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, belongs the merit only of having persevered in a contest, from which the popular spirit and voice of their country would never have permitted its government to shrink with dishonour. Nor can it for an instant be doubted, that the pride, conviction, and heart of the nation, were unanimously embarked in the resolution never to recede from a quarrel against the ambition of Napoleon, on which the independence of England, and all Europe, was desperately staked. Even the whig opposition, feeble as it was on this question, was confined rather to objections against the conduct of the war, than to the necessity of the war itself. At least, the real sense of any part of the nation went no farther with them than this; and if the Whigs had continued in power in 1807, or returned to the guidance of the state at any subsequent period, they must equally have prosecuted the contest. Of this no stronger evidence can possibly be wanted, than the utter failure of Mr. Fox's zealous efforts to accomplish a peace just before the close of his life.

Whether the Whig leaders might have conducted the war more ably than their successful rivals, is a point of little import to determine: it will, of course, continue to be so asserted, as it has been, by themselves, and denied by the opposite party. But this country is indebted, under Providence, for her triumph, to circumstances, which no wisdom of the administration had the slightest influence in promoting. It was the insatiable ambition of Napoleon which worked its own ruin; and the obvious advantage to be derived from the Peninsular insurrection, and the rupture of the French Emperor with Russia, must have been equally palpable to the common sense of a Whig or a Tory administration. Certain it is, that no counsels could have worse mismanaged our co-operation in the Austrian war of 1809, or dictated a more miserable effort than the Walcheren expedition.

It was the good fortune of Lord Liverpool and his colleagues to hold their power during the brightest epoch of our history; supported, as they were, by the wonderful energy and the military talent and valour which the conflict elicited in this country; and, favoured by the insanity of universal dominion in Napoleon, which at last roused the nations of Europe against their oppressor. The administration were now slow to arrogate to themselves the direction of events which they only followed; but when the intellectual mediocrity of these men is weighed in the fair balance of history, it will perhaps not be deemed the least extraordinary feature of our extraordinary times, that the British achievements of the war were gained under a cabinet, of which the Sidmouths and the Eldons, the Westmorelands and the Mellvilles, the Vansittarts and the Bathursts, formed the conspicuous majority.

But, while we may hesitate to assert that the Whig party—containing, as it did, after the death of Fox, no great master spirit, no leader of transcendent ability—would have directed the war more skilfully to its close than the Liverpool administration; we are justified in the belief, that the influence of the liberal principles to which the Whig party were pledged, would have saved this country, after the general pacification, from the reproach of having favoured the conspiracy of the continental sovereigns against the cause of constitutional liberty. Why was it that every English traveller, for years after the congress of Vienna, instead of hearing his country honoured for her noble deliverance of Europe against one arch despot, found her government execrated in every private society in Germany and Italy, as the accomplice of a herd of meaner despots? Why, but because the people of the Continent had been taught, from the arbitrary and insulting tone towards the popular cause, always held by our minister for foreign affairs—from his intimate and ostentatious connexion with the courts of the Holy Alliance—from the ministerial defence of the principle of that league in our parliament—to identify the spirit of our cabinet with that of their own despotic governments?

In this respect, Lord Londonderry was the means of bequeathing a heavy penalty of continental hatred to his country, which the enlightened and liberal policy of his lamented successor, in withdrawing from that close union with the despots of Europe had scarce time to redeem; and even the author before us, with all his partialities, confesses (p. 608), in noticing Lord Londonderry's decease, that “the prolongation of the close union (between England and the Continental Courts), it was not desirable, perhaps, that this country should attempt; at any rate, his Lordship's death was the signal for its being no longer attempted.” It has been argued, that our government had no power to interfere between foreign monarchs and their subjects; but was it, therefore, necessary or honourable, that England should even *appear* to favour the despotic system of those sovereigns? Or, can it be pretended, that the moral influence of true English principles would have been without its weight in the settlement of the continental governments? The effects of Mr. Canning's policy, during its too brief exposition, upon the conduct of foreign states, and the public opinion and feeling of Europe towards this country, have been too apparent for contradiction, and form a sufficient answer to both these questions.

For all the measures of the administration which bore his name, Lord Liverpool is, in a rigid judgment, to be held immediately accountable; or if, in a more liberal construction, his own political principles should be separated from those that, at different epochs, acquired the ascendant in the cabinet over which he nominally presided, the measure of his own dignity and supremacy must in the same ratio be lowered. And the truth seems to have been, that he either never attempted, or never was able, to exercise that commanding and decisive influence over the counsels of his administration, which would have marked the great master-genius and ruler of a dominant party in the state: there was not, in his character, a particle of that imposing elevation and towering weight of authority, which distinguished a Chatham, a Pitt, a Fox, or a Canning; which brooked no compromise in

their sway with inferior spirits; and which rendered those great names a watch-word and a designation for principles and parties. The minds with which Lord Liverpool acted were, for many years, of the commonest and most vulgar stamp; yet he was suffered to be, in fact, no more than the colleague, not the real leader, of such associates. Hence his administration, as it was still called under opposite measures, had no character of unity or consistency. When the system of commercial restrictions was obstinately maintained against the reasoning of modern economists, it was the Liverpool cabinet that clung to the dogmas of antiquated prejudice: when the principles of free trade were suddenly and violently substituted for those cumbrous restrictions, the change was still sanctioned by the name of the same premier. While the financial measures of government were the ridicule and scorn of the city, Lord Liverpool was First Lord of the Treasury: when a new Chancellor of the Exchequer vigorously threw aside the maudlin shifts of his predecessor, Lord Liverpool was still the nominal head of the executive department of finance. In fine, while Lord Londonderry was chaining this country to the chariot wheels of the Holy Alliance, and advocating and promoting the cause of despotism in the old world and the new, Lord Liverpool represented the counsels of the country; and when the bold and generous policy of Canning broke these disgraceful shackles, put the last stroke to the emancipation of America, upheld the cause of rational liberty in Europe, and restored this great and free nation to her proper rank, as the advocate and protector of free principles, lo! Lord Liverpool—*idem et alter*—was still, by courtesy, the director and president of the cabinet.

On the general characteristics of Lord Liverpool's mind as a politician, we have little to add to the obvious conclusions deducible from the candid review which we have endeavoured to take of the principal circumstances in his public life. For the high station which he preserved during so many years, it is evident that he was not indebted to any striking superiority of genius. But the estimation which his lordship unquestionably enjoyed in the opinion of his country, was perhaps, in one respect, still more honourable to him, than if it had flowed from mere confidence in his talents: that estimation was founded upon a general conviction of his moral integrity and personal worth. Doubtless he derived part of his support from the selfish views of the Tory aristocracy, who had engrossed all political power in the country, from the epoch at which the atrocities of the French Revolution, and the terror of jacobinical principles, enlisted the great mass of the middle orders of society on the side of their government. That high aristocratic party, who had so long possessed the ascendancy, that they began to imagine the direction of affairs to be their common birth-right and property, were ultimately contented to take Lord Liverpool for a leader, because he agreed with them in general principles, and formed a respectable agent for their monopoly. But the body of the nation were reconciled to his continuance in office from better motives: because they saw in him a good man and a well-intentioned minister. His unblemished private character, his religious sincerity, and the conscientious manner in which, as far as his influence availed, he distributed the patronage of the established church and promoted the charities of

the country, all assisted this favourable estimate of his personal virtues, and justified its application to his public conduct.

That his views were often narrow, and his judgment blinded by early prejudices, cannot the more be denied. The only two great questions of internal policy, on which he was consistent throughout, were opposed to extended benevolence and true humanity. But this was the fault, not of his heart, but his mind: it is more an impeachment of him as a statesman than an individual. His talents for business were respectable; and he closely resembled his father in his industrious application, his acquired knowledge, and his practical experience in public affairs. In parliament, his eloquence, which his biographer has not attempted to characterize, was of a piece with his mind; it was temperate, circumstantial, and without lofty assumption. Education and practice, had rendered him in his line, a considerable debater; and his speeches were remarkable for arrangement and clearness of detail. But, neither in the exposition or the employment of principles, does he ever seem to have risen to philosophical grandeur in his views: he was an experienced and able man of business, but has no pretension to be remembered for any one quality of a great and enlightened statesman.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A "NICE POINT FOR THE JUDGES."

A BEAUTIFUL little question, for the people of form and precedent, arose, a few days since, in the Court of Common Pleas, in the course of an action for trespass, entitled *Goodman v. Kennell*. The actual offence committed—like the sin in the story of the abbess of A-douillet—seems to be divided between so many persons, that it is difficult to determine which ought to bear the blame of it. The facts of the case stand thus.—

The defendant, Mr. Kennell, who resides in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, on the particular day stated in the pleadings, sent a jobbing non-descript, named Cockings, who occasionally acted as his servant, with a message to Furnival's inn. Mr. Cockings, having taken an oath never to walk when he might ride—unless he liked walking best—which did not happen to be the case in the present instance—took the horse of a Mr. Freshfield, for whom also he sometimes worked as a servant, (and who had desired him occasionally to "exercise" that quadruped,) to perform the journey. But on his way home—to omit details which are not material—he contrived to run over the plaintiff in the action, Mr. Goodman. The mischief then stood thus—Cockings, going on Kennell's business, mounted on Freshfield's horse, ran over Goodman; and with the *delictum* so divided, the last was in doubt where to bring his action!—Cocking, the corporal offender, not being worth following.

The fact was, the plaintiff suffered, and seemed likely to suffer, by having too many strings to his bow. Mr. Kennell was undoubtedly liable for the damage done by his servant—while in the performance of his business; and Mr. Freshfield was equally bound for the conduct of his horse, by whom the damage had been committed. But both

could not well be made liable. If Cockings had run over the plaintiff without Mr. Freshfield's horse; or, if the horse had run over the plaintiff, without having Cockings on his back; or, if Cockings had done the embassy to Furnival's inn for Mr. Freshfield, to whom the horse belonged; or, if Mr. Kennell, who sent Cockings to Furnival's inn, had been the owner of the horse;—any one of these ways, the case would have been clear: but, between “the two stools,” Mr. Goodman (in the court, as in the Lambeth-road) was like to “come to the ground.” As the case stood, he did resolve to go against the owner of the servant—Mr. Kennell—(we suspect rather at a hazard;) and Mr. Justice Park, probably from a feeling that he had a fair title to recover somewhere—summed up in his favour—although Cockings stated distinctly that he took the horse of Mr. Freshfield, without any order from—and even without the privity of—Mr. Kennell. But the case, in all likelihood, will come before the Court above: and we rather doubt, upon the evidence, whether Mr. Justice Park's law will stand.

There is no doubt that a man is answerable, in law, for that which his servant—though servant only for the time being—does by his command. And, still farther, he is answerable for that, which his servant may do in the ordinary and reasonable routine of his (the master's) business, although not by his particular command. And moreover, he is liable for things which his servant does in his name, in fraud upon him, and contrary to his interest, as for the taking up of goods of shops at which he is accustomed to deal, and have credit given by the agency of that servant—because here, it is his ordinary course of conduct which leads the tradesman into mistake. But we doubt rather whether this kind of liability can be taken to extend to such an act as the running down public passengers, by riding on the back of other people's horses; because this is an act with which the master has in equity nothing to do—and, besides, the precedent is against it.

For instance, in the case of “Dobson v. Sir Arthur White,” where the Overseers of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, sued the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, residing at No. 7, Brook-street, because a housemaid who lived at No. 11—four doors off—had become chargeable to the parish, in consequence of the immorality of his footman,—Sir Pepper Arden, Chief Justice, held—“that the defendant was clearly *not* liable; because the act complained of had been committed by the *footman*, of his own wrong, and not in the reasonable performance of any of his master's business.” 2d. B. B. pp. 132. This was a *Nisi Prius* decision: but it was never disturbed.

However we will come closer to the case immediately in question.—Cockings was sent by Kennell to Furnival's inn: he received no horse to go upon: and the presumption was, that he would go on foot. Then suppose (as he did not go *on foot*) instead of mounting, without leave, upon Mr. Freshfield's horse—he had gone to Exeter Change, and mounted clandestinely upon the Elephant—and ridden him to Furnival's Inn—knocking down Temple-bar—or the Court of Chancery in Lincoln's Inn—or any other public impediment—instead of Mr. Goodman—by the way? or suppose, instead of *taking* the loan of Mr. Freshfield's horse, he had hired a coach, or a gig, and damaged various other vehicles by careless driving; surely, it would be too much to say, that

Mr. Kennell should be at the cost of setting these damages right again? Between two courses of wrong—there was the best *prima facie* case for bringing the action against Mr. Freshfield; for it appears clearly, that Cockings had no authority from Mr. Kennell to go on horseback to Furnival's Inn; while, for exercising the horse, that did the mischief (occasionally) there was something very like a general retainer from Mr. Freshfield. If Goodman had been *killed* now, for example, instead of *hurt*—would not the *deodand* have been put upon the horse?"

Altogether, however, it will be an exquisite point for the practice of the present day, when barristers rise, at least five times out of every six, to address themselves, not at all to the merits of the case, but to some quibble or clerical error upon the face of the parchments that bring it before the court. For, if there be any action in the case against any person but the actual offender, Cockings, we profess ourselves quite unable to determine where it lies. And there seems to be hope too of a new point still, in the argument before the court above: for we see, according to the evidence, it appears, that the horse was "running away" at the time when the accident happened—now, it may become material to know, whether it was the horse that run away with Cockings, or Cockings that run away with the horse! Because, if Cockings ran away with the horse, why then it was him who did the mischief, and he would be the party answerable; but if it was the horse that ran away with Cockings, would not Cockings have his remedy over—another action—against Mr. Freshfield!!!

From the Annual Biography and Obituary.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, D. C. L.

First Commissioner of the Treasury, Chancellor and Under-treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland, a Privy-councillor, M. P. for Newport, in Hants, a Governor of the Charter-house, &c.

THE distinguished and lamented subject of this memoir was the last, as he was the youngest of those extraordinary men who played so conspicuous and important a part in English politics, during the fearful tragedy of the French revolution. Entering on public life at a very early age, he was, through all the turmoil and peril of the days of Jacobinism, the most accomplished skirmisher of Mr. Pitt's intellectual forces. While the great leader assumed the graver and loftier tones of oratory, his youthful coadjutor plied

"The light artillery of the lower sky."

Of the eloquence generated by the collision of the mighty minds of that eventful period, Mr. Canning had, for some years, furnished the only remaining specimens. Scarcely inferior to that of any of his earlier contemporaries, his style was universally acknowledged to be of a more ornate and polished character than that of any of his later. With him this style has probably passed away for ever. The proceedings of parliament are of a much more sober and business-like cast than they were when Mr. Canning acquired the art of addressing a popular body.

The place where Mr. Canning was wont to sit may be filled by men of as great talents, and who will deserve as well of their country; but it will be long before the thoughtless or turbulent members of that house will yield the fixed attention, or bestow the rapturous applause to which they were compelled when he was speaking, who had been the friend or rival of Pitt and Burke, of Fox and Sheridan. Those bursts of generous enthusiasm which re-echoed through the civilized world, those flashes of irresistible wit which exposed to overwhelming ridicule every weak and vulnerable point in an adversary's argument, that illumination of a highly cultivated taste which communicated to the commonest subjects the various graces of learning and refinement,—these are all passed away. Nicer calculators and profounder economists may occupy the benches of St. Stephen's Chapel, but with Mr. Canning has, in a great measure, fled that intellectual charm which, of all gifts to man, is the most effective for good or evil,—the power of holding a mixed and divided assembly in a state of abstract admiration; their understandings and their feelings wholly subjugated for the moment by the influence of one magic voice.

The family of Canning was originally of Foxcote in Warwickshire. George, fourth son of Richard Canning of Foxcote, emigrated to Ireland at the commencement of the seventeenth century, as agent of the company of Londoners in the plantation of Ulster, and settled at Garvagh in the county of Londonderry. His great-grandson of the same name, marrying a daughter of Robert Stratford, Esq. of Baltinglass (an aunt of the first Earl of Aldborough), had a son, named Stratford after his maternal ancestors, who was the father of three sons, George, Paul, and Stratford. Of these, the eldest gave birth to the deceased statesman; the second to George now Lord Garvagh (for whom his cousin procured that Irish Barony in 1818); and the third to a numerous family, including the Right Hon. Stratford Canning, late Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, and now at Constantinople.

Mr. Canning's father entered himself in the Society of the Middle Temple, but died soon after he had been called to the bar, without having had any opportunity of distinguishing himself in his profession. He had, however, given proofs of considerable abilities and high cultivation, and was not only familiar with elegant literature, but the associate of Keats, Whitehead, Cawthorn, and other men of literary note of that day. He was also a warm admirer of Wilkes, and published several tracts, all breathing fervent aspirations after liberty. He devoted much of his time to poetry; of his proficiency in which he gave various specimens to the world, particularly an epistle from Lord William Russell, supposed to be written on the night previous to his execution, to William Lord Cavendish, who had offered to change clothes with him in order to facilitate his escape. This beautiful and affecting production is preserved in Dodsley's collection of fugitive poetry. He likewise published a translation in verse of Cardinal Polignac's fine Latin poem entitled "Anti Lucretius." The translation was censured in the Critical Review as being too servile a version; in consequence of which the translator took fire and attacked the anonymous critic with an asperity which provoked an indignant reply. This

was in 1766; and soon after Mr. Canning offended his father by his marrying a lady (nearly related to the Sheridans) who, though highly accomplished and of a congenial taste, was his inferior both in rank and in fortune. By her he had three children, two daughters and a son; which last was born April 11, 1770; and on the same day in the year following, the father died of a decline. His remains were interred in the new burying-ground of the parish of St. Mary-le-bonne; and over his grave the widow placed a stone with the following lines, which, if not very poetical, are at least an evidence of feeling on the part of the survivor, and of merit in the deceased:—

“Thy virtue and my wo, no words can tell!
Then, for a little while, my George, farewell!
For faith and love like ours, Heaven has in store
Its last best gift—to meet, and part no more.”

Mrs. Canning, being left destitute by her husband's death, first set up a small school for support, and next attempted the stage. Her debut was made on the boards of Old Drury, under the auspices of the elder Sheridan, and she actually ventured to play Jane Shore to Garrick's Lord Hastings. This attempt failed. Nevertheless, she was a woman of great theatrical talent; and was very successful at Bath, and in various provincial companies. Her second husband was Reddish, a performer of great celebrity in his day, whose Edgar was thought to be as fine a piece of acting as Garrick's Lear. He was a man of wild habits, and after a time became deranged, and died in the York Lunatic Asylum. Being at Exeter, on a professional expedition, a respectable linen-draper in that town, of the name of Hunn, was smitten with her, and married her. He had a great liking for the stage, and gave up his business to gratify it; but he was a very indifferent performer. Mrs. Hunn survived her third husband many years; and lived long enough to see her son George surrounded with splendour, and to share in his good fortune.*

The education of the future Premier was superintended by his uncle, a merchant in London, principally engaged in the wine trade; but its expenses were sufficiently provided by a small estate in Ireland, which, though inadequate as a provision for life, was amply sufficient as a fund for education. His rudimentary instruction Mr. Canning acquired at Hyde Abbey school near Winchester, under the care of the Rev. Charles Richards. Even then his early compositions were distinguished by an extraordinary vigour of mind. At a public exhibition he recited a prize poem on West's picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus,—the altar-piece of Winchester cathedral. At another exhibition he displayed a promise of those powers which were destined hereafter to command the admiration of the world. Previous to a vacation, a selec-

* Mr. Canning's attention to his mother speaks volumes for the excellence of his heart. He visited her at Bath (where she lately resided,) as often as the public business allowed him; and never failed to write to her every Sunday of his life. As Mr. Canning was repeatedly attacked on the subject of the pensions granted to his mother and sisters, it becomes fair to add what he said in his defence. His answer to this charge was, that when he first retired in 1803 from the office of Under-secretary of State, he was entitled to a pension of £500 a year; and that, instead of taking the sum himself, he requested to have it settled on his relations.

tion, from the *Orestes* of Euripides was enacted, when young Canning surpassed all his associates, by the judgment, sensibility, and elegance, with which he pourtrayed the madness of the conscience-stricken matricide. On another occasion he gave a spontaneous evidence of his extraordinary tenaciousness of memory, in reciting, by way of exercise, the whole of the English poems of Gray. Through life Mr. Canning cherished the greatest respect for his early preceptor Mr. Richards; to whom he frequently evinced his grateful remembrance, particularly by transmitting his printed speeches to Hyde Abbey.

Having risen to the first class in this preparatory establishment, he was removed to Eton, taking with him the talent for verses, which is the great qualification for distinction at that school. He was instantly noticed as a boy of surprising genius and attainments. Ambitious of literary distinction, he had the address to infuse the same spirit into some of his compeers. The result was very extraordinary; being no less than an imitation of Addison and the constellation of wits who at the beginning of the century produced the *Spectator*. Mr. Canning had but just turned fifteen when he laid the plan of a periodical paper, called "The Microcosm." It was published in weekly numbers, from November 6th, 1786, to July 30th, 1787; and was conducted by an association of four boys, who contributed to it under the signatures of A, B, C, and D. The papers signed A were furnished by Mr. John Smith, the late paymaster of the navy: those signed B were written by Mr. Canning; C was the signature of Mr. Robert Smith, late member for Lincoln; and D of Mr. John Hookham Frere, the late ambassador at Madrid. Lord Henry Spencer (second son of the late Duke of Marlborough), Mr. Joseph Mellish, Mr. Benjamin Way, Mr. Capel Loft, and Mr. Littlehalls, were also contributors. The contributions of Mr. Canning were eleven in number. One was a poem, and, considering his age, a very wonderful one, on "The Slavery of Greece;" the rest were principally of a humorous cast; and among them a burlesque piece of criticism on the childish ballad of "The Queen of Hearts," possesses uncommon merit. Of this very clever publication Mr. Canning was also the editor, and as such disposed of the copyright to the publisher.—Subjoined is a copy of the receipt given by him on the occasion:—

"Received, the 31st of July, 1787, of Charles Knight, the sum of fifty guineas, in full for the copyright of the 'Microcosm,' a periodical work, carried on by us, the undermentioned persons, under the name and title of 'Gregory Griffin;' and for any right we may hereafter have in the said work. Being also in full for the Numbers remaining on hand; those sold having been settled for December 6th, 1786, February 21st, and May 28th, 1787. Received for John Smith, Robert Smith, John Frere, and self, George Canning."

The following criticism on the collection appeared in the *Monthly Review*:—

"Mr. Gregory Griffin, like his predecessor, the *Spectator*, and many others of that family, is a being possessing a compound personality;—in other words, the *Microcosm* is, for the most part, the joint production of some ingenious young men of Eton college. With great modesty they speak of themselves as "puny authorlings, who are sucking the milk of science;" had they, however, kept their own counsel, we

should have concluded, from these specimens, that they were persons who had been long feeding on its strong meat. Hard, indeed, must they have tugged at the breast of their Alma Mater, rapid must have been their growth, and proud will she be to call them her children. It must be confessed, that to offer observations on human life and manners has generally been considered as a province belonging to age and grey experience: but we are induced by this work to suppose that age and experience have been too presumptuous, in expecting that so very extensive a field should be abandoned to their frigid and slow observation. It is always to us a high gratification to behold the blossom of early genius, and contemplate its promising growth and vigorous expansion; nor should we deem ourselves at all worthy of that confidence with which our judgment is honoured, were we, by any harsh and ill-natured criticisms, to repress its laudable efforts.—The papers are, in general, agreeably written; the language, for the most part, is good; many of them, more especially those signed B, possess considerable humour, and there are none without some merit.—The Microcosm, as the name imports, is professedly written for the Little World, but we may venture to affirm, that many of the papers in it will be perused with pleasure in the great world; and we flatter ourselves with the hope of much amusement in future, from the ingenuity of gentlemen who have begun their career of science with so much reputation.”

The publication of the Microcosm had the effect of exciting a spirit of emulation among the senior lads of Westminster school, who began a paper called “The Trifler.” To their first number they prefixed a caricature frontispiece, representing critical justice in the act of weighing their merits against the Etonians, the latter being aloft, kicking the beam, while their rivals rested unmoved on the ground. Young Canning, when shown this graphic performance, took up his pen, and wrote as happy an epigram as ever was pointed:—

“ What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits—of Eton jealous,
But that are soar aloft in air,
And ye are heavy fellows?”

For several years a society had periodically met in a hall at Eton, for the purpose of discussion. The masters properly encouraged the practice for its obvious utility. It was a little House of Commons. Mr. Speaker took the chair; a Minister sat on a treasury bench, and faced as bold an Opposition as Eton could produce. “The noble lord,” the “right hon. gent.” “my honourable friend,” were bandied from side to side. The order, the gravity, the importance of the original assembly, were mimicked with the greatest success. In this miniature senate the crown and the people had their respective champions; the advocates were as solemn, as eager for victory, and as active in obtaining it, as the more mature debaters of the Parliament itself. Mr. (now Marquis) Wellesley, Mr. (now Earl) Grey, and at a subsequent period, Mr. Canning, distinguished themselves, in this intellectual warfare.

During Mr. Canning’s career at Eaton, he was eminently distinguished, as well as the present Marquis Wellesley, for his classical attainments; and the names of both these remarkable men are affixed to some of the most splendid compositions of the “*Museæ Etonenses*.”

George Canning was also distinguished in the school for the more than usual juvenile attachment which he evinced for the principles of social liberty; and there are persons still living who well remember the passionate interest which the youthful enthusiast took in the contest for the representation of Windsor, which the celebrated Admiral Keppel carried on against the court candidate.

It is not surprising that during his whole life Mr. Canning delighted in his recollection of Eton; and assiduously kept up his connexion with that celebrated school. His visits to the Montem were almost universally constant; and he seemed, on those occasions, to resume all the hilarity of his boyhood, amidst the gaiety and juvenile mischief by which he was surrounded. At the Montem of 1823 he accidentally met Mr. Brougham, for the first time in public after their unfortunate *escapade* in the House of Commons. The hand of the generous Secretary was immediately stretched out to his great rival, in the presence of a thousand admiring spectators. On the 4th of June of the following summer, Mr. Canning was the *sitter* in the "ten-oar" at the Eton regatta, a post of honour which is always reserved by the boys for some favoured visiter. He huzzaed again and again with the loudest of them as they passed the crowded shores; and Eton felt proud of her scholar and her statesman.

Having attained the highest post of honour, or in the academic phrase, become captain of the school of Eaton, in October, 1787, Mr. Canning was matriculated at Oxford as a student of Christ-church; where he found himself in the midst of his Westminster antagonists; but without exciting any other sentiment than admiration of his talents, and esteem for his virtues. Here also, as in former instances, the ripeness of his genius quickly appeared, and drew upon him the notice of the university. While yet, in the language of the schools, a *freshman*, and not out of his teens, he had the boldness to stand as a competitor for the chancellor's first prize, and succeeded. This was a Latin poem, on the following subject, "Iter ad Meccam Religionis Causa Suscep-tum;" and the purity and spirit of the composition gained great applause.

It was at Oxford that Mr. Canning's friendship commenced with the Hon. Robert Banks Jenkinson, now Earl of Liverpool, who was only of a few months older standing than Mr. Canning; having received his previous education at the Charter house. They (with Lord Henry Spencer, who had entered Christ-church at the same time,) were constantly in each other's society; and there acquired that mutual regard, which no occasional political operation at any time seriously interrupted. It was also to Mr. Jenkinson, though not entirely, that Mr. Canning was indebted for his introduction to Mr. Pitt. When, with that design, Mr. Canning was invited to dinner with the first earl at Addiscombe house, it was found to the surprise and amusement of their host, that the two supposed stranger-guests were already acquainted with each other; for Mr. Pitt (through what channel is not exactly known) had some time before intimated to Mr. Canning his wish to become acquainted with him, and they had met without the intervention of any third person.

Mr. Sheridan was at that time in the full blaze of public admiration,

and of his meteoric prosperity; and in consequence of his relation to him through his mother's family, it was Mr. Canning's good fortune to spend all his vacations with "the author of the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, and the best speech in the English language," and, we may add, the most brilliant wit of modern times. To Sheridan Mr. Canning was indebted for an introduction to some of the most distinguished men of the day; among others to Edmund Burke, whose prophetic acumen did not fail him in his auguries of Mr. Canning's success as a parliamentary orator. To Sheridan, Mr. Canning was also indebted for gaining admittance, whilst still a youth, to the society of Devonshire house. He was introduced to the Dutchess at a splendid supper given by her grace to Mr. Fox, Lord John Townshend, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Richardson, Gen. Fitzpatrick, Gen. Burgoyne, Mr. Tickell, and other celebrated wits of the day. On his first interview Canning displayed a brilliancy and talents beyond his age.

After taking his first degree at Oxford, Mr. Canning had entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, with the view of pursuing the profession of the law. From that intention, however, he was diverted by the advice of Sheridan, who had repeatedly witnessed his oratorical powers at one of the debating societies which were prevalent in the metropolis, until the alarm occasioned by the French Revolution obliged the government to put them down.

Mr. Canning entered Parliament in 1793. "From the political faith," says Mr. Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, "in which he had been educated, under the very eyes of Mr. Sheridan, who had long been the friend of his family, and at whose house he generally passed his College vacations, the line that he was to take in the House of Commons seemed already, according to the usual course of events, marked out for him. Mr. Sheridan had, indeed, with an eagerness which, however premature, showed the value which he and others set upon the alliance, taken occasion, in the course of a laudatory tribute to Mr. Jenkinson (now the Earl of Liverpool), on the success of his first effort in the House,* to announce the accession which his own party was to receive in the talents of another gentleman—the companion and friend of the young orator who had now distinguished himself. Whether this and other friendships, formed by Mr. Canning at the University, had any share in alienating him from a political creed which he had hitherto perhaps adopted rather from habit and authority than choice,—or whether he was startled at the idea of appearing for the first time in the world as the announced pupil and friend of a person who, both by the vehemence of his politics, and the irregularities of his life, had put himself, in some degree, under the ban of public opinion,—or whether, lastly, he saw the difficulties which even genius like his would experience in rising to the full growth of its ambition, under the shadowy branches of the Whig aristocracy, and that superseding influence of birth and connexions which had contributed to keep even such men as Burke and Sheridan out of the cabinet;—which of these motives it was

* On the Russian armament; when Mr. Jenkinson, with a vigour of argument which drew the applause of all parties, defended the administration for interposing to check the inordinate ambition of the Empress Catharine.

that now decided the choice of the young political Hercules between the two paths that equally wooed his footsteps, none, perhaps, but himself can fully determine. His decision, we know, was in favour of the Minister and Toryism; and after a friendly and candid explanation to Mr. Sheridan of the reasons and feelings that urged him to this step, he entered into terms with Mr. Pitt, and was by him immediately brought into Parliament."

Sir Richard Worsley having retired, purposely to make room for him, Mr. Canning took his seat as member for the borough of Newtown, in the Isle of Wight. With that strong sagacity which was a distinguishing feature in his character, and with the modesty, also, which is a never failing accompaniment of genuine abilities, Mr. Canning seems to have been determined to acquaint himself perfectly with the forms and usages of the House of Commons, before he took any active part in its debates. During the first session that he sat in Parliament, he remained silent. His maiden effort was made on the 31st of January, 1794, in the debate which took place, in the Committee of Supply, on the Sardinian Treaty, by which an annual subsidy of £200,000 was stipulated to be paid by Great Britain, during the continuance of the war, and the restoration of the territories lately wrested from him by France, was promised to the king of Sardinia. In order that he might commence his parliamentary career with some eclat, the field was left open on that night by Mr. Pitt to his young friend; who entered at full length into the disputed questions of the origin and objects of the war, in order to prove that the stipulations made with Sardinia were, in every respect, consistent with the declared views and established policy of this kingdom. Although this speech was received with much attention and applause, it certainly did not excite that high admiration which his subsequent parliamentary efforts elicited. This is attributed by an acute critic*, who seems to have had access to particulars of his early life not generally known, to his imitation of Burke. —"Mr. Burke," observes this writer, "sat in Parliament but two years after Mr. Canning, in 1793, entered it. This was, in the end, a most fortunate circumstance for Mr. Canning, whose admiration of the philosophic orator was so great, as not only to lead to an identity of political views and opinions, but also to an assimilation of style and manner. The comparative failure of his first efforts in Parliament may, therefore, be justly attributed to a too close imitation of the character of Burke's eloquence—the most dangerous that a man of Mr. Canning's fancy, playful wit, and Tullian taste, could well hit upon. It was Apollo learning graceful motion from Hercules. Burke addressed himself too much to the intellect of philosophers, and, consequently, valued too little the immediate effect of his exertions to be an effective debater. There was no fusing earnestness in his manner—no locality of feeling—no appearance of personal interest; therefore his auditors were cold and unmoved. He spoke too like a man who, "proudly eminent above the rest in the shape and gesture" of his intellect, felt that all mixture of fleshly feeling was a questioning of his dignity, and that the ordinary local interests and emotions of humanity were derogatory from the cha-

* In the Inspector.

racter of one who legislated for all times, and all places, and many people. This was evident in the ex-cathedra aristocratic tone of his voice, and in the fixed seeing-nothing-present stare of his eyes. Like Bossuet, "Il semble que du sommet d'un lieu élevé, il découvre des grands événemens qui se passent sous ses yeux, et qu'il les raconte à des hommes qui sont en bas."—(Thomas Éloge.) His standard of perfection was, therefore, too indefinite and abstract, and the rewards of his ambition placed too much in the applause and admiration of posterity, for him to be very anxious or successful in his efforts to conciliate his opponents, and win the suffrage of his contemporaries. Like Bacon, he knew he should be oftener misunderstood than mistaken; and that as it would take ages to ripen his fame, so it would take centuries to sound its depth, and he was, therefore, indifferent about his temporary reputation. Besides, he confined himself too exclusively to *convince* by instructing, and thus *demand* support, to be a safe model of imitation in a popular assembly. Consequently, though no-orator before or after him, or even in his own time, fruitful as it was in orators, at all approached him in the correctness and consistency of his application of sound general principles to questions of particular growth and interest; in the sustained tone of his philosophy, the practicability of his theories, and in the availableness of his various and profound knowledge, he was, *consideratis considerandis*, one of the most inefficient speakers in either House of Parliament. In addition, no man was less regardful of the *amour propre* of others, though, from the natural vehemence of his temper, no man was more impatient of cavilling opposition. He was altogether a dangerous model to Mr. Canning; the more so, as he had neither Burke's dictatorial arrogance of tone and manner, nor the domineering influence of his genius; nor his knowledge, at once serious and profound, of the human heart, and of the productions of the human intellect—so essential to bear him out against the offended self-love, the prejudices, and the interests of his adversaries. Mr. Canning had too much good sense, and regard for his own fame, not to soon abandon a course that probably would have ended only in the shipwreck of his reputation; he was the more enabled to do this by the speedy termination of Mr. Burke's parliamentary and earthly labours which we have alluded to. Unbacked by family influence as he was in early life, the task of *convincing*, by mere fact and argumentative sarcasm, his opponents of their errors, was perilous in the extreme; while that of insinuating himself into their confidence, by gracefully *persuading* them of the soundness of his own doctrines, and of obtaining their support, by exhibiting the defects of their opinions in the light of a playful, but at the same time unmalevolent wit, was that most likely to lead to power and distinction. The wisdom of his choice has been verified by experience. He became the Prime Minister of Great Britain; while Mr. Burke, with superior endowments, and, at least, equal acquaintance with the machinery of government, never rose in office above his early post of private secretary to a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

In May, 1794, in the debate on the third reading of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill, Mr. Canning replied with much spirit to Mr. Grey, (the present Lord Grey,) who had accused Mr. Pitt of duplicity and

apostacy; and defended the measure as indispensably required by the imminent danger of the time.

Mr. Canning took the degree of M. A. on the 5th of July, 1794. Until that period he had been a frequent resident at Christ-church. He now however discontinued that practice, and made the metropolis his constant abode.

Mr. Fox having in the next session of Parliament moved for a committee on the state of the nation, the motion was warmly opposed by Mr. Canning, who characterized the proposition as being, in some points of view, useless, in others, impolitic, and in none, as possessing any claim to the sanction of the house.

In 1796, Mr. Canning accepted of Mr. Pitt the post of under Secretary of State; and at the general election in that year, he was returned for the Treasury borough of Wendover. At the same period he was appointed Receiver-General of the Alienation Office.

In the autumn of 1797, Mr. Canning, in conjunction with Mr. Jenkinson (the present Earl of Liverpool,) Mr. George Ellis (the present Lord Seaford,) Mr. Frere, and other of his friends, projected "The Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner;" the object of which was, by the twofold operation of argument and ridicule, to attack the numerous journals which in that perilous time were advocating the cause of equality and republicanism. The prospectus of this work was written by Mr. Canning. Mr. William Gifford* having been appointed the editor, the first number appeared on the 20th of November, 1797; and the publication was regularly continued until the 9th of July, 1798. "We trust," says the farewell address of its conductors,—"We trust we have 'done the state some service.' We have driven the Jacobins from many strong-holds to which they most tenaciously held. We have exposed their principles, detected their motives, weakened their authority, and overthrown their credit. We have shown them in every instance, ignorant, and designing, and false, and wicked, and turbulent, and anarchical,—various in their language but united in their plans, and steadily pursuing, through hatred and contempt, the destruction of their country."

It is difficult to discriminate the productions of the various powerful contributors to this publication; among whom even Mr. Pitt did not disdain to rank himself. The most striking poetical effusions which it contains were unquestionably from the pen of Mr. Canning; who also furnished, if not the whole, the greater part of "The Rovers; or the Double Arrangement," a burlesque on the sentimental German drama, and certainly one of the happiest and most effective that ever was written. With these performances of his comparative youth Mr. Canning was in after-life frequently twitted, as if he had committed himself by them. He adhered, however, with constancy to a declaration which he made in the course of a debate in parliament in the year 1807,—"that he felt no shame for the character or principles of the 'Anti-Jacobin;' nor any other sorrow for the share he had in it, than that which the imperfection of *his* pieces was calculated to inspire."

In the session of 1798, Mr. Wilberforce having moved for leave to

* See the memoir of Mr. Gifford in the present volume.

bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade, the motion was supported by Mr. Canning, in a speech of great feeling and ability. Of this speech the venerable Mr. Clarkson has taken notice in his interesting history of the abolition of that abominable traffic. Mr. Clarkson's notice, as was just, is highly complimentary. After stating that the cause in which he was a zealous labourer had lost the support of the late Mr. Wyndham, of whom it was well said, that he had so rare a knack of differing from the views of all parties, that he generally found out a third side to every disputed question, Mr. Clarkson goes on to say, that the loss sustained was more than compensated by the accession of the young member for Wendover, whose eloquence was equal, and whose zeal was more fervent. It may not be improper here to notice, the groundlessness of the charges of inconsistency which have recently been urged against Mr. Canning. His earliest attempts in literature were consecrated, as we have already seen, to the fallen condition of Greece, which it was one of his latest endeavours to raise from her low and lost estate. And amongst the earliest displays of his oratory, was the one just mentioned in favour of the oppressed sons of Africa, and his talents, his time, and all his influence, in office and out of office, were ever after steadily directed to the amelioration of their condition; nor can it be denied, that he pursued that object with more zeal than Pitt, and with more prudence than Fox. It is probable that, had his life been spared, he would ultimately have succeeded, without injuring the property or violating the lawful rights of the proprietors, of which he was a firm advocate, in satisfying the utmost wishes of the friends of emancipation.

In the early part of the next session, Mr. Tierney having moved a resolution declaratory of the duty of His Majesty's ministers not to show any indisposition to treat for peace with the French republic, he was answered by Mr. Canning, in a speech characterized at the time as a most brilliant and elaborate specimen of eloquence; and the effect of which was to silence the opposition for the remainder of the session. There are few occasions in the whole record of parliamentary warfare in which a single speech has produced so decisive a victory to any party. To the furtherance of the abolition of the slave-trade, Mr. Canning also applied his splendid eloquence in the course of the same session. When the important subject of the proposed union with Ireland was brought forward, Mr. Canning repeatedly argued at great length in support of the measure.

Mr. Canning was in March, 1799, appointed one of the Commissioners for managing the affairs of India.

In the debate which took place on the 3d of February, 1800, on His Majesty's message respecting the singular overture which had been made by Buonaparte, Mr. Canning replied to Mr. Whitbread in a speech of considerable length, in which he dwelt upon the manifest insecurity of Buonaparte's power,—a power built by republicans upon the wreck of every principle of freedom, professing to emanate from the people, but which no class of the people had any share in creating, or interest in preserving; a military despotism, professing to maintain itself by universal peace.

On the 8th of July, 1800, Mr. Canning increased his fortune and in-

terest by a marriage with Joanna, the youngest daughter of General John Scott, of Balcomie; an officer who had acquired a princely fortune in the East Indies. General Scott was a man of very eccentric character. He had conceived a great dislike for the aristocracy of this country. As a proof of it, in making his will, he divided his property in equal parts between his surviving daughters;* but clogged with this condition, that if the elder married either a peer or the heir apparent to a peer, the whole of her share should devolve to her sister, and *vice versa*. Miss Scott, however, after her father's death, braved all hazards, and in 1795 married the Marquis of Titchfield; who on the occasion assumed the name of Scott before that of Bentinck. Miss Joanna Scott, instead of taking advantage of the clause in the will, immediately assigned over, as a deed of gift to her sister, the moiety which should otherwise have been her portion. Mr. Canning by his marriage was placed in a state of absolute independence, for the fortune of the lady exceeded one hundred thousand pounds.

On the 18th of July, 1800, Mr. Canning made an eloquent reply in the House of Commons to Mr. Tierney, by whom the recent treaty with the Emperor of Germany had been warmly attacked. In the debates that subsequently ensued on the bill for renewing the habeas corpus suspension act, Mr. Canning took a very active part. He also joined Mr. Wyndham in his opposition to a bill proposed by Sir W. Pulteney for the abolition of bull-baiting.

Early in the year 1801 a sudden and surprising change was effected in the British government. The administration which had so long defied the efforts of an able and indefatigable party was suddenly dissolved. It was not subdued by the strength of opposition, deserted by the majority in Parliament, or terrified by popular clamour into retreat. The ostensible cause of its dissolution, and which, from the correspondence recently published between his late Majesty and Mr. Pitt, seems to have been the real one, was the disappointment of the minister in all his efforts to induce the king to confirm the expectations which had been held out to the Catholics of Ireland at the time of the Union.

Mr. Canning, of course, resigned his official situations. The following year he was returned member for the borough of Tralee. He now appeared on the opposition side of the House, and assailed the administration of Mr. Addington with such a force of argument and keenness of irony, as greatly to provoke the zealous partisans of that gentleman. Not content with a parliamentary attack, Mr. Canning commenced a paper war, which was carried on for some time with considerable acrimony. In this contest the minister, or his friends, called in the aid of some of those literary auxiliaries who, like the Swiss, fight for pay. One of these mercenaries, under the appellation of a "Near Observer," discharged a torrent of abuse upon Mr. Canning and his patron, which the former repelled with interest; and at the same time let fly some shafts of ridicule against the principal, particularly in two satires, one called "The Consultation," and the other, "The Doctor." As a con-

* A third daughter, who was the first wife of the present Visc. Downe, died in 1796, at the early age of 23.

trust to these caustic effusions, he sent into the world an admirable lyric composition in praise of his great friend, upon whom he bestowed the high title of "The Pilot that weathered the Storm."

Mr. Pitt was not insensible to this attention, and when in May, 1804, he returned to power, Mr. Canning (who, however, it is said, for some time had resolved to attach himself to Lord Grenville's party) received the place of Treasurer of the Navy, vacated by Mr. Tierney. In the same year he was re-elected for the Irish borough of Tralee.

When Mr. Whitbread, in the session of 1805, submitted the conduct of the late Lord Melville to the consideration of the House of Commons, Mr. Canning embraced several occasions of warmly, although unsuccessfully, defending his noble friend.

From this time nothing remarkable occurred in Mr. Canning's personal or public history, until the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806. At the funeral of that illustrious statesman, Mr. Canning attended as a sincere mourner, and with Mr. George Rose, and Mr. Spencer Perceval, bore the banners of emblems. Many years after this melancholy event, Mr. Canning, in a public speech at Liverpool, said with great emphasis, "In the grave of Mr. Pitt my political allegiance lies buried."

His sense of the loss which he individually, as well as the public at large, had sustained, appeared in two pieces, one in prose and the other in verse, on the character of that great man.

The conclusion of the first production does so much credit to both parties, that we shall not stand in need of an apology for extracting it. After sketching, with a masterly hand, the prominent qualities of his deceased friend, Mr. Canning thus feelingly and delicately notices his personal virtue: "Unallured by dissipation, and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the national treasure to the one, nor the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity, the most authentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded public confidence which followed him throughout the whole of his political career. Absorbed, as he was, in the pursuits of public life, he did not neglect to prepare himself in silence, for that higher distinction, which is at once the incentive and reward of human virtue. His talents, superior and splendid as they were, never made him forgetful of that Eternal Wisdom from which they emanated. The faith and fortitude of his last moments were affecting and exemplary."

Mr. Canning was now returned member for Sligo; and, being again in opposition, had to contend with some of his former associates; and, indeed, to stand almost alone against what he ironically termed, "all the talents, all the wisdom, and all the experience of a combined host of Whigs and Tories, Foxites and Pittites." The part performed by Lord Grenville on this occasion was considered by many persons to be very extraordinary. After refusing in 1803 to come into office, unless in conjunction with Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Canning; and declaring in the same year that he never could form any political relation whatever with Mr. Addington: notwithstanding this, and, what was more unaccountable, his refusal to join Mr. Pitt when again placed at the head of affairs, Lord Grenville, on the death of his illustrious relative, consented to take the lead of a cabinet of which Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Fox were prominent members, to the entire exclusion of Mr. Canning.

When Mr. Spencer Stanhope moved in the House of Commons certain resolutions expressing the sense of the House of the inexpediency and impropriety of Lord Ellenborough's having a seat in the cabinet, the motion was ably supported by Mr. Canning; who on subsequent occasions ridiculed with great effect the new military arrangements introduced by Mr. Wyndham.

Mr. Fox died in September, 1806, and was succeeded in his office by Lord Howick (now Earl Grey). Parliament, having been dissolved, re-assembled on the 15th Dec. 1806. In the debate on the address, Mr. Canning made a distinguished figure. Early in 1807 the subject of the recent negotiation with France came under discussion in Parliament. Mr. Canning spoke upon the occasion at great length; and animadverted with much severity on the conduct of ministers in having allowed a negotiation, which it was evident from its earliest stage must terminate as it had terminated, to be protracted by the artifice of the enemy, to his advantage alone, and to the infinite detriment of the country.

The Catholic bill having, in April, 1807, effected the dissolution of the administration, the Duke of Portland became prime minister, and Mr. Canning was appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs. In that capacity he took an early opportunity of justifying his own conduct, and that of the friends with whom he now acted. On the 9th of April, Mr. Brand, member for Hertfordshire, moved a resolution to exculpate the late ministers from the charge brought against them of having endeavoured to impose upon the King a measure which would at once have given to the Catholics all their political claims. In the course of the debate some strong animadversions were made upon the new cabinet, who were even accused of supplanting their predecessors by unfair arts. Mr. Canning undertook the defence of himself and his colleagues, in which he succeeded to the complete satisfaction of the House, and thereby defeated the motion. He said that "so far was he from advising the dismissal of the late ministers, that he had communicated his sentiments in writing, with a view to prevent such a crisis, and to advise that the subject should be fully considered, and such a compromise formed, as might obviate all necessity for such a change. He could answer for a similar endeavour on the part of the Duke of Portland, who was now at the head of the administration; and of the noble Lord (Eldon) at the head of the law; and it was not until the royal determination was made, in consequence of which he and many of his colleagues were called on to accept his Majesty's confidence, that they complied." He concluded by saying, "that the question, in his judgment, was not one between the late and present administration, but one between the late ministers and their sovereign. Neither he nor his colleagues sought for office, but having accepted it, they did so with the resolution of standing firm to their purpose. The resolution might be carried; and ministers might be tormented with a series of vexatious motions, and parliament might be even against them; but still there was the resource of an appeal to the country, and, perhaps, he should feel it to be his duty to advise his sovereign to make it." This threat was carried into effect, and on the 27th of the same month the session and the Parliament came to a close, when the royal commis-

sioners stated that "his Majesty was anxious to recur to the sense of his people, while the events which had recently taken place were yet fresh in their recollection."

The appeal was judiciously made, and the result proved that the sovereign and his ministers had duly appreciated the public sentiment. Many persons of great weight in the country, and whose return was considered as sure, were thrown out in the general election which ensued.

The new Parliament met on the 22d of June, 1807, and Mr. Canning was seated in it for the borough of Hastings.

In the latter part of the year 1807, an interesting correspondence took place between the Prince of Starhemberg and Mr. Canning, in his official character of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Prince strongly recommended the cessation of hostilities between England and France. Mr. Canning's portion of this correspondence was masterly; and he triumphantly exposed what he justly termed "the combination of the continental powers to subjugate this country, and impose upon it an insecure and ignominious peace."

At the commencement of the next session, Mr. Canning defended, on the ground of expediency, the bombardment of Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet. When Mr. Whitbread proposed that this country should make a direct offer of negotiation to France, Mr. Canning resisted the proposition, maintaining, that until certain intelligence was received that the French government was prepared to admit discussions on an equitable basis, any attempt of the kind would be highly imprudent. Mr. Grattan having moved to refer the petition of the Irish Catholics to the consideration of a committee of the whole house, Mr. Canning opposed the motion on the ground of the difficulty which would at that time attend the discussion of the subject. On the 15th of June, 1808, Mr. Sheridan having brought the state of affairs in Spain under the consideration of Parliament, Mr. Canning declared that his Majesty's ministers saw with the most deep and lively interest the noble struggle which a part of the Spanish nation was then making to resist the unexampled atrocity of France, and to preserve the independence of their country; and that they were animated by the strongest disposition to afford every practicable aid in a contest so magnanimous.

A proposal of peace made by Buonaparte and the Emperor Alexander, in November, 1808, drew from Mr. Canning an able state paper, in which the determination of Great Britain not to enter into any negotiation in which her allies were not comprehended, was announced in the most firm and dignified manner.

The year 1809 was an eventful period in Mr. Canning's life. The session of Parliament opened on the 19th of January. On the 31st of the same month, in moving the address on the answer returned by his Majesty's government to the overtures from Erfurth, Mr. Canning nobly protested against the desponding and unmanly sentiments of those who seemed to think the power of France irresistible. "It appears to be believed by such persons," said the right honourable gentleman, "that whenever Buonaparte has resolved on any measure, and declared that he would accomplish it, such a declaration is to be received as the fiat of a superior being, against whom it is folly to oppose

any kind of resistance. *He never pledges himself to any thing but what he can carry into execution; his resolves are insurmountable; his career is not to be stopped.* We are, therefore, to submit to dependence to *his* will and pleasure; and so far from daring to stand gloriously forth the champions of the continent, we are not even to think of defending ourselves against this *irresistible* leader! Such may be the opinion of some persons; but such, Sir, is not my opinion; and such, thank God! is not the opinion of the British people.” On the 24th of February, in the debate on Mr. Ponsonby’s resolution respecting the campaign in Spain, Mr. Canning exclaimed, “Is it the pleasure of the House that the cause of Spain shall be abandoned? Is it the pleasure of the House that the direction of the affairs of the British government shall be committed to other hands? For, Sir, if a new course is to be pursued with respect to Spain, undoubtedly the direction of public affairs in this country must be placed in other hands.”

A great part of this session was occupied with the case of the Duke of York, and the charges exhibited against him by Colonel Wardle. Mr. Canning embraced various opportunities of animadverting on the cowardliness and baseness of the villainous libels against his Royal Highness; and when Mr. Perceval moved a resolution stating that there appeared no ground for charging his Royal Highness with the corruption or connivance alleged, Mr. Canning supported the motion in a speech of great pleasantry and acuteness.

But the most serious affair, as affecting Mr. Canning, arose out of the Walcheren expedition. It had long been rumoured that considerable differences existed among some of the members of the cabinet, and the fact was ascertained in a singular manner, when, on the 21st of September, 1809, Mr. Canning met Lord Castlereagh upon Putney Heath, to settle their dissensions by a duel. It was Lord Castlereagh who gave the challenge. He was attended by the present Marquis of Hertford, and Mr. Canning by Mr. Ellis (now Lord Seaford). After taking their ground, they fired, and missed; but no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Mr. Canning received his adversary’s ball in his thigh. He did not fall from the wound, nor was it known by the seconds that he was wounded, and both parties stood ready to give or receive further satisfaction, when Mr. Ellis perceiving blood on Mr. Canning, the seconds interfered. Mr. Canning was conveyed to his house, Gloucester Lodge, at Brompton, where he was for some time confined; but the bone of the thigh was not fractured, and Mr. Home, who was in attendance, dressed the wound, which was soon after perfectly healed.

Letters, which were subsequently published by both parties, in some measure explained the cause of this extraordinary event. It appears that, early in April, 1809, Mr. Canning had addressed a representation to the Duke of Portland on the state of the administration, expressing his intention, unless some change were effected, to resign his office. The change required, he afterwards explained, referred to the war department; and it was generally supposed to have been his wish that Lord Castlereagh should be replaced in that office by the Marquis Wellesley. The Duke of Portland requested Mr. Canning to suspend for a time his resignation, that he might have time to consider what

advice he should lay before the King; and soon after his Grace opened the subject to another member of the cabinet, who endeavoured to prevail upon Mr. Canning to forbear to press his resignation until the close of the session, upon the ground of the difficulty which would exist in making any new arrangement during the sitting of parliament. Mr. Canning did not promise to accede to this; but he agreed that no step in the matter could properly be taken till after the decision of the question respecting the writership.* On the 28th of April, three days after this question had been settled, the Duke of Portland communicated this subject to Lord Camden, who agreed that he thought a change in Lord Castlereagh's situation desirable, provided that it could be effected honourably for Lord Castlereagh, and "that it could be reconciled to Lord Castlereagh's feelings." With this view, four several plans were proposed and abandoned; as, in fact, it was a matter of no small difficulty, to arrange the affair in any manner that, according to the condition, should be perfectly "reconcileable to Lord Castlereagh's feelings." One of these arrangements had for its object, not the removal of his Lordship, but a new distribution of the business of the war department, by which that part of it which was connected with political correspondence should be transferred to the Foreign office, and the business of another office, then vacant, transferred to the secretary of war. This it was agreed, on the 21st of June, should be carried into effect; and Lord Camden was directed, by the King, to communicate this decision to Lord Castlereagh. Lord Camden, however, seems to have felt the awkwardness of the commission, and Mr. Canning finding, a week after, that nothing had been done, again, and earnestly, pressed on his Majesty the acceptance of his resignation.

By this time, it seems that Lord Camden agreed to make the disclosure in question to his noble friend as soon as the expedition to Zealand had sailed, which would be in less than a fortnight. Before this had elapsed, however, a new project was started; Lord Camden was to be induced to resign this office as president of the council, and Lord Castlereagh to accept it in lieu of his present situation, in which he was to be succeeded by the Marquis Wellesley. To this Lord Camden agreed; but upon the condition that no change should take place till after the termination of the expedition to the Scheldt; and that it should be left to him to choose the time of making any communication to Lord Castlereagh.

Mr. Canning represents himself, in one of the letters already alluded to, as remonstrating warmly against these repeated delays, and reiterating the offer of his own resignation, from which, however, he was dissuaded by the Duke of Portland, who described the step as probably leading to the dissolution of the administration. Other members of the cabinet were equally urgent with him to consent to acquiesce in the proposed postponement. "It was stated to him, that if, instead of pressing for the arrangement now, time were allowed to Lord Castlereagh's friends to prepare him for the change, and to reconcile him to it, the arrangement might ultimately take place in an amicable manner,

* This refers to a charge which had been made against Lord Castlereagh of having used his patronage for political purposes.

and that every public object might thus be answered without any unnecessary harshness to the feelings of individuals; and that, so far from finding fresh impediments raised to the execution of the arrangement when the time arrived, he should find all those to whose representations he yielded, considering themselves pledged equally with the Duke of Portland to see it carried into effect." Mr. Canning declares that by these representations and assurances he was reluctantly, and, as he confesses, against his better judgment, induced to consent to remain in office till the termination of the expedition.

The event of the expedition was known on the 2d of September, and Mr. Canning immediately wrote to the Duke of Portland, reminding him that the time was come for offering the seals of the war department to Lord Wellesley. Four days after, however, the Duke informed him, that no measures had been taken for preparing Lord Castlereagh for the change; and added that he (the Duke of Portland) had himself determined to retire from office. Mr. Canning immediately disclaimed any wish that the arrangement should be carried into effect under circumstances so unlooked for; and desired the Duke of Portland to lay his resignation that day before the King. The next day he declined attending the cabinet, considering, as he stated in a letter to the Duke of Portland, his resignation to be in his Majesty's hands. After this cabinet, Lord Camden, for the first time, broke the whole affair to Lord Castlereagh, who immediately sent in his resignation, and ten days after wrote a letter to Mr. Canning which produced the meeting that has been described. The motive of Lord Castlereagh's resentment was not, of course, Mr. Canning's demanding, upon public grounds, his removal from his office. His complaint was (as he expressed himself in his letter to Mr. Canning) "that a promise for such removal having been obtained, whereby you had pronounced it unfit that I should remain charged with the conduct of the war, and by which my situation as a minister of the crown was made dependent upon your will and pleasure, you continued to sit in the same cabinet with me, and to leave me, not only in the persuasion that I possessed your confidence and support as a colleague, but you allowed me, in breach of every principle of good faith, both public and private, though thus virtually superseded, to originate and proceed in the execution of a new enterprise, of a most important nature, with your apparent concurrence and ostensible approbation. You were fully aware, that if my situation in the government were disclosed to me, I could not have submitted to remain one moment in office, without the entire abandonment of my private honour and my public duty. You knew I was deceived, and you continued to deceive me."

Mr. Canning's defence was, that all along he had earnestly insisted upon the necessity of an immediate disclosure to Lord Castlereagh, and that it was only by the representations of those whom he considered as Lord Castlereagh's friends, that he was induced to assent to its delay. But Lord Castlereagh, admitting this, asserted that no man had a right to make use of such a plea, in justification of an act affecting his honour, and the unfairness of which Mr. Canning had himself acknowledged.

The quarrel naturally excited a considerable sensation among the

friends of both parties at the time. It was understood that his late Majesty expressed his strong, and certainly his just, disapprobation of the practice of settling ministerial disputes by sword or pistol, and the Duke of Portland, as well as Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, resigned his official situation.

But although Mr. Canning no longer formed a part of his Majesty's government, he continued actively to discharge his duties as a Member of the House of Commons. In the first session of 1810, Mr. Whitbread having moved certain resolutions inculpating the conduct of Lord Chatham in the Walcheren expedition as unconstitutional, Mr. Canning proposed an amendment, which was carried, blaming the noble lord's conduct, but in more moderate terms. He also supported Sir Thomas Lethbridge's resolution, declaring that the celebrated letter which Sir Francis Burdett had addressed to his constituents was a libel on the House of Commons. On Mr. Grattan's moving, on the 18th of May, 1810, the reference of the Catholic claims to the consideration of a committee of the whole house, Mr. Canning opposed the adoption of the motion at that moment; no security or engagement having been offered on the part of the Catholics. Mr. Brand, on the 21st of May, brought the subject of Parliamentary Reform under the notice of the House, and moved for the appointment of a committee to take into consideration the state of the representation. Mr. Canning warmly opposed the motion, which he characterized as being simply "Whether that House should declare itself inadequate to the performance of its functions, and abdicate its authority, merely to conciliate a particular class of the people, whose study it was to create agitation in the country." But one of his most splendid efforts was his speech on the 15th of June, 1810, in reply to Mr. Whitbread, who had been expressing very desponding sentiments with respect to Spain. After a forcible and brilliant exposition of the necessity as well as the duty of exerting every effort to maintain the contest in the Peninsula, Mr. Canning concluded with prophetic animation:—"The French army has achieved, and may continue to achieve, the conquest of province after province; but it has not been and will not be able to maintain such conquests in a country where the influence of the conqueror does not extend beyond the limits of his military posts; where his authority is confined within the fortresses which he garrisons, or the cantonments which he occupies; where all that is behind him, and before him, and around him, is sullen discontent, and meditated vengeance, unconquerable resistance, and inextinguishable hate. Long may the struggle be! and be its course as deathful to the French armies as heretofore! One French army has already been worn down and destroyed in Spain; and I know no principle of humanity that forbids me to exult in the prospect of a similar fate awaiting those who are now the instruments of tyranny and violence."

In the latter end of the year 1810, in consequence of the King's illness, Parliament was suddenly called together. In the debates which took place immediately, and again in the session which opened on the 15th January, 1811, on the Regency Bill, Mr. Canning, while he generally supported government, endeavoured to diminish the restrictions which the bill imposed on the Regent. The affairs of Spain and Portu-

gal coming under discussion on the introduction of the army estimates, Mr. Canning, on the 4th of March, 1811, made another powerful and glowing address to the House, urging a determined perseverance in the course which had been adopted. "Never," exclaimed the right hon. gentleman, "never ought we to relinquish our hold of the Peninsula while we are able to continue the contest, not with a prospect of success alone, but without danger of absolute destruction to our army." * * * * * "The ruler of France has now the eyes of all Europe fixed upon him. He has now no distant diversion to distract his councils, or draw off the attention of his subjects and mankind from the one grand object to which he stands pledged and bound—the establishment of his usurped dominion in the Peninsula. If he fail in this, his defeat must be most signal and decisive. It will admit of no palliation; it cannot be retrieved or compensated by lesser triumphs, nor be obliterated from memory by the achievement of new successes in other quarters of the world. To be foiled in this great object, and to be foiled by Great Britain, would be to him the most disgraceful, and, consequently, the most dangerous defeat that he has ever experienced—breaking the charm of his ascendancy, and shaking the foundation of his power." * * * * * "What the issue may be, I do not pretend to anticipate. It is in the hands of Providence. But, standing at this moment upon that awful eminence which divides the past from the future;—the past chequered with variety of fortune, the future overshadowed with a darkness impervious to human foresight;—I am anxious to declare unequivocally, while the issue is yet undecided, that the course and the system by which the military fortunes of the country have been brought to this crisis, have my most cordial and unqualified approbation."—When Mr. Horner presented the Report from the Bullion Committee, Mr. Canning expressed his entire concurrence in the report; and took a part in the discussions which soon afterwards occurred on the state of the currency.

Early in the session of 1812, Lord Morpeth moved for a committee on the state of Ireland. Mr. Canning on that occasion entered into a large and comprehensive view of the whole subject, in one of the most elegant and ably-argued speeches ever delivered within the walls of the House of Commons. Powerfully advocating the claims of the Catholics, he opposed Lord Morpeth's motion, because it involved what he considered an unjust condemnation of the conduct of the Irish government. When Mr. Grattan, on the 21st of April, 1812, moved that the Catholic claims should be taken into consideration by a committee of the whole House, the motion was warmly supported by Mr. Canning.

Immediately on the assassination of Mr. Perceval (11th of May, 1812) the remaining ministers were, of course, anxiously employed in considering how they might best supply the defalcation of talent and character which they had sustained in the loss of their distinguished chief and leader. Lord Liverpool was, in the first instance, authorized by the Prince Regent to apply to the Marquis Wellesley and Mr. Canning. His Lordship's overtures were, however, declined, principally on the ground of the unaltered views professed to be entertained by Lord Liverpool and his colleague Lord Castlereagh respecting the question of concession to the Catholics. It is not improbable that the nature of the proposed ministerial arrangement, by which Lord Liverpool

was to become first lord of the treasury, and Lord Castlereagh to retain the secretaryship of foreign affairs and the lead in the House of Commons, constituted another and, perhaps, greater difficulty. The Marquis of Wellesley was afterwards empowered by the Prince Regent to form an administration, of which Mr. Canning was to be a member; but the noble Marquis failed to accomplish his object; nor was another attempt by Earl Moira* more successful.

Soon after this failure, namely, on the 22d of June, 1812, Mr. Canning moved a resolution, which was carried by a majority of one hundred and twenty-nine, pledging the House to take the Catholic question into consideration early in the next session of Parliament. Upon this occasion Mr. Canning again entered at great length on the consideration of this important question, a question which, it was remarked, as one of the most signal triumphs of his genius, he should so frequently have treated without in the slightest degree incurring the reproach of self-repetition.

Parliament having been dissolved, Mr. Canning offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Liverpool, and was elected. Mr. Canning stood in all four times for Liverpool, and was every time elected; but never without strong opposition. On the first occasion he had four antagonists, and his majority was 500; the numbers being for Mr. Canning, 1631; for Gen. Gascoyne (the second member), 1532; for Mr. Brougham, 1131; for Mr. Creevy, 1068; and for Gen. Tarleton, 11. At the second election, in 1814, very great exertions were made to throw Mr. Canning out; but he was returned after a struggle of three days, by the retirement of his opponent, Mr. Leyland. The third election, of 1818, was distinguished by an extraordinary quantity of electioneering manœuvre, eighteen nominal candidates having been set up on one side and the other, in addition to the four real ones; the majority, however, of Mr. Canning, was greater than on any occasion before. The last election of 1820 was less warmly contested, his chief opponent being a gentleman of the name of Compton, who obtained only 345 votes.

On taking his seat in the new Parliament, Mr. Canning gave notice to the House that the great question which had been brought forward by him with so much success in the preceding Parliament, he had now relinquished to the management of the venerable patriarch, Mr. Grattan, who was much better qualified to do it justice. That gentleman, accordingly, on the 25th of February, 1813, introduced the business into the House by an eloquent speech; and the debate extended to such a length, that three adjournments took place, at the close of which Mr. Canning supported the original motion, in a powerful appeal to the feelings of the House. In March, 1813, the subject of the Princess of Wales's conduct being agitated in the House of Commons, Mr. Canning declared that, in his opinion, the minutes of the council in 1807 were a perfect acquittal of her Royal Highness. In the subsequent part of the session, he took a large share in the discussions on the East India Company's Charter Bill, the Swedish Treaty, and the English Orange Lodges.

* See the memoir of the Marquis of Hastings, in the present volume.

In October, 1814, somewhat to the surprise of the public, Mr. Canning was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Prince Regent of Portugal. He accordingly repaired to Lisbon, where he resided until the downfall of Buonaparte at Waterloo. After that event Mr. Canning resigned his situation and went to the South of France for the health of some of his family, which was, in fact, the real motive for his going abroad at all. There he remained until the middle of the summer of 1816, when he returned to England, and, on the death of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, he was appointed President of the Board of Control.

During the session of 1818, Mr. Canning took a part in the debates on the Indemnity Bill, the Bank Restriction Bill, the Regency Act amendment bill, and various other measures introduced by his Majesty's Government.

On the 2d February, 1819, Mr. Tierney having moved for the appointment of a committee on the state of the circulating medium, the motion was opposed by Mr. Canning in a speech in which he heaped severity and ridicule without mercy on the right honourable mover. Lord Archibald Hamilton having, on the 6th May, 1819, moved to refer to the consideration of a committee the various petitions from the royal burghs of Scotland, Mr. Canning availed himself of the opportunity of repeating his decided hostility to parliamentary reform, "whether it exhibited itself in the broad, gross, disgusting, tyrannical, and insulting shape in which, of late, it had appeared in other places, or in the more plausible and less offensive, but not less dangerous character, in which it was occasionally laid before that House."

(*To be continued.*)

REMARKABLE METEORIC PHENOMENON,

DESCRIBED BY CHIADNI.

A noise, resembling thunder in its rolling nature, was heard at Saarbruck and the environs, about four o'clock on the 1st of April, 1826, the atmosphere being clear, and the sun shining brightly. During the sound, a greyish object, apparently about three feet and a half in height, was seen in the air, rapidly approaching the earth, and there expanding itself like a sheet; there was then silence for about a minute, after which another sound, resembling thunder, was heard, as if it had originated at the place where the meteor fell. Nothing was found when the place was afterwards examined.—*Bull. Univ. A.* viii. 143.

DESTRUCTION OF SNAILS BY COMMON SALT.

M. Em. Rousseau had applied common salt as a manure to a small piece of garden, and remarked that where snails had come in contact with the salt they quickly died. Wishing to confirm the fact, he strewed some salt upon the ground and placed a number of snails amongst it; all those which came out of their shells and touched the salt, immediately threw out a greenish globular froth, and in a few minutes were dead. The fact may be turned to account by agriculturists and gardeners.—*Bull. Univ. D.* viii. 276.

From the Annual Biography and Obituary.

MISS ELIZABETH OGILVY BENER.

THE following brief but beautiful memoir is from the pen of Miss Lucy Aikin, and originally appeared in the *Literary Gazette*.

This admirable and excellent woman, a rare instance of female genius struggling into day through obstacles which might well have daunted even the bolder energies of manly enterprise, was born at the city of Wells, in 1778. Her father, late in life, was impelled by an adventurous disposition to enter the navy, and ultimately became a purser. The vicissitudes of his fortune occasioned, during many years, a distressing fluctuation in the plans and prospects of his wife and daughter; and his death abroad, in 1796, left them finally with a slender provision. For some years after this event, Miss Benger resided with her mother in Wiltshire, where she had many affectionate friends and relations who never lost sight of her.

An ardour for knowledge, a passion for literary distinction, disclosed itself in her early childhood, and never left her. Her connexions were not literary; and her sex no less than her situation debarred her from the means of mental cultivation. The friend who traces this imperfect sketch has heard her relate, that in the want of books which she at one time suffered, it was her common practice to plant herself at the window of the only bookseller's shop in the little town which she then inhabited, to read the open pages of the new publications there displayed, and to return again, day after day, to examine whether, by good fortune, a leaf of any of them might have been turned over. But the bent of her mind was so decided, that a judicious though unlearned friend prevailed upon her mother at length to indulge it; and about the age of twelve, she was sent to a boy's school to be instructed in Latin. At fifteen she wrote and published a poem, in which, imperfect as it necessarily was, marks of opening genius were discovered.

At length, about 1802, she prevailed upon her mother to remove to London, where, principally through the zealous friendship of Miss Sarah Wesley, who had already discovered her in her solitude, she almost immediately found herself ushered into society where her merit was fully appreciated and warmly fostered. The late Dr. George Gregory, well known in the literary world, and his valued and excellent wife, were soon amongst the firmest and most affectionate of her friends. By them she was gratified with an introduction to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, of whom she gave, many years afterwards, so interesting a memoir; and soon after, to Mrs. Barbauld, and to the late Dr. Aikin, with the various members of whose family, and especially with her who now inscribes, with an aching heart, this feeble record of her genius and virtues, she contracted an affectionate intimacy, never interrupted through a period of more than twenty years, and destined to know but one termination.

Another and most valuable connexion which she soon after formed, was with the family of R. Smirke, Esq. R. A., in whose accomplished daughter she found a friend whose offices of love followed her without remission to the last.

Many other names, amongst which that of Mrs. Joanna Baillie must not be forgotten, might be added to the list of those who delighted in her society, and took an interest in her happiness. Her circle of acquaintance extended with her fame, and she was often able to assemble round her humble tea-table, names whose celebrity would have attracted attention in the proudest saloons of the metropolis.

Early in her literary career, Miss Benger was induced to fix her hopes of fame upon the drama, for which her genius appeared in many respects peculiarly adapted; but after ample experience of the anxieties, delays, and disappointments, which in this age sicken the heart of almost every candidate for celebrity in this department, she tried her powers in other attempts, and produced first her poem on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and afterwards two novels published anonymously. All these productions had great merit, but wanted something of regular and finished excellence; and her success was not decided till she embarked in biography, and produced in succession her *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*, *Memoirs of John Tobin*, and *Notices of Klopstock and his Friends*, prefixed to a translation of their letters from the German; and finally rising to the department of history, her *Life of Anne Boleyn*, and *Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots*, and of the Queen of Bohemia. All these works attained deserved popularity; and she would probably have added to her reputation by the *Memoirs of Henry IV. of France*, had longer life been lent her for their completion.

But to those who knew her and enjoyed her friendship, her writings, eloquent and beautiful as they are, were the smallest part of her merit and her attraction. To the warmest, most affectionate, and grateful of human hearts, she united the utmost delicacy and nobleness of sentiment, active benevolence which knew no limits but the furthest extent of her ability, and a boundless enthusiasm for the good and fair wherever she discovered them. Her lively imagination lent an inexpressible charm to her conversation, which was heightened by an intuitive discernment of character, rare in itself, and still more so in combination with such activity of fancy and ardency of feeling. As a companion, whether for the graver or the gayer hour, she had few equals; and her perfect kindness of heart and universal sympathy rendered her the favourite of both sexes, and all classes and ages. With so much to admire and love, she had every thing to esteem. Of envy or jealousy there was not a trace in her composition; her probity, veracity, and honour, derived, as she gratefully acknowledged, from the early precepts of an excellent and meritorious mother, were perfect. Though free from pride, her sense of dignity was such, that no one could fix upon her the slightest obligation capable of lowering her in any eyes; and her generous propensity to seek those most who needed her friendship, rendered her in the intercourses of society oftener the obliger than the party obliged. No one was more just to the characters of others; no one more candid; no one more worthy of confidence of every kind.

Lamented as she must long and painfully be by all who truly knew her excellencies, they cannot but admit that their regrets are selfish. To her the pains of sensibility were dealt in even larger measure than its joys:—she was tried by cares, privations, and disappointments, and

not seldom by unfeeling slights and thankless neglect. The infirmity of her constitution rendered life to her a long disease. Old age would have found her solitary and unprovided; now she has taken the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest.

Miss Benger's death took place after a short illness, on the morning of Tuesday, the 9th of January, 1827.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

LINES ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

And call they this Improvement?—to have changed,
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where Nature's face is banish'd and estranged,
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more;
Whose banks, that sweeten'd May-day's breath before,
Lie sore and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations cover'd o'er;
And for the daisied green sward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick-lanes smoke, and clanking engines gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains;
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladd'ning whom?
See, left but life enough and breathing room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight task'd to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement?—where the human breed
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe?
Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of labour?—No—
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face, th' untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From fetid skies; the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom—And therefore I complain,
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde!

T. C.

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MELTED SNOW EMPLOYED AS DRINK.

A fact related by Captain Parry, proves that melted snow is not so unwholesome a drink as it has hitherto been supposed. He and his crew made use of it for three years without being affected with the glandular swellings to which, according to the common opinion, they should have been exposed by employing this beverage.

From the Literary Souvenir.

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY HOURS."

ONCE upon a time—that's the true way of beginning a story, though I am not going to tell one about kings and queens, giants or fairies, talking birds, singing water, or little green dogs with one ear,—only about a little Brook and a Star. So you must know, that once upon a time, in the leafy covert of a wild, woody dingle, there lived (for it was indeed a thing of life,) a certain little Brook that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well, and been content with the station assigned to it by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge, and that content, consists the true secret of happiness, and the silly little Brook never found out the mystery until it was too late to profit by it.

I cannot say positively from what source the little Brook came, but it appeared to well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn; and collecting together its pellucid waters, so as to form a small pool within that knotty reservoir, it swelled imperceptibly over its irregular margin, and slipped away unheard—almost unseen, among massy stones and low entangling branches.

Never was emerald so green—never was velvet so soft, as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake—and it was gemmed and embroidered too by all flowers that love the shade. “Pale primroses that die unmarried—violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes, or Cytherea’s breath.” Anemones, with their fair downcast heads, and starry clusters of Forget-me-not, less darkly, brightly blue, than if the sun had kissed their heavenly azure; but looking more lovingly with their pale, tender eyes, into the bosom of their native rill.

And there wanted not, upon that mossy brink, the broad magnificent leaves of the downy coltsfoot—nor the plump sprays of the tree fern, and the glossy adder’s tongue, springing from the roots of that old thorn, and dipping down into the dark cool water.

The hawthorn’s branches were interwoven above with those of a glorious holly; and a woodbine, climbing up the stem of one tree, flung across to the other its flexible arms; knotting together the mingled foliage, with its rich clusters and elegant festoons, like a fair sister, growing up under the guardianship of two beloved brothers, and by her endearing witchery drawing together in closer union their already united hearts.

Never was little brook so delightfully situated—so happily circumstanced! for its existence, though secluded, was neither monotonous nor solitary. A thousand trifling incidents (trifling, but not uninteresting,) were perpetually varying the scene; and innumerable living creatures, the gentlest and loveliest of the sylvan tribes, familiarly haunted its retreat.

Beautiful there was every season and its change!—In the year’s fresh morning—in May, delicious May! or ripening June, if a light breeze but stirred in the hawthorn tops, down on the dimpling water came a shower of milky blossoms, loading the air with fragrance as they fell.

And thickly scattered on the dewy moss lay the odorous tubes of the honeysuckle, flung carelessly away by the Elfin Hunters, as the last blast of the morte, wound through those small clarions, died away with unearthly sweetness down the moonlight glade.

Then came the squirrel, with his mirthful antics. Then (rustling through fern and brushwood) stole the timid hare—half startled, as she slaked her thirst at the still fountain, by the liquid reflection of her own large, lustrous eyes.

There was no lack of music round about. A song thrush had his domicile hard by; and even at night his mellow voice was heard, contending with a nightingale, in scarce unequal rivalry. And other vocalists innumerable awoke those woodland echoes. Sweetest of all, the low tremulous call of the ringdove floated at intervals through the shivering foliage, the very soul of sound and tenderness.

Beautiful there was every season and its change!—In winter the glossy green, and coral clusters of the holly, flung down their rich reflections on the little pool, then visited through the leafless thornboughs with a gleam of more perfect daylight; and a redbreast, which had built its nest and reared its young among the twisted roots of that old tree, still hovered about his summer bower, still quenched his thirst at the little Brook, still sought his food on its mossy banks; and tuning his small pipe when every feathered throat but his was mute, took up the eternal hymn of gratitude, which began with the birthday of Nature, and shall only cease with her expiring breath.

So every season brought but change of pleasantness to that happy little Brook. And happier still it was—or might have been, in one sweet and tender companionship, to which passing time and rivalling seasons brought no change.

True it was, no unintercepted sunshine ever glittered on its shaded waters—but just above the spot where they were gathered into that fairy fount, a small opening in the over-arching foliage admitted by day a glimpse of the blue sky; and by night, the mild, pale ray of a bright fixed Star, which looked down into the still water, with such tender radiance as beams from the eyes we love best, when they rest upon us with an earnest gaze of serious tenderness.

For ever, and for ever when night came, the beautiful Star still gazed upon its earth-born love, still trembled, reflected on its liquid bosom—which seemed in truth, if a wandering air but skimmed its surface, to stir as if with life, in responsive intercourse with its bright visitant.

Oh, faithful Star! Oh, happy little Brook! Who would not say so, who knows what it is to be the *one thing* cared for—thought upon—looked upon—among all the bright and beautiful things of this earth? Some malicious whispers went abroad indeed, that the enamoured gaze of that radiant eye was not always exclusively fixed on the little Brook. That it had its oblique glances for other favourites. But, I take it, those rumours were altogether libellous. Mere rural gossip—scandalous tittle-tattle, got up between two old grey, mousing owls, who went prowling about, and prying into their neighbours' concerns, when they ought

To have been in their beds at home,
Wi' their dear little bairnies.

However that may be—though I warrant the kind creatures were too conscientious to leave the little Brook in ignorance of their candid conjectures—it did not care one fig about the matter, utterly disregarding every syllable they said; which was generous and confiding, and high spirited, and acting just as one ought to act under such circumstances—and would have been highly creditable to the little Brook, if its light mode of dismissing the subject had not been partly owing to the engrossing influence of certain new-fangled notions and desires, which in an unlucky hour had insinuated themselves into its hitherto untroubled bosom.

Alas!—that elementary, as well as human natures, should be liable to moral infirmity! But that they are, was strongly exemplified in the instance of our luckless little Brook. You must know, that notwithstanding that leafy recess, in which it was so snugly located, was to all *inward* appearance sequestered as in *the heart* of a vast forest,—in point of fact, it only skirted the edge of a wide plain, in one part of which, not distant from the wooded boundary, lay a fine sheet of water—a large pond—to which vast herds of kine and oxen came down to drink morning and evening, and wherein they might be seen standing motionless for hours together, during the sultry summer noon, when the waveless water, glowing like a fiery mirror under the meridian blaze, reflected with magical effect the huge forms and richly varied colouring of the congregated cattle, as well as those of a stately flock of milk-white geese, every one of which “floated *as* double *goose* and shadow,” as ever did “the swan on lone St. Mary’s Lake.”

Now it so chanced, that from the nook we wot of, encircled as it was by leafy walls, there opened, precisely in the direction of the plain and the pond, a cunning little peep-hole, which must have been perforated by the demon of Mischief, and which no eye would ever have spied out, save that of a lynx, or an idle person. Alas! our little Brook *was* an idle person; she had nothing in the world to do from morning to night, and that is the root of all evil—so—though she might have found useful occupation (every body can, if they seek it in right earnest), she spent her whole time in peering and prying about, till, one unlucky day, what should she hit upon but that identical peep-hole, through which, as through a telescope, she discovered with unspeakable amazement the great pond, all glowing with the noonday sun,—the herds of cattle, and the flocks of geese, so brilliantly redoubled on its broad mirror.

“My stars!” ejaculated the little Brook, (little thought she at that moment of the *one* faithful Star).—“My stars! what can all that be? It looks something like me, only a thousand times as big. What can be shining so upon it? And what can those great creatures be? Not hares, sure, though they have legs, and tails; but such tails! And those other white things that float about, they cannot be birds, for they have no legs, and yet they seem to have feathers and wings. What a life of ignorance have I led! Huddled up in this poor little dull place, visited only by a few mean humdrum creatures, and never suspecting that the world contained grander things, and finer company.”

Till this unfortunate discovery, the little Brook had been well enough satisfied with her condition; contented with the society of the beautiful and gentle creatures who frequented her retreat, and with the tender

admiration of her own "bright unchanging Star." But now there was an end to all content, and *no end* to garrulous complaint, and restless curiosity. The latter she soon found means to satisfy; for the skylark brought her flaming accounts of the sun, at whose court he pretended to have *les petites entrées*, and the water-wagtail, a fowl of very diplomatic genius, was despatched to ascertain the precise nature of those other mysterious objects, so bewildering to the comprehensive faculties of the curious little Brook.

Back came the *chargé d'affaires*, mopping and moving and wagging his tail, with the most fantastic airs of conceited importance.

"Well! what is it?" quoth my lady Brook.

"Water, upon my veracity," quoth Master Wagtail, "a monstrous piece of water, five hundred thousand million times as big as your ladyship."

"And what makes it so bright and glowing, instead of my dull colour?" quoth my lady.

"The sun that shines full upon it," rejoins the envoy.

"Oh! that great glorious globe the skylark talks of. How delightful it must be to enjoy *his* notice! But what are those fine great creatures with legs, and those others with wings and no legs?"

"Oh! those are cows, and oxen, and geese; but you cannot possibly comprehend their natures, never having seen any thing bigger than a hare or wood-pigeon."

"How now, Master Malaped!" quoth my lady, nettled to the quick at this impertinence of a jack in office; but her curiosity was not half satiated, so she was fain to gulph down her insulted dignity (proud people are the best swallowers in the world on some occasions), and went on questioning and cross questioning, till she was ready to bubble over with spite and envy, at Master Wagtail's marvellous relations. Poor thing! she was not up to traveller's stories, and had never heard of Sir John Mandeville.

Thenceforward, the little Brook perfectly loathed her own peaceful, unobtrusive lot. She would have shrank away had it been possible, from the poor innocent creatures who had so long enlivened her pleasant solitude. And worst of all—most unpardonable of all—she sickened at the sight of her own benignant Star, which continued to look down upon her as fondly and kindly as ever, still happily unconscious of her heartless estrangement.

Well, she went fretting and repining on from day to day, till dame Nature, fairly tired out with her wayward humour, resolved to punish her as she deserved, by granting her heart's desire.

One sumner morning came two sturdy woodmen, armed with saws, axes, and bill-hooks; to work they went, lopping, hewing, and clearing,—and before nightfall, there lay the little Brook, exposed to the broad canopy of heaven, revealed in all its littleness, and effectually relieved from the intrusion of those despised, insignificant creatures, which had been scared from their old familiar haunt by that day's ruthless execution.

"Well," quoth the little Brook, "*this* is something like life! What a fine world this is! A little chilly though, and I feel I don't know how, quite dazzled and confounded. But to-morrow, when that great red

orb comes over-head again, I shall be warm and comfortable enough no doubt, and then, I dare say, some of those fine great creatures will come and visit me; and who knows, but I may grow as big as that great pond in time, now that I enjoy the same advantages."

Down went the sun, up rose the moon, outhhone an innumerable host of sparkling orbs, and among them *that* "bright particular Star" looked out, pre-eminent in stationary lustre.

Doubtless its pure and radiant eye dwelt with tender sorrow on the altered condition of its beloved little Brook. But that volatile and inconstant creature, quite intoxicated with her change of fortune, and with the fancied admiration of the twinkling myriads she beheld, danced and dimpled in the true spirit of flirtation with every glittering spark, till she was quite bewildered among the multitude of her adorers, and welcomed the grey hour of dawn, without having vouchsafed so much as one glance of recognition at her old, unalienated friend.

Down went the moon and stars, up rose the sun, and higher and higher he mounted in the cloudless heaven, and keener waxed the impatience of the ambitious little Brook. Never did court-beauty so eagerly anticipate her first presentation to the eye of majesty! And at last arrived the hour of fruition. Right over-head careered the radiant orb! down darted his fervid, fiery beams, down vertically upon the centre of the little Brook; penetrating through its shallow waters, to the very pebbles beneath.

At first it was so awed and agitated, and overpowered by the condescending notice of majesty, fancying (as small folks are apt to fancy,) that it had attracted peculiar observation,—that it was hardly sensible of the unusual degree of warmth which began to pervade its elementary system; but presently, when the fermentation of its wits had a little subsided, it began to wonder how much hotter it should grow, still assuring itself, that the sensation, though very novel, was exceedingly delightful.

But at length, such an accession of fever came on, that the self-delusion was no longer practicable, and it began to hiss and wiz, as if set over a great furnace; indeed its pebbly basin was pretty nearly red hot. Oh, what would the little Brook have given now, for only one bough of the holly or the hawthorn, to intercept those intolerable rays! or for the gentle winnowing of the blackbird's wing, or even of the poor robin's to fan its glowing bosom. But those protecting boughs lay scattered around, those small, shy creatures had sought out a distant refuge, and my lady Brook had nothing left for it but to endure what she could not alter. "And after all," quoth she, "it's only for a little while; bye and bye, when his majesty only looks sideways at me, I shall be less overcome with his royal favour, and in time, no doubt, be able to sustain his full gaze, without any of these unbecoming flutters, all owing to my rustic education, and the confined life I have hitherto led."

Well, "*his majesty*" withdrew westward as usual, and my lady Brook began to subside into a comfortable degree of temperature, and to gaze about her again with restored complacency. What was her exultation, when she beheld the whole train of geese waddling towards

her from the great pond: taking that new way homewards out of sheer curiosity I suppose; for your goose is oftentimes an exceedingly curious bird, though not remarkable for acute observation.

As the goodly company drew nearer and nearer, our Brook admired the stateliness of their carriage, and persuaded herself it was eminently graceful, "for undoubtedly they are persons of distinguished rank," quoth she; "and how much finer voices they must have than those little vulgar fowls, whose eternal twittering used to make me so nervous."

Just then, the whole flock set up such a gabbling and screeching as they passed close by, that the little Brook well nigh leapt out of her reservoir with horror and amazement; and to complete her consternation, one fat old dowager goose, straggling awkwardly out of the line of march, plump right down into the middle of the pool, flouncing and floundering about at a terrible rate, filling its whole circumference with her ungainly person, and scrambling out again with an unfeeling precipitation, which cruelly disordered the unhappy victim of her barbarous outrage.

Hardly were they out of sight, those awful and unmannerly creatures,—hardly had the poor little Brook begun to breathe, after that terrible visitation, when all her powers of self-possession were called for, by the abrupt approach of another and more prodigious personage. A huge ox, goaded by the intolerable stinging of a gad-fly, broke away from his fellows of the herd and from his cool station in the great pond, and came galloping down in his blind agony, lashing the air with his tail, and making the vale echo with his furious bellowing. To the woods just beyond the new-cleared spot he took his frantic course, and the little Brook lying in his way, he splashed into it and out of it without ceremony, or probably so much as heeding the hapless object subjected to his ruffian treatment.

That *one* splash pretty nearly annihilated the miserable little Brook.

The huge forehoofs forced themselves into its mossy bank. The hind ones, with a single extricating plunge, pounded bank and Brook together into a muddy hole; and the tail, with one insolent whisk, spattered half the conglomerated mass of black defilement over the surrounding herbage.

And now what was wanting to complete the ruin and degradation of the unhappy little Brook? A thick black puddle was all that remained of the once pellucid pool, from which, in its altered state, not the meanest creature that crawled or flew, would have condescended to quench its thirst, which defiled instead of refreshing the adjacent verdure, and was become utterly incapable of reflecting any earthly or heavenly object.

Poor little Brook! if it had erred greatly, was it not greatly humbled? Methinks we begin to take compassion on it. Who would insult the fallen?

Night came again. "How beautiful is night!" but darkness was on the face of the unhappy Brook, and well for it that it was total darkness; for in that state of conscious degradation, how could it have sustained the searching gaze of its pure forsaken Star?

Long, dark and companionless was that first night of misery; and when morning dawned, though the turbid water had regained a degree

of transparency, it had shrunk away to a tenth part of its former "fair proportion;" so much had it lost by evaporation, in that fierce solar ~~temper~~—so much from absorption, in the loosened and choking soil of its once firm and beautiful margin; and so much by dispersion, from the wasteful havoc of its destructive invaders.

Again the great sun looked down upon it—again the vertical beams drank fiercely of its shrunken water; and when evening came, no more remained of the poor little Brook, than just so many drops as filled the hollow of one of those large pebbles which had paved its unsullied basin, in the day of its brightness and beauty.

But never in the season of its brightest plenitude was the water of the little Brook so clear—so perfectly clear and pure, as that last portion, which lay like a liquid gem in the small concave of the polished stone.

It had been filtered from every grosser particle—refined by rough discipline—purified by adversity—even from those lees of vanity and light-mindedness, which had adulterated its sparkling waters in their prosperous state.

Just as the last sunbeam was withdrawing its amber light from that small pool, the old familiar robin hopped on the edge of the hollow pebble, and dipping his beak once and again in the diminished fount which had slaked his thirst so often and so long, dropped his russet wings with a slight quivering motion, and broke forth into a short, sweet gust of parting song, before he winged his way for ever from his expiring benefactress.

Twilight had melted into night—dark night—for neither moon nor stars were visible through the thick clouds that canopied the earth. In darkness and silence lay the little Brook; forgotten, it should seem, even by its benignant Star, as though its last drop were exhaled into nothingness—its languishing existence already struck out of the list of created things.

Time *had* been, when such apparent neglect would have excited its highest indignation—but time *now* was, that it submitted humbly and resignedly to the deserved infliction. And after a little while, looking fixedly upwards, it almost fancied that the *form*, if not the radiance of the beloved Star, was faintly perceptible through the intervening darkness. The little Brook was not deceived: cloud after cloud rolled away from the central Heaven, till at last the unchanging Star was plainly discernible through the fleecy vapour which yet obscured its perfect lustre. But through that silvery veil, the beautiful Star looked down intently on its repentant love; and there was more of tenderness, of pity and reconciliation, in that dim, trembling gaze, than if the pure heavenly dweller had shone out in perfect brightness on the frail, humbled creature below. Just then a few large drops fell heavily from the departing cloud, and one, trembling for a moment with starry light, fell like a forgiving tear, into the bosom of the little pool.

Long—long and undisturbed (for no other eye looked out from Heaven that night) was the last mysterious communion of the reconciled friends. No doubt that voiceless intercourse was yet eloquent of hope and futurity; for though all that remained of the poor little Brook was sure to be exhausted by the next day's fiery trial, it would but change

its visible form to become an imperishable essence: and who can tell whether the elementary nature, so purged from earthly impurities, may not have been received up into the sphere of its heavenly friend, and indissolubly united with the celestial substance.

From the Quarterly Review.

NARRATIVES OF A JOURNEY THROUGH THE UPPER PROVINCES OF INDIA, FROM CALCUTTA TO BOMBAY. *By the late Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. 4to. London.*

Of all the foreign possessions of England, India is, we think, the most important; assuredly, it is the most interesting. A body of our countrymen are employed there, whose zeal, talents, and accomplishments are beyond praise—a set of functionaries, civil and military, whose general deserts have not not been surpassed in the history of any independent state, ancient or modern; while, to seek for any parallel example in colonial annals, would, it is admitted on all hands, be vain and ridiculous. Literature of various kinds is widely and profoundly cultivated among a large portion of these meritorious officers, during their stay in the East; and not a few of them are every year returning to spend the afternoon of life, in well-earned competence and leisure, in their own country. Under such circumstances, it is impossible not to reflect, without some wonder, that the English library is to this hour extremely poor in the department of books descriptive of the actual appearances of men and things in India; of the scenery of regions where almost every element of the beautiful and the sublime has been scattered with the broadest lavishness of nature's bounty; of cities, on the mere face of which one of the most wonderful of all human histories is written, through all its changes, in characters that he who runs may read—where the monuments of Hindoo, Moslem, and English art and magnificence may be contemplated side by side; of manners, amongst which almost every possible shape and shade of human civilization finds its representative; where we may trace our species, step by step, as in one living panorama, from the lowest defects of barbarian and pagan darkness, up to the highest refinements of European society, and the open day-light of protestant Christianity.

This poverty, where so much wealth might have been expected, is, nevertheless, easy enough to account for. The great majority of our Anglo-Indian adventurers leave their native land very early in life, and become accustomed to Indian scenery and manners before the mind is sufficiently opened and calmed for considering them duly. Ere such men begin to think of describing India, they have lost the European eyes on which its picturesque features stamp the most vivid impression. When they set about the work, they do pretty much as natives of the region might be expected to do—that is, in writing for people at home, they omit, as too obvious and familiar to be worthy of special notice, exactly those circumstances which, if they could place themselves in the situation of their readers, they would find it most advantageous to dwell upon. They give us the picture, without its fore-ground—the scholia, without the text. The literary sin that most easily besets

them is that capital error of *taking for granted*; and how fatal that error is, even where materials are most copious, and talents not unworthy of such materials employed on them, may be seen by any one who reads Pandurang Hari and the Zenana,—novels which, but for this radical defect, might have been almost as interesting and popular as Hajji Baba.

When men of riper years and experience repair to these regions, they go in the discharge of important functions, which commonly confine the field of personal observation to narrow limits, and which always engross so much time, that it is no wonder they should abstain from supererogatory labour of any sort. Those who under such circumstances have been led by extraordinary elasticity of mind to steal time for general literature from the hours of needful repose, have, in most instances, paid dearly for their generous zeal. Very few of those distinguished victims, however, have bestowed any considerable portion of their energies on the particular department which we have been alluding to. The history and antiquities of Indian mythology, legislation, and philosophy have appeared worthier of such high-aimed ambition; and he who once plunges fairly into that *mare magnum* of romantic mystery, is little likely to revisit, with all his vigour about him, the clearer, and perhaps, with all reverence be it said, the more useful stream of week-day observation and living custom. It would be below the dignity of these learned moonshees and pundits to quit their Sanscrit and Persic lore, for the purpose of enlightening ignorant occidentals in regard to the actual cities and manners of Eastern men.

There is a circumstance of another kind, which it would be absurd to overlook. The intercourse which takes place between distinguished English functionaries in the military and civil service of the Company and the upper classes of the natives, is and must be accompanied, on the side of the latter, with many feelings of jealousy. It seldom wears even the slightest appearance of familiarity; except in the chief seats of government; and there, as might be supposed, the natives are rarely to be seen now-a-days in their pure and unmixed condition, either as to real character or as to external manners. Exceptions of course there are to this rule, as to most others; but we believe they are very rare. Of recent years, Sir John Malcolm furnishes by far the most remarkable instance; but they who read Bishop Heber's account of Sir John's personal qualifications will be little disposed to draw any general inference from such an example.

It is strange, but true, that only two English gentlemen have as yet travelled in India completely as volunteers—Lord Valentia, and a young man of fortune, whom bishop Heber met with at Delhi; and who is still, we believe, in the east. Perhaps, were more to follow the example, the results might be less satisfactory than one would at first imagine. Orientals have no notion of people performing great and laborious journeys from motives of mere curiosity; and we gather, that when such travellers do appear in India, they are not unlikely to be received with at least as much suspicion as any avowed instruments of the government.

Considering the lamented prelate whose journals are now before us merely as a traveller, he appears to us to have carried to India habits

and accomplishments, and to have traversed her territories under circumstances, more advantageous than any other individual, the results of whose personal observation have as yet been made public. He possessed the eye of a painter and the pen of a poet; a mind richly stored with the literature of Europe, both ancient and modern; great natural shrewdness and sagacity; and a temper as amiable and candid as ever accompanied and adorned the energies of a fine genius. He had travelled extensively in his earlier life, and acquired, in the provinces of Russia and Turkey especially, a stock of practical knowledge, that could not fail to be of the highest value to him in his Indian peregrinations. His views were, on all important subjects, those of one who had seen and read much, and thought more—liberal, expansive, worthy of a philosopher and a statesman. In the maturity of manhood he retained for literature and science the ardent zeal of his honoured youth. The cold lesson, *nil admirari*, had never been able to take hold on his generous spirit. Religion was the presiding influence; but his religion graced as well as heightened his admirable faculties; it employed and ennobled them all.

The character in which he travelled gave him very great opportunities and advantages of observation. His high rank claimed respect, and yet it was of a kind that could inspire no feelings of personal jealousy or distrust; this the event proved, whatever might have been anticipated. The softness and grace of his manners: a natural kindness that made itself felt in every look, gesture, and tone; and an habitual elegance, with which not one shade of pride, haughtiness, or vanity ever mingled—these, indeed, were qualities which must have gone far to smooth the paths before him, in whatever official character he had appeared. As it was, they inspired every where both love and reverence for the representative of our church. Many will hear with surprise, none, we think, without pleasure, that his sacred office, where it was properly explained, even in the remotest provinces, received many touching acknowledgments. There was no bigotry about him, to check the influence of his devout zeal. In quitting one of the principal seats of Hindoo superstition, we find him concluding his lamentation over the darkness of the atmosphere with an avowal of his hope and belief “that God, nevertheless, may have much people in this city.” And who will not be delighted to learn that this wise and charitable spirit met with its reward—that learned doctors, both Moslem and Brahmins,—men who would have shrunk from the vehement harangues of half-educated zealots, however sincere and excellent,—were eager to hear a mild and accomplished scholar reason of life, death, and the judgment to come; and that the poor peasantry often flocked to him, as he passed on his way, to beg, not for medicines only, but for the prayers of the holy stranger.

For the unwearyed assiduity with which the bishop discharged all professional duties in his immense diocese, and cultivated every branch of strictly professional knowledge, we may refer to the brief sketch of his life which appeared in a recent number of this journal.* The correspondence included in the volumes now before us will illustrate and

* Quarterly Review, No. LXX.

complete that part of his history. By the favour of one of his oldest and most intimate friends and companions,* we were permitted to enrich the article to which we have alluded with some specimens of his letters written in India, which gave, we believe, unmixed delight to all our readers; and from these alone it might be gathered, that the mere literary activity of the bishop, while in India, would have been something remarkable, even had his professional avocations been not the hundredth part of what they really amounted to. The publication of this work will, however, strengthen that impression far beyond what any person, but one, could possibly have anticipated at the time when our paper made its appearance. The *Journal*, which occupies the greater part of the book, would of itself appear more than sufficient to have occupied the whole time that Heber spent in his diocese. It was not written with any view of immediate publication, if, indeed, the bishop contemplated publishing it at all. It forms, nevertheless, a monument of talent, sufficient, singly and alone, to establish its author in a very high rank of English literature. It is one of the most delightful books in the language; and will, we cannot doubt, command popularity, as extensive and as lasting as any book of travels that has been printed in our time. Certainly, no work of its class that has appeared since Dr. Clarke's can be compared to it for variety of interesting matter, still less for elegance of execution. The style, throughout easy, graceful, and nervous, carries with it a charm of freshness and originality, not surpassed in any personal *memoirs* with which we are acquainted. The secret is, that we have before us a noble and highly cultivated mind, pouring itself out with openness and candour, in the confidence of the most tender affection—for the journal is addressed to Mrs. Heber. In his description of India, one of the most *lovable* of men has unconsciously given us also a full-length portrait of himself.

The bishop, luckily for his English readers—(for even a Heber might have written about India in a style less adapted for them, had he deferred the task)—seems to have begun this work the very day that he entered the Hooghly: he landed in the course of the evening at a small village, one, he was told, that had been but rarely visited by Europeans, where he was conducted to a temple of Mahadeo:—

"The greenhouse-like smell and temperature of the atmosphere which surrounded us, the exotic appearance of the plants and of the people, the verdure of the fields, the dark shadows of the trees, and the exuberant and neglected vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance, would have been striking under any circumstances: they were still more so to persons just landed from a three months' voyage; and to me, when associated with the recollection of the objects which have brought me out to India, the amiable manners and countenances of the people, contrasted with the symbols of their foolish and polluted idolatry now first before me, impressed me with a very solemn and earnest wish that I might in some degree, however small, be enabled to conduce to the spiritual advantage of creatures so goodly, so gentle, and now so misled and blinded. 'Angeli forent, si essent Christiani!' As the sun went down, many mon-

* The Rt. Hon. Robert Wilmot Horton.

strous bats, bigger than the largest crows I have seen, and chiefly to be distinguished from them by their indented wings, unloosed their hold from the palm-trees, and sailed slowly around us. They might have been supposed the guardian genii of the pagoda."—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

The bishop's first impressions concerning the outward appearance of the natives themselves, must be exceedingly interesting:

"Two observations struck me forcibly; first, that the deep bronze tint is more naturally agreeable to the human eye than the fair skins of Europe, since we are not displeased with it even in the first instance, while it is well known that to them a fair complexion gives the idea of ill health, and of that sort of deformity which in our eyes belongs to an Albino. There is, indeed, something in a negro which requires long habit to reconcile the eye to him; but for this the features and the hair, far more than the colour, are answerable. The second observation was, how entirely the idea of indelicacy, which would naturally belong to such figures as those now around us if they were white, is prevented by their being of a different colour from ourselves. So much are we children of association and habit, and so instinctively and immediately do our feelings adapt themselves to a total change of circumstances; it is the partial and inconsistent change only which affects us."—pp. 3, 4.

"The great difference in colour between different natives struck me much: of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were black as negroes, others merely copper-coloured, and others little darker than the Tunisines whom I have seen at Liverpool. Mr. Mill, the principal of Bishop's College, who, with Mr. Corrie, one of the chaplains in the Company's service, had come down to meet me, and who has seen more of India than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country, and every where striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety of tint is visible in the fishermen who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high-caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs are comparatively fair. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark complexions in Europe, though where so much of the body is exposed to sight, it becomes more striking here than in our own country."—pp. 7, 8.

"Most of the Hindoo idols are of clay, and very much resemble in composition, colouring, and execution, though of course not in form, the more paltry sort of images which are carried about in England for sale by the Lago di Como people. At certain times of the year, great numbers of these are in fact hawked about the streets of Calcutta in the same manner, on men's heads. This is before they have been consecrated, which takes place on their being solemnly washed in the Ganges by a Brahmin Pundit. Till this happens, they possess no sacred character, and are frequently given as toys to children, and used as ornaments of rooms, which when hallowed they could not be, without giving great offence to every Hindoo who saw them thus employed. I thought it remarkable that though most of the male deities are represented of a deep brown colour, like the natives of the country, the females are usually no less red and white than our porcelain beauties, as exhibited in England. But it is evident from the expressions of most

of the Indians themselves, from the style of their amatory poetry, and other circumstances, that they consider fairness as a part of beauty, and a proof of noble blood. They do not like to be called black, and though the Abyssinians, who are sometimes met with in the country, are very little darker than they themselves are, their jest-books are full of taunts on the charcoal complexion of the "Hubshee." Much of this has probably arisen from their having been so long subjected to the Moguls, and other conquerors originally from more northern climates, and who continued to keep up the comparative fairness of their stock by frequent importation of northern beauties. India, too, has been always, and long before the Europeans came hither, a favourite theatre for adventurers from Persia, Greece, Tartary, Turkey, and Arabia, all white men, and all in their turn possessing themselves of wealth and power. These circumstances must have greatly contributed to make a fair complexion fashionable. It is remarkable, however, to observe how surely all these classes of men in a few generations, even without any intermarriage with the Hindoos, assume the deep olive tint, little less dark than a negro, which seems natural to the climate. The Portuguese natives form unions among themselves alone, or if they can, with Europeans. Yet the Portuguese have, during a three hundred years' residence in India, become as black as Caffres. Surely this goes far to disprove the assertion, which is sometimes made, that climate alone is insufficient to account for the difference between the negro and the European. It is true, that in the negro are other peculiarities which the Indian has not, and to which the Portuguese colonist shows no symptom of approximation, and which undoubtedly do not appear to follow so naturally from the climate as that swarthiness of complexion which is the sole distinction between the Hindoo and the European. But if heat produces one change, other peculiarities of climate may produce other and additional changes, and when such peculiarities have three or four thousand years to operate in, it is not easy to fix any limits to their power. I am inclined, after all, to suspect that our European vanity leads us astray in supposing that our own is the primitive complexion, which I should rather suppose was that of the Indian, half way between the two extremes, and perhaps the most agreeable to the eye and instinct of the majority of the human race. A colder climate, and a constant use of clothes, may have blanched the skin as effectually as a burning sun and nakedness may have tanned it; and I am encouraged in this hypothesis by observing that of animals the natural colours are generally dusky and uniform, while whiteness and a variety of tint almost invariably follow domestication, shelter from the elements, and a mixed and unnatural diet. Thus, while hardship, additional exposure, a greater degree of heat, and other circumstances with which we are unacquainted, may have deteriorated the Hindoo into a negro, opposite causes may have changed him into the progressively lighter tints of the Chinese, the Persian, the Turk, the Russian, and the Englishman."—p. 53—55.

The bishop's description of Calcutta and the neighbouring country is highly entertaining; but on this we do not purpose to dwell, being more attracted by his sketches of things "native, and to the manner born;" we must, however, make room for his introduction to the durbar-

or native levee of the Governor-general—" which all the principal native residents in Calcutta were expected to attend, as well as the vakeels from several Indian princes.—I found, (says he,) on my arrival the levee had begun, and that Lord Amherst, attended by his aides-du-camp and Persian secretary, had already walked down one side, where the persons of most rank, and who were to receive "khelâts," or honorary dresses, were stationed. I therefore missed this ceremony, but joined him and walked round those to whom he had not yet spoken, comprising some persons of considerable rank and wealth, and some learned men, travellers from different eastern countries, who each in turn addressed his compliments, or petitions, or complaints to the governor. There were several whom we thus passed who spoke English not only fluently but gracefully. Among these were Baboo Ramchunder Roy and his four brothers, all fine, tall, stout young men, the eldest of whom is about to build one of Mr. Shakspeare's rope-bridges over the Cara-mansa.*

" After Lord Amherst had completed the circle, he stood on the lower step of the throne, and the visitors advanced one by one to take leave. First came a young raja of the Rajapootana district, who had received that day the investiture of his father's territories, in a splendid brocade khelât and turban; he was a little, pale, shy-looking boy, of twelve years old. Lord Amherst, in addition to these splendid robes, placed a large diamond aigrette in his turban, tied a string of valuable pearls round his neck, then gave him a small silver bottle of attar of roses, and a lump of pawn, or betel, wrapped up in a plantain leaf. Next came forwards the "vakeel," or envoy of the Maharaja Scindeah, also a boy, not above sixteen, but smart, self-possessed, and dandy-looking. His khelât and presents were a little, and but a little, less splendid than those of his precursor. Then followed Oude, Nagpoor, Nepaul, all represented by their vakeels, and each in turn honoured by similar, though less splendid, marks of attention. The next was a Persian khân, a fine military-looking man, rather corpulent, and of a complexion not differing from that of a Turk, or other southern Europeans, with a magnificent black beard, and a very pleasing and animated address. A vakeel from Sind succeeded, with a high red cap, and was followed by an Arab, handsomely dressed, and as fair nearly, though not so good-looking as the Persian. These were all distinguished, and received each some mark of favour. Those who followed had only a little attar poured on their handkerchiefs, and some pawn. On the whole it was an interesting and striking sight, though less magnificent than I had

* Of these curious bridges, the bishop elsewhere says, "Their principle differs from that of chain-bridges, in the centre being a little elevated, and in their needing no abutments. It is in fact an application of a ship's standing rigging to a new purpose, and it is not even necessary that there should be any foundation at all, as the whole may be made to rest on flat timbers, and, with the complete apparatus of cordage, iron, and bamboos, may be taken to pieces and set up again in a few hours, and removed from place to place by the aid of a few camels and elephants. One of these over a torrent near Benares, of one hundred and sixty feet span, stood a severe test during last year's inundation, when, if ever, the cordage might have been expected to suffer from the rain, and when a vast crowd of neighbouring villagers took refuge on it as the only safe place in the neighbourhood, and indeed almost the only object which continued to hold itself above the water."—p. 65.

expected, and less so I think than the levee of an European monarch. The sameness of the greater part of the dresses (white muslin) was not sufficiently relieved by the splendour of the few khelâts; and even these, which were of gold and silver brocade, were in a great measure eclipsed by the scarlet and blue uniforms, gold lace, and feathers, of the English. One of the most striking figures was the governor-general's native aid-du-camp, a tall, strong-built, and remarkably handsome man, in the flower of his age, and of a countenance at once kind and bold. His dress was a very rich hussar uniform, and he advanced last of the circle, with the usual military salute; then, instead of the offering of money which each of the rest made, he bared a small part of the blade of his sabre, and held it out to the governor. The attar he received, not on his handkerchief, but on his white cotton gloves. I had on former occasions noticed this soldier from his height, striking appearance, and rich uniform. He is a very respectable man, and reckoned a good officer."

We find the following entry under date April 21:—

"I entered into my forty-second year. God grant that my future years may be as happy, if he sees good! and better, far better spent than those which are gone by! This day I christened my dear little Harriet. God bless and prosper her with all earthly and heavenly blessings! We had afterwards a great dinner and evening party, at which were present the governor and Lady Amherst, and nearly all our acquaintance in Calcutta. To the latter I also asked several of the wealthy natives, who were much pleased with the attention, being, in fact, one which no European of high station in Calcutta had previously paid to any of them. Hurree Mohun Thakoor observing 'What an increased interest the presence of females gave to our parties,' I reminded him that the introduction of women into society was an ancient Hindoo custom, and only discontinued in consequence of the Mussulman conquest. He assented with a laugh, adding, however, 'It is too late for us to go back to the old custom now.' Rhadacant Deb, who overheard us, observed more seriously, 'It is very true that we did not use to shut up our women till the times of the Mussulmans. But before we could give them the same liberty as the Europeans, they must be better educated.' I introduced these Baboos to the chief justice, which pleased them much, though, perhaps, they were still better pleased with my wife herself presenting them pawn, rose-water, and attar of roses before they went, after the native custom."

It was on the 15th of the following June that the bishop left Calcutta for his long and arduous visitation of the Upper Provinces. He was now separated from his family, and felt sorely the loss of that "atmosphere at home," as he beautifully calls it, which he had hitherto carried about with him. The course and objects of the journey have been already sufficiently pointed out in these pages;* so that our extracts will be intelligible to all our readers. For many months, it will be remembered, the bishop and his companions travelled chiefly by water—merely landing when any duty was to be performed, or any object of special interest solicited their attention.

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"June 16.—A Bengalee boat is the simplest and rudest of all possible structures. It is decked over, throughout its whole length, with bamboo; and on this is erected a low light fabric of bamboo and straw, exactly like a small cottage without a chimney. This is the cabin, baggage-room, &c.; here the passengers sit and sleep, and here, if it be intended for a cooking-boat, are one or two small ranges of brick-work, like English hot-hearths, but not rising more than a few inches above the deck, with small, round, sugar-loaf holes, like those in a lime-kiln, adapted for dressing victuals with charcoal. As the roof of this apartment is by far too fragile for men to stand or sit on, and as the apartment itself takes up nearly two-thirds of the vessel, upright bamboos are fixed by its side, which support a kind of grating of the same material, immediately above the roof, on which, at the height probably of six or eight feet above the surface of the water, the boatmen sit or stand to work the vessel. They have, for oars, long bamboos, with circular boards at the end, a longer one of the same sort to steer with, a long rough bamboo for a mast, and one, or sometimes two sails, of a square form, (or rather broader above than below,) of very coarse and flimsy canvass. Nothing can seem more clumsy or dangerous than these boats. Dangerous I believe they are, but with a fair wind they sail over the water merrily. The breeze this morning carried us along at a good rate, yet our English-rigged brig could do no more than keep up with the cooking-boat."—p. 84.

The bishop's amiable disposition led him, in his progress, to pay whatever attentions lay in his power to those dethroned princes, whose melancholy remains of pomp and grandeur are among the most interesting objects that any Indian traveller can meet with. A mere accident, however, (having landed to see a pagoda,) was the means of his first introduction to one of these personages. It was on the 18th of June, at Sibnibashi—the Sibnibas of Rennell (who has, however, placed it on the wrong bank of the river)—that a priest of Rama, having been put into good humour by a handsome fee, for showing his temple, asked the bishop if he would like to see the Rajah's palace also.

"On my assenting, they led us to a really noble Gothic gateway, overgrown with beautiful broad-leaved ivy, but in good preservation, and decidedly handsomer, though in pretty much the same style, with the 'Holy Gate' of the Kremlin in Moscow. Within this, which had apparently been the entrance into the city, extended a broken but still stately avenue of tall trees, and on either side a wilderness of ruined buildings, overgrown with trees and brush-wood, which reminded Stowe of the baths of Caracalla, and me of the upper part of the city of Caffa. I asked who had destroyed the place, and was told Seraiah Dowla, an answer which (as it was evidently a Hindoo ruin) fortunately suggested to me the name of the Raja Kissen Chund. On asking whether this had been his residence, one of the peasants answered in the affirmative, adding that the raja's grand-children yet lived hard by. By this I supposed he meant somewhere in the neighbourhood, since nothing here promised shelter to any beings but wild beasts, and as I went along I could not help looking carefully before me, and thinking of Thalaba in the ruins of Babylon;

'Cautiously he trod and felt
The dangerous ground before him with his bow ; . . .
The adder, at the noise alarmed,
Launched at the intruding staff her arrowy tongue.'

Our guide meantime turned short to the right, and led us into what were evidently the ruins of a very extensive palace. Some parts of it reminded me of Conway Castle, and others of Bolton Abbey. It had towers like the former, though of less stately height, and had also long and striking cloisters of Gothic arches, but all overgrown with ivy and jungle, roofless, and desolate. Here, however, in a court, whose gateway had still its old folding doors on their hinges, the two boys whom we had seen on the beach came forward to meet us, were announced to us as the great grandsons of Raja Kissen Chund, and invited us very courteously in Persian, to enter their father's dwelling. I looked round in exceeding surprise. There was no more appearance of inhabitation than in Conway. Two or three cows were grazing among the ruins, and one was looking out from the top of a dilapidated turret, whither she had scrambled to browse on the ivy. The breech of a broken cannon, and a fragment of a mutilated inscription lay on the grass, which was evidently only kept down by the grazing of cattle; and the jackalls, whose yells began to be heard around us as the evening closed in, seemed the natural lords of the place. Of course, I expressed no astonishment, but said how much respect I felt for their family, of whose ancient splendour I was well informed, and that I should be most happy to pay my compliments to the raja, their father. They immediately led us up a short, steep, straight flight of steps, in the thickness of the wall of one of the towers, precisely such as that of which we find the remains in one of the gateways of Rhuddlan Castle, assuring me that it was a very 'good road;' and at the door of a little vaulted and unfurnished room like that which is shown in Carnarvon Castle, as the queen's bed-chamber, we were received by the Raja Omichund, a fat, shortish man, of about forty-five, of rather fair complexion, but with no other clothes than his waistcloth and Brahminical string, and only distinguished from his vassals by having his forehead marked all over with alternate stripes of chalk, vermillion, and gold leaf. The boys had evidently run home to inform him of our approach, and he had made some preparation to receive us in durbar. His own musnud was ready, a kind of mattress, laid on the ground, on which, with a very harmless ostenstation, he had laid a few trinkets, a gold watch, betel-nat box, &c. &c. Two old arm chairs were placed opposite for Stowe and me. The young rajahs sat down at their father's right hand, and his naked domestics ranged themselves in a line behind him, with their hands respectfully folded. On the other side the Sotaburdar stood behind me; Stowe's servant took place behind him, and Abdullah between us as interpreter, which function he discharged extremely well, and which was the more necessary since, in strict conformity with court etiquette, the conversation passed in Persian. I confess I was moved by the apparent poverty of the representative of a house once very powerful, and paid him more attention than I perhaps might have done had his drawing-room presented a more princely style. He was exceedingly pleased by my calling him 'Maha-rajah,' or Great King, as if he were still a sove-

reign like his ancestors, and acknowledged the compliment by a smile, and a profound reverence. He seemed, however, much puzzled to make out my rank, never having heard (he said) of any 'Lord Sahib,' except the governor-general, while he was still more perplexed by the exposition of 'Lord Bishop Sahib,' which for some reason or other my servants always prefer to that of 'Lord Padre.' He apologized very civilly for his ignorance, observing that he had not been for many years in Calcutta, and that very few Sahibs ever came that way. I told him that I was going to Dacca, Benares, Delhi, and possibly Hurdwar; that I was to return in nine or ten months, and that should he visit Calcutta again, it would give me great pleasure if he would come to see me. He said he seldom stirred from home, but as he spoke, his sons looked at him with so much earnest and intelligible expression of countenance, that he added that 'his boys would be delighted to see Calcutta and wait on me.' He then asked very particularly of Abdullah in what street and what house I lived. After a short conversation of this kind, and some allusions on my part to his ancestors and their ancient wealth and splendour, which were well taken, we took leave, escorted to the gate by our two young friends, and thence by a nearer way through the ruins to our pinnace, by an elderly man, who said he was the raja's 'Mucktar,' or chamberlain, and whose obsequious courtesy, high reverence for his master's family, and numerous apologies for the unprepared state in which we had found 'the court,' reminded me of old Caleb Balderstone."—p. 94-97.

We throw together a few detached passages, which may serve to give some notion of the sort of scenery and adventures the bishop encountered on his voyage.

"*June 22.*—On the bank we found a dwarf mulberry tree, the first we have seen in India. A very handsome and sleek young bull, branded with the emblem of Siva on his haunches, was grazing in the green paddy (rice-field). He crossed our path quite tame and fearless, and seeing some fiorin grass in Stowe's hand, coolly walked up to smell at it. These bulls are turned out when calves, on different solemn occasions, by wealthy Hindoos, as an acceptable offering to Siva. It would be a mortal sin to strike or injure them. They feed where they choose, and devout persons take great delight in pampering them. They are exceeding pests in the villages near Calcutta, breaking into gardens, thrusting their noses into the stalls of fruiterers and pastry-cooks' shops, and helping themselves without ceremony. Like other petted animals, they are sometimes mischievous, and are said to resent with a push of their horns any delay in gratifying their wishes."

"*June 27.*—We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered, with straw collars and long strings, to bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water, others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight.

It has always been a fancy of mine that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death for no cause, but the gratification of our cruelty, might by reasonable treatment be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoo shows here a better taste and judgment, than half the otter-hunting and badger-baiting gentry of England."—pp. 119, 120.

"*June 28.*—The river continues a noble one, and the country bordering on it is now of a fertility and tranquil beauty, such as I never saw before. Beauty it certainly has, though it has neither mountain nor waterfall, nor rock, which all enter into our notions of beautiful scenery in England. But the broad river, with a very rapid current, swarming with small picturesque canoes, and no less picturesque fishermen, winding through fields of green corn, natural meadows covered with cattle, successive plantations of cotton, sugar, and pawn, studded with villages and masts in every creek and angle, and backed continually (though not in a continuous and heavy line like the shores of the Hooghly) with magnificent peepul, banian, bamboo, betel, and coco trees, affords a succession of pictures the most *riants* that I have seen, and infinitely beyond any thing which I ever expected to see in Bengal. To add to our pleasure this day, we had a fine rattling breeze carrying us along against the stream, which it raised into a curl, at the rate of five miles an hour; and more than all, I heard from my wife."—p. 123.

"*July 1.*—The noise of the Ganges is really like the sea. As we passed near a hollow and precipitous part of the bank, on which the wind set full, it told on my ear exactly as if the tide were coming in; and when the moon rested at night on this great, and, as it then seemed, this shoreless extent of water, we might have fancied ourselves in the cuddy of an Indiaman, if our cabin were not too near the water."

"*Dacca, July 6.*—The Nawâb's carriage passed us, an old landau, drawn by four horses, with a coachman and postilion in red liveries, and some horse-guards in red also, with high ugly caps, like those of the old grenadiers, with gilt plates in front, and very ill mounted. The great men of India evidently lose in point of effect, by an injudicious and imperfect adoption of European fashions. An Eastern cavalier, with his turban and flowing robes, is a striking object: and an eastern prince on horseback, and attended by his usual train of white-staved and high-capped janizaries, a still more noble one; but an eastern prince in a shabby carriage, guarded by men, dressed like an equestrian troop at a fair, is nothing more than ridiculous and melancholy. It is, however, but natural, that these unfortunate sovereigns should imitate, as far as they can, those costumes which the example of their conquerors has associated with their most recent ideas of power and splendour."

—pp. 145, 146.

"The Nâwab called this morning, according to his promise, accompanied by his eldest son. He is a good-looking elderly man, of so fair a complexion, as to prove the care with which the descendants of the Mussulman conquerors have kept up their northern blood. His hands, more particularly, are nearly as white as those of an European. He sat for a good while smoking his hookah, and conversing fluently enough in English, quoting some English books of history, and showing himself very tolerably acquainted with the events of the Spanish war, and

the part borne in it by Sir Edward Paget. His son is a man of about thirty, of a darker complexion, and education more neglected, being unable to converse in English. The Nawâb told us of a fine wild elephant, which his people were then in pursuit of, within a few miles of Dacca. He said that they did not often come so near. He cautioned me against going amongst the ruins, except on an elephant, since tigers sometimes, and snakes always, abounded there. He asked me several pertinent questions, as to the intended extent and object of my journey, and talked about a Greek priest, who, he said, wished to be introduced to me, and whom he praised as a very worthy, well-informed man. I asked him about the antiquities of Dacca, which he said were not very old, the city itself being a comparatively recent Mussulman foundation. He was dressed in plain white muslin, with a small gold tassel attached to his turban. His son had a turban of purple silk, ribbed with gold, with some jewels in it. Both had splendid diamond rings. I took good care to call the father 'his highness,' a distinction of which Mr. Master had warned me that he was jealous, and which he himself, I observed, was very careful always to pay him. At length pawn and attar of roses were brought to me, and I rose to give them to the visitors. The Nawâb smiled, and said, 'What, has your lordship learned our customs?' Our guests then rose, and Mr. Master gave his arm to the Nawâb to lead him down stairs. The staircase was lined with attendants with silver sticks, and the horse-guards, as before, were round the carriage; this was evidently second-hand, having the arms of its former proprietor still on the pannel, and the whole show was any thing but splendid. The Company's sepoyes were turned out to present arms, and the Nawâb's own followers raised a singular sort of acclamation as he got into his carriage, reckoning up the titles of his family, 'Lion of War!' 'Prudent in Counsel!' 'High and Mighty Prince,' &c. &c. But the thing was done with little spirit, and more like the proclamations of a crier in an English court of justice, than a ceremony in which any person took an interest. I was, however, gratified throughout the scene by seeing the humane (for it was even more than good-natured) respect, deference, kindness, which in every word and action Mr. Master shewed to this poor humbled potentate. It could not have been greater, or in better taste, had its object been an English prince of the blood. Gradually adopting, as they are, much of the habits, customs, and, above all, the education, properly so called, of English noblemen, the future destinies of these native princes must be allowed to form a subject of very great interest, and no less importance."—pp. 146—148.

We find the Bishop honoured, on his first landing, by the attendance of certain officers bearing silver sticks, native badges of exalted rank, which were formerly adopted by many of the Company's superior officers, but which are now conceded to no Europeans in Bengal but the governor-general, the commander of the forces, the chief-justice, and the bishop of Calcutta. These emblems are granted or refused to the native houses, according to the view which the government takes of their pretensions and deserts, and as eagerly coveted and canvassed for as the stars and ribbons of any European court. From the palace of the rajah of Dacca, the bishop proceeded to that of Meer Israf Ali, the chief Mahometan gentleman of that district.

"July 20.—He is said by Mr. Master to have been both extravagant and unfortunate, and therefore to be now a good deal encumbered. But his landed property still amounts to above three hundred thousand begahs, and his family is one of the best (as a private family) in India. He was himself absent at one of his other houses. But his two eldest sons had been very civil, and had expressed a hope that I would return their visit. Besides which, I was not sorry to see the inside of this sort of building. Meer Israf Ali's house is built round a court-yard, and looks very much like a dismantled convent, occupied by a corps of Uhlans. There are abundance of fine horses, crowds of shabby-looking servants in showy but neglected liveries, and on the whole a singular mixture of finery and carelessness. The two young men, and a relation, as they said he was, who seemed to act as their preceptor and as their father's man of business, received me with some surprise, and were in truth marvellously dirty, and unfit to see company. They were, however, apparently flattered and pleased, and showed their good manners in offering no apologies, but leading me up a very mean staircase into their usual sitting-rooms, which were both better in themselves, and far better furnished than I expected from the appearance of things below. After the few first compliments, I had recourse to Abdullah's interpretation, and they talked very naturally, and rather volubly, about the fine sport their father would show me the next time I came into the country, he having noble covers for tigers, leopards, and even wild elephants. At last out came a wish for *silver sticks!* Their father, they said, was not in the habit of asking favours from government, but it was a shame that the baboos of Calcutta should obtain badges of nobility, while true *Seyuds*, descendants of the prophets, whose ancestors had never known what trade was, but had won with their swords from the idolaters the lands for which they now paid taxes to the Company, should be overlooked. I could promise them no help here, and reminded them that an old family was always respected whether it had silver sticks or no, and that an upstart was only laughed at for decorations which deceived nobody. 'Yes,' said the younger, 'but our ancestors used to have silver sticks, and we have got them in the house at this day.' I said if they could prove that, I thought that government would be favourable to their request, but advised them to consult Mr. Master, who was their father's intimate friend. We then parted, after their bringing pawn and rose water in a very antique and elegantly carved bottle, which might really have belonged to those days when their ancestors smote the idolaters. Mr. Master afterwards said, that if the Meer himself had been at home, I never should have been plagued with such topics; that he was a thorough gentleman, and a proud one, who wished for the silver sticks, but would never have asked the interest of a stranger."

"July 23.—In the course of our halt this day, a singular and painfully interesting character presented himself in the person of a Mussulman Fakir, a very elegantly formed and handsome young man, of good manners, and speaking good Hindooostanee, but with insanity strongly marked in his eye and forehead. He was very nearly naked, had a white handkerchief tied as an ornament round his left arm, a bright yellow rag hanging loosely over the other, a little cornelian ornament set in silver round his neck, a large chaplet of black beads, and a little wooden

cup in his hand. He asked my leave to sit down on the bank to watch what we were doing, and said it gave his heart pleasure to see Englishmen; that he was a great traveller, had been in Bombay, Cabul, &c., and wanted to see all the world, wherein he was bound to wander as long as it lasted. I offered him alms, but he refused, saying, he never took money,—that he had had his meal that day, and wanted nothing. He sat talking wildly with the servants a little longer, when I again told Abdullah to ask him if I could do any thing for him; he jumped up, laughed, said ‘No pice!’ then made a low obeisance, and ran off, singing ‘La Illah ul Allah!’. His manner and appearance nearly answered to the idea of the Arab Mejnoun, when he ran wild for Leila.”—pp. 159, 160.

“July 31.—At a neighbouring village I saw an ape in a state of liberty, but as tame as possible, the favourite, perhaps the deity, certainly the sacred animal of the villagers. He was sitting in a little bush as we stopped (to allow the servants' boats to come up), and on smelling dinner, I suppose, for my meal was getting ready, waddled gravely down to the water's edge. He was about the size of a large spaniel, enormously fat, covered with long silky hair generally of a rusty lead colour, but on his breast a fine shot blue, and about his buttocks and thighs gradually waving into a deep orange; he had no tail, or one so short that the hair concealed it; he went on all fours only. I gave him some toast, and my sirdar-bearer (a Hindoo) sent him a leaf full of rice. I suspect he was often in the habit of receiving doles at this spot, which is the usual place for standing across a deep bay of the river, and I certainly have never yet seen a human Fakir in so good case. To ascend a tree must be to a hermit of his size a work of considerable trouble, but I suppose he does so at night for security, otherwise he would be a magnificent booty for the jackalls.”—p. 175.

About this stage of the progress, we find inserted in the Bishop's record two copies of verses, which we shall quote at length. To our fancy they are, in their kind, of exquisite merit; and, indeed, to speak plainly, we consider the second of them as superior to any of Heber's poems previously published—even to “Palestine.”

“If thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fail

In green Bengal's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,

How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When, on our deck reclined,

In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,

But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,

But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!”

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almora's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwab detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

The other is entitled "An Evening Walk in Bengal:" we know few dead poets, and no living one, who might not be proud to own it:—

"Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furl'd sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
"Come walk with me the jungle through;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Mid Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warden in the gate of death!
Come on! Yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemm'd oft that sacred gloom,
Glow's the geranium's scarlet bloom,*
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings;
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;

Yet, who in Indian bow'r has stood,
But thought on England's 'good green
wood'? *

And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a pray'r, (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?

"A true to thought! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confess,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Offragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cicada strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!

"Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, redder dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
Ev'n here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven!"

p. 185—187.

We believe we have now quoted quite enough to convey no inadequate notion of the execution of this work: but, ere we hold our hand, we must make room for the Bishop's most picturesque description of the great ecclesiastical capital of India—Benares, a city "more entirely and characteristically eastern than any he had seen before."

"No Europeans live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel-carriage. Mr. Frazer's gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjons, through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon sometimes

* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

t A species of litter.

passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty, none I think less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six, a sight which I now for the first time saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these, the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and overhanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets, and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and they are many of them entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm-branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone, from Chunar, but the Hindoos here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or wo be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys sacred to Hunimaun, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impudent heads and hands into every fruiterer's or confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Faqueer's houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, biyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, offering every conceivable deformity, which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I was going to say of lepers also, but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk); and here I saw repeated instances of that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out at the backs. Their pitiful exclamations as we passed, 'Agha Sahib,' 'Topee Sahib,' (the usual names in Hindostan for an European,) 'khana ke waste kooch cheez do,' 'give me something to eat,' soon drew from me what few pice I had; but it was a drop of water in the ocean, and the importunities of the rest, as we advanced into the city, were almost drowned in the hubbub which surrounded us. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this 'the most Holy City' of Hindostan, 'the Lotus of the world, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident,' a place so blessed, that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater

of beef, so he will but be charitable to the poor Brahmins, is sure of salvation. It is, in fact, this very holiness which makes it the common resort of beggars; since, besides the number of pilgrims, which is enormous, from every part of India, as well as from Tibet and the Birman empire, a great multitude of rich individuals in the decline of life, and almost all the great men who are from time to time disgraced or banished from home by the revolutions which are continually occurring in the Hindoo states, come hither to wash away their sins, or to fill up their vacant hours with the gaudy ceremonies of their religion, and really give away great sums in profuse and indiscriminate charity."—p. 282-284.

The interior of one of the innumerable temples of the holy city is thus given:—

"The temple-court, small as it is, is crowded like a farm-yard with very fat and very tame bulls, which thrust their noses into every body's hand and pocket for gram and sweetmeats, which their fellow votaries give them in great quantities. The cloisters are no less full of naked devotees, as hideous as chalk and dung can make them, and the continued hum of 'Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!' is enough to make a stranger giddy. The place is kept very clean, however,—indeed the priests seem to do little else than pour water over the images and the pavement, and I found them not merely willing, but anxious to show me every thing,—frequently repeating that they were Padres also, though it is true that they used this circumstance as an argument for my giving them a present."—p. 290.

The affairs of our Eastern empire must inevitably engage a very large share of attention in parliament and in the country generally, during the next four or five years, at the end of which period the great national question must be resolved,—whether the government of that empire is to be continued in the hands of the Company, or transferred to the direct management of his Majesty's ministers. It is obvious, therefore, that the Journals of Bishop Heber must be studied on grounds, and with views widely remote from those of mere literary curiosity—the powers of description which they display, and the addition which they have made to the classical literature of this country.

In this article (the chief object of which is to press the work itself upon the public notice) we could not hope or pretend to state or discuss the results of the Bishop's evidence, with any approach either to the fulness of detail, or to the gravity and deliberation which the subject demands. We are happy, however, to observe, in the general, that the scope and tendency of his remarks and reflections are decidedly *favourable*. The obvious defects of the present system of police, and judicial administration in India generally, are commented on with justice—never in that tone of exaggerated feeling, which is but too familiar to those who are conversant with the contemporary lucubrations of far inferior men. The character, dispositions, and capabilities of our native subjects, on the other hand, are treated in a manner which will give little satisfaction to those proud and haughty bigots of Europeanism, who have, in many cases, been suffered to exert a most perilous degree of influence over the destinies of that immense empire. He does not lend his canvass exclusively either to the lights or the shades of the liv-

ing picture before him—but transfers it faithfully with all its features; and pronounces that, upon the whole, in the midst of much that is dark, doubtful, and melancholy, the predominant feeling, with which it deserves to be contemplated, is the cheering and stimulating one of Hope. That the British sway has, in the main—looking to the whole country and the population in the mass—been productive of good to India, he distinctly asserts; and he adduces evidence which cannot, we think, leave it in the power of any honest man to dissent from that opinion. That it has degraded and impoverished certain classes of the population all over India, and, through them, essentially injured some particular districts of the country, he as distinctly confesses. That we ought to look to India with an eye of extreme watchfulness is an inference which he presses continually: if we do so—if we persevere in a course of conduct, which, as gradually but sensibly bettering the condition of the great mass of the people, presents the fairest prospect of overbalancing the admitted elements of danger inherent in certain classes of the population as they now stand—and at the same time show readiness to improve the condition of those classes themselves whenever it is possible to do so with safety to our own interest—if this be the line of conduct pursued steadily in India, the Bishop has no nervous apprehensions whatever as to the permanence of our empire. That such an empire should remain, for an indefinite course of time, in the relation of a colonial or quasi-colonial appendage to a kingdom so remote as this, his lordship was not likely to dream. But that, under a firm, paternal, and liberal system of government, the industry of India may be stimulated to an extent hitherto unimagined; the character of her people raised and strengthened; their prejudices, even their religious prejudices, slowly, indeed, but surely overcome; and, in a word, the whole condition of these enormous regions so altered and improved, that their political separation from Great Britain might be another name for the admission of several great independent states into the social system of the civilized world, and even of the Christian world—these are prospects which, after duly weighing what has already been done, the rational and comprehensive intellect of Heber appears to have considered as neither visionary nor absurd.

On passing Mirzapoore, a city the importance of which dates entirely from the establishment of the English government, and which now exhibits a population of from two to three hundred thousand inhabitants, engaged in traffic to a great extent, enjoying, apparently, ease, comfort, and independence, and surrounded with new buildings of all sorts, as splendid as are to be seen any where out of Calcutta, the Bishop pauses to say—

" This is, indeed, a most rich and striking land. Here, in the space of little more than two hundred miles, along the same river, I have passed six towns, none of them less populous than Chester,—two (Patna and Mirzapoore,) more so than Birmingham; and one, Benares, more peopled than any city in Europe, except London and Paris! And this besides villages innumerable. I observed to Mr. Archdeacon Corrie, that I had expected to find agriculture in Hindostan in a flourishing state, but the great cities ruined, in consequence of the ruin of the Mussulman nobles. He answered, that certainly very many ancient fa-

milies had gone to decay, but he did not think the gap had been ever perceptible in his time, in this part of India, since it had been more than filled up by a new order rising from the middling classes, whose wealth had, during his recollection, increased very greatly. Far, indeed, from those cities which we had already passed decaying, most of them had much increased in the number of their houses, and, in what is a sure sign of wealth in India, the number and neatness of their ghâts and temples, since he was last here. Nothing, he said, was plainer to him, from the multitude of little improvements of this kind, of small temples and Bungalows, partly in the European style, but obviously inhabited by natives, that wealth was becoming more abundant among the middling ranks, and that such of them as are rich are not afraid of appearing so. The great cities in the Dooab, he said, were indeed scenes of desolation. The whole country round Delhi and Agra, when he first saw it, was filled with the marble ruins of villas, mosques, and palaces, with the fragments of tanks and canals, and the vestiges of inclosures. But this ruin had occurred before the British arms had extended thus far, and while the country was under the tyranny and never-ending invasions of the Persians, Affghans, and Mahrattas. Even here a great improvement had taken place before he left Agra, and he hoped to find a much greater on his return. He apprehended that, on the whole, all India had gained under British rule, except, perhaps, Dacca and its neighbourhood, where the manufactures had been nearly ruined."—pp. 314, 315.

Higher up, at Wallahabad, the intelligent collector of the district, Mr. Ward, introduces to the Bishop the zemindar of the district, a Mahometan gentleman, of high family and respectable character, and a very interesting conversation ensues. The Bishop happened to introduce the subject of field-sports:—

"I observed, that there was much jungle in the neighbourhood, and asked if there were any tigers. 'Tigers!' No,' said he, 'not for several years back; and as for jungle, there is three times as much cultivated land now as there used to be under the government of the vizier. Then there were tigers in plenty, and more than plenty; but there are better things than tigers now, such as corn-fields, villages, and people.' 'It is curious and interesting to find both the apparently progressive improvement of the country under the British government, as contrasted with its previous state, and also how soon, and how easily, in a settled country, the most formidable wild animals become extinct before the power of man. The tiger will soon be almost as great a rarity in our eastern as in our western dominions: the snake, however, will hold his ground longer.'"

Still higher up the country, not far from Cawnpore, we find him writing as follows:—

"The day was fine, and though the roads were in a very bad state, it was delightful to hear the mutual congratulations of our bearers and the villagers whom we passed, both parties full of thankfulness to God, and considering themselves, with apparent reason, as delivered from famine and all its horrors. One of these mutual felicitations, which the archdeacon overheard the day before, was very interesting, as it was not intended for his ear, and was one of the strongest proofs I have met

with of the satisfaction of the Hindoos with their rulers. ‘A good rain this for the bread,’ said one of the villagers to the other. ‘Yes,’ was the answer, ‘and a good government under which a man may eat bread in safety.’ While such a feeling prevails, we may have good hopes of the stability of our Indian government.”—p. 362.

We might quote a dozen passages more of the same cast and tendency.

To us the most painful subject the bishop touches on, and he does so frequently in a very affecting manner, is the levity, to give it no worse name, with which our young and thoughtless countrymen often trifle with the feelings of the natives. The danger of such conduct is as obvious as its vice. Let one example serve: he met a military officer voyaging up the Ganges, who made it his boast that, whenever his cook-boat hung behind, he fired at it with ball. The gentleman, no doubt, took care to shoot high; but such tricks cannot be practised without exciting bitter anger at the time, and leaving a lasting impression of disgust. It is delightful to turn from such incidents, to the many specimens he gives of the gratefulness with which the poor natives receive the kindness of their European superiors. Talking of his own numerous attendants generally, the bishop says he found them susceptible, in a high degree, of those amiable feelings, which, no question, the habitual conduct and demeanour of their kind-hearted master were singularly calculated to call forth. On one occasion a boy brought a little leveret to the side of his horse, and when he reproved him for meddling with a poor animal much too young to be of any use at the table, and directed one of his own servants to see that it was put back again, as nearly as possible on the spot where it had been lifted, the whole crowd of grooms and bearers burst out with blessings on his head. Another time when he interfered, to prevent a horse’s tail being docked, observing that “God had bestowed on no animal a limb too much, or which tended to ‘its disadvantage,’ ” the speech (says he) “seemed to chime in wonderfully with the feelings of most of my hearers; and one very old man observed that, during the twenty-two years the English had held the district, he had not heard so grave and godly a saying from any of them.” “I thought of Sancho Panza (adds the modest bishop) and his wise sayings, and regretted that, with my present knowledge of their language, I could not tell them any thing really worth their hearing.” Such things, however, were probably as profitably heard as more formal lessons might have been. His lordship’s attendants, in their progress up the river, were often coming and asking leave of absence for a day or two, to visit parents or kindred residing near the banks. He gained much favour by the readiness with which he listened to such demands: the kindness seems never to have been abused; and on one occasion he had the gratification to ascertain that an advance of a month’s wages had been converted solely to the use and benefit of a poor groom’s aged father and mother. A touching incident occurs very early in the voyage: he finds that a boatman set apart every day a certain portion of his rice, and bestowed it on the birds, saying, “It is not I, but my child, that feeds you.” He had lost an only son some years before, and the boy having been in the custom of feeding the birds in this way, the parent never omitted doing so at

sunset, in his name. These are not people of whose feelings men can make light of with impunity.

How well they appreciate, and how lastingly they remember, the benefits conferred on them by kind and judicious functionaries, may be gathered from many examples scattered over this journal. Thus, at Allahabad, when the bishop asked, with a natural curiosity, which of the governors of India stood highest in the good opinion of the people, he found that, though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honoured as "the two greatest men that had ever ruled this part of the world," the people universally "spoke with much affection of Mr. Jonathan Duncan."—"Duncan Sahib kha chota baez" i. e., Mr. Duncan's younger brother, is still," says he, "the usual term of praise applied to any public man who appears to be actuated by an unusual spirit of kindness towards their nation." Again, at Boglipoor, he found the memory of Judge Cleveland, who died at the age of twenty-nine, in 1784, still fresh in honour: this able and eminent man did much for that district; he improved its husbandry, established bazaars, and, above all, instituted a police, which has been found lastingly effective in a region formerly noted for disorders. When he died, the chiefs of the hill country and the Mussulman gentry of the plain joined their contributions to erect a stately monument over his grave:—

"As being raised to the memory of a Christian, it is called a *Griege*, i. e. a church; and the people still meet once a year in considerable numbers, and have a *Poojah*, or religious spectacle, in honour of his memory."—p. 205.

Both Hindoos and Moslem have since contributed largely to pay similar honours to Heber himself; and his name, too, Christian bishop as he was, will be remembered in poojahs of its own.

Of the slow but distinct and undeniable diminution of the Anti-Christian prejudices of the natives, we had occasion to cite many proofs, in our former paper on "Bishop Heber and the church in India." We may here throw together, by way of supplement to that exposition, a few of the many notices to the same purport which occur in the earlier part of the journal before us. At p. 219, we find Archdeacon Corrie applied to by a Brahmin of high rank, and, it is important to add, of much wealth, "to grant him an interview, that he might receive instruction in Christianity;" and, on the bishop's expressing some surprise at this occurrence, the archdeacon answers, "This is not the only indication I have met with in this quarter, of persons who seem not unwilling to inquire into religious subjects."

"One of the hill-people at the school has declared, of his own accord, his intention of giving up Sunday to the worship of God; and there are several Hindoos and Mussulmans, who make no objection to eat victuals prepared by Christians, saying, that they think the Christians are as pure as themselves, and they are sure they are wiser."

At p. 288, where the bishop is describing his visitation of the schools established for the native youth at Benares, in which the Gospels are used as a school-book, we find the very able and intelligent governor of the place, who accompanied his lordship, stating as follows:—

"That they had every reason to think that all the bigger boys, and many of the lesser ones, brought up at these schools, learned to despise

idolatry and the Hindoo faith less by any direct precept, for their teachers never name the subject to them, and in the Gospels, which are the only strictly religious books read, there are few, if any allusions to it, than from the disputation of the Mussulmen and Hindoo boys among themselves, from the comparison which they soon learn to make between the system of worship which they themselves follow and ours, and above all, from the enlargement of mind which general knowledge and the pure morality of the Gospel have a tendency to produce. Many, both boys and girls, have asked for baptism, but it has been always thought right to advise them to wait till they had their parents' leave, or were old enough to judge for themselves; and many have, of their own accord, begun daily to use the Lord's Prayer, and to desist from showing any honour to the image. Their parents seem extremely indifferent to their conduct in this respect. Prayer, or outward adoration, is not essential to caste. A man may believe what he pleases, nay, I understand, he may almost say what he pleases, without the danger of losing it, and so long as they are not baptized, neither eat nor drink in company with Christians or Parias, all is well in the opinion of the great majority, even in Benares."—pp. 288-289.

And lastly, at p. 514, we find the bishop himself recording his observation, after he had visited the country from Calcutta to Meerut, that in many places "*a sort of regard* seemed to be paid to the *Sabbath* by the natives." And the particular instance that suggests the remark points to some *Brahmins*.

(*To be continued.*)

From the Monthly Review.

TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS; containing *Card Drawing*; *The Half Sir*; and *Suil Dhur, the Coiner*. By the Author of "*Holland Tide*." 3 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders & Otley. 1827.

BEFORE we proceed to notice these tales, we think it necessary to protest against the disingenuous use that has been made of the name of this journal, in an advertisement, which, after taking frequent tours through the newspapers, has found a permanent place of abode in the leaf fronting the title page of the first of these volumes. It is there stated, that a second edition of "*Holland Tide*" is just published, and to this announcement the following sentence is added by way of commendation:—"We dismiss these tales with an expression of cordial and unreserved praise; *they contain scenes which are hardly surpassed as to truth and power, by any thing which has yet proceeded from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.*" And for this high eulogium, the *Monthly Review* is given as an authority. For the first member of the sentence we confess ourselves responsible: but not a syllable of that portion of it printed in italics, ever appeared in this journal. The praise which it confers, is much higher than we should have thought of giving to the tales in question; it is, therefore, not merely a fraud upon our critical character, but upon the public, who are occasionally influenced by our opinions. We are inclined, however, to hope that it is attributable to

some mistake, which we hope to see explained; as we do not believe that the respectable publishers would consciously be guilty of such a mean falsehood, even though it should be attended with temporary profit.

The judgment which we pronounced upon Holland Tide was, in truth, of a very mixed kind, though, upon the whole, we deemed the tales that form that collection as capable of affording a great deal of entertainment. Most of the faults which we noticed in them appear, we regret to say, in still more flagrant and distorted colours in the compositions now before us. The author is unquestionably a man of genius, and of genius too of no subordinate character. He seems to be not only perfectly familiar with the very peculiar habits, the vices, the virtues, the traditions and dialect of the peasantry of Munster; but to be as one of themselves, animated by their warm-hearted impulses, feeling towards them all the kindness of kindred—the friendly historian of their lives—but never their satirist. He enters, with a congenial spirit, into all their amusements, seats himself by their cabin fire-side, eats and drinks with them, and having, to use a Scotch phrase, “taken salt with them,” he would not betray or revile them.

Except, perhaps, in Mr. Crofton Croker’s unrivalled legends, we know of no modern pages in which the Irish, and particularly the Munster-Irish, character (held to be the most genuine) is displayed with so much ease, richness, and truth, as in the two last of the three tales which compose this work. There are in them several scenes of great drollery—and of that drollery so peculiar to the country, so ludicrous in its combinations, that if it be not comic humour, it is better than much of the stuff which passes current under that name. But it is only in detached scenes that our author shines. He is a deplorably bad storyteller. He begins generally well, and goes on a while winding his thread with sufficient smoothness; but as his characters multiply, he seems to lose the power of managing them. To resume the metaphor, he is obliged to stop the wheel every moment, in order to knot and strengthen a thread that every moment becomes more attenuated, until, in the end, the woof is turned out a mere “thing of shreds and patches.”

Nothing can be more unpleasant to a reader, who feels at all interested in a narrative, than to see it frequently interrupted by the author with such sentences as these: “We love not to dwell longer than is necessary to the development of our tale, on the history of feelings (however interesting from their general application to human nature), in which no opportunity is afforded for the illustration of national character—that being the principal design of these volumes,” (vol. ii. p. 11.) “We have our own good reasons for requesting that the reader may ask us no questions concerning the occurrences which filled up the time,” &c. (*ib.* p. 13.) “A piece of scenery, with which we will conclude our rather copious sketch of the coast, and the omission of which would leave that sketch incomplete,” (vol. i. p. 146.) “Rejoiced, at length, to breathe a purer atmosphere than that which has been suffocating us through the last chapter, we request the reader to return,” &c. (vol. iii. p. 41.) “The reader may imagine what he pleases of the force of passion, and of female fickleness,” &c. (*ib.* p. 214.) These sen-

tences are taken at random, as specimens of the manner in which this author throws aside his disguise so often, and comes upon us with his *we* in real flesh and blood, to warn us that he is merely feigning a story, as well as he can, for our amusement.

There is nothing more admirable in the Waverley novels, than the tact with which Sir Walter renders his personages completely subservient to all his purposes. If he think it useful or ornamental to his theme to describe a fine landscape, he goes to work at once, without any flourishes about the propriety or agreeableness of the thing. Sometimes his hero paints it, sometimes points out its beauties to his companion, or he becomes so connected with it, that the account of it follows naturally, without any body inquiring from whose mouth it proceeds. In bringing up his time, indeed, and in collecting his plot into a focus, towards the close of his volumes, Sir Walter is often as precipitate, and of course as awkward, as any of his numberless imitators. And in this respect too, our author sins most egregiously. One chapter is sometimes several years in advance of that which follows it; and when we imagine that we are to witness the meeting of parties, for whose presence we are fully prepared, there comes forth a “we request the reader to go back some eight or ten years,” and then we have explanations, and episodes, and all sorts of bungling incidents, in order to trundle on the lagging and confused narrative. These things, of course, as often introduce the author in his own person on the scene, and it would really seem as if he sought them purposely; as if he were so mercurial in his vanity, that he could not, by any possibility, keep quiet in his proper place of concealment. The very children in the street would turn away from their favourite exhibition of Punch and Judy, if the showman who lends the puppets his squeaking voice, and sets their limbs in motion, were to remove the green baize, and thus disclose his rude mysteries to the public view. This is one of the secrets of the novelist which our author has yet to learn. He wants a *green baize*.

The three tales in these volumes are connected with three of those old festivals, which are still kept up with great care in the South of Ireland, viz: Candlemas Day, St. Stephen's Day, and St. John's Eve. The first story, entitled Card Drawing, will not detain us. It is inferior in interest and in execution to the other two. It turns upon the old threadbare plot, of a mistake on the part of justice, in fixing upon a young man, of course a lover duly “plighted to a maiden fair,” as the murderer of the lady's father; whereupon occur sundry most distressing scenes, of doubt on one side, of heroic fortitude on the other, until, at the very moment when the scaffold is prepared, the real criminal betrays himself, and the lover is saved. There is one part of this tale, however, which reveals a hand of no common power: we allude to the succession of incidents, through which the workings of the murderer's guilty conscience are seen impelling him, as it were, to fly from the spectre of his victim, that continually haunts him, into the arms of the very laws which he had outraged. We shall select one or two passages from this part of the tale, proceeding at once to the cottage of the culprit's mother:

“The good woman was now seated by their fire of turf and pieces of wreck, engaged in keeping warm the simple fare which was intended for

her son's dinner. A small deal table was placed near the hearth, and close to it a rush-bottom chair ready set for his use. Over a few red coals which were broken small, the iron tongs placed lengthwise, and opened a little, was made to perform the part of a gridiron towards a beautiful Beltard turbot, which a gourmand would have judged worthy of a prouder table, and a more elaborate process of cookery.

"A hundred thousand welcomes, child of my heart," said the old woman, speaking in her native language; "I thought the very darkness would not bring you home to me. Sit down."

Kinchela took his seat at the table in silence, while his mother placed before him the food which she had prepared. She perceived, however, that he did not eat with his usual despatch and satisfaction.

"There is some secret hanging on your mind, my fair heart," said she, "you do not eat. You did not sleep at home these two nights—and when you came in this morning, you looked paler than paper, and trembled like a straw upon the water."

"I didn't sleep abroad either," replied Kinchela, "an' sure what else would I be only pale after that, an' I being getten the canoes ready all night, let alone what I heerd this mornen, moreover."

"What was that, darling?"

"Old Mc Loughlin to be murthered last night in his own house, over."

The old woman uttered an exclamation of horror—"Woe and sorrow!" she exclaimed, "when will they be weary of drawing the blood of the gray-headed? Your own father Pryce, died by the cold steel. It is true for the priest what he said from the altar last Sunday, that Ireland was more cursed by the passions of her own children, than ever she was by Dane or Sassenagh. The judgment of the Jews will fall on us at last. We are hunted through our country, and from our country in punishment of our sins. We have drunk of the dregs of the cup of trembling, and have well nigh wrung them out."

"They say Dorgan—Duke Dorgan, that lived near the sally-coop, eastwards, did the deed. I saw 'em taken of him to Bridewell, on the head of it."

"There! there, Pryce!" said his mother, "Remember my words when you were refused by him, and when you swore to me that you would never forgive him the longest day you'd live."

"I did not swear it!" said Kinchela, starting, as if in alarm.

"You did—and sorry enough you were for it afterward. You might have been in Dorgan's place, if it were not for the mercy of Heaven."

"Let us have no more talk about it now, whatever," said Pryce; "I'll want to take a little rest before goen to the sale-hunt; an' I must have the canoe near the caverns before day-break. Do you get the wattles an' the charcoal ready, mother, an' lay 'em there, a-nigh the settle-bed, agen I get up."

Pryce retired to his bed-room, but seemed to be haunted even in the darkness and solitude of this retreat by a certain uneasy train of feeling which appeared to have been clinging to him throughout the day. He had truly stated to his mother that he passed the former night without sleep; but this circumstance, instead of making him sink the more easily into slumber, had only the effect of weakening his nerves, and fill-

ing his brain with all the frantic images of sleep, without any of its calmness or comfort. His mother, disturbed by the restless moans which proceeded from his chamber, laid down the bag of charcoal which she was preparing, and taking a rush-light, made fast in the fissure of a twig, in her hand, entered the room. Her son was at that moment labouring under a hideous dream. His head hung down over the bed-side, his arms were extended, his forehead and hair damp with sweat. He saw, in fancy, the corpse of the old man as it lay stretched on the table at Mc Loughlen's, and seemed to be oppressed with the conviction that some person had seized and was taxing him with the deed.

"Let go my throat!" he muttered hoarsely. "It was not I—'Twas Dorgan—Dorgan did it, and not I!—He lies—the old man never named me—he could not—for my face was blackened. Let go my throat."

"The Almighty protect and bless my son!" said the woman, as she stirred him, and made him spring up terrified in his bed, "what words are these?"

Kinchela remained for some time sitting erect, his eyes wild and staring, and his mouth agape with terror. Consciousness at length stole upon him, and covering his face with his hands, he leaned forward for some moments in silence.

"What was the matter, child?" the old woman at length asked, as she laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Nothen!—nothen—only dreaming greatly I was—Aren't you gone to bed, yet, mother?"

"No, darling; 'tisn't far in the night. Those were dreadful words you spoke, Pryce?"

"Did I talk out o' my sleep?"

"You did; you spoke as if somebody was charging you with a great crime, and you denied it, and bid them let go your throat."

Pryce paused a moment. "Well, mother," said he at length, "I didn't think it would be so aisy to take a start out o' you. Sure 'twas funning I was all that while."

"There was little mirth then in your voice or in your actions," replied his mother, still speaking (as she always used) in her vernacular tongue, "I thought the hag of the night had been throttling you."

"I tell you 'twas a joke, agen. Sure I *felt* you comen in the room. I was as broad awake as you are now. Go to bed, mother, an' hear to me! Don't say anythen o' this in the mornen, for 'twouldn't look well to be joken on such a business."

The aged widow left the room and retired to her own settle-bed, after offering up her usual portion of nightly invocations to the throne of mercy for all blessings upon all men; while her son remained wrapped in a mood of intense reflection, sitting on his bed-side, and using every exertion in his power to compose his troubled spirit."—vol. i., pp. 121-128.

There is another incident which tends to betray his fears still more strongly. In one of the intervals of a seal hunt in which Pryce Kinchela was engaged the next morning, and which, by the way, is very graphically described, he and his companion (his accomplice in the murder)

took an opportunity of visiting a neighbouring cliff, for the purpose of collecting shell-fish, called barnocks.

"Kinchela having, with the assistance of his friend, succeeded in securing, near the edge of the cliff, a kind of rude windlass, for the purpose of enabling them to increase their store of barnocks, made fast their rope in the earth, and prepared to descend.

"This was a feat which he had been accustomed to perform, almost daily, from his boyhood, and he never had, for one moment, felt a greater degree of repugnance or apprehension, than he would have experienced in walking on the firm soil. But he was now an altered man, and he felt, as he put his foot in the loop which was made in the end of the rope, and grasping it with both hands, launched himself from the brow of the 'pernicious height,' a sensation of insecurity, and a sinking of the heart, such as he never before had felt in any situation whatever. He even wished that he had taken the precaution (though it would have had but a cowardly air), to secure himself to the rope, by tying it to his waist—but it was now too late for reflection, and he had only to trust his customary chances for a safe return to the firm earth.

"While he was occupied in filling his net with the barnocks which he struck from the rock, he suddenly heard a crackling noise above his head, and looking up, saw that one of the divisions of the rope had given way, leaving the whole weight of his person on the faith of a single cord, not more than half an inch in diameter. He was now suspended in mid-air, more than a hundred feet from the summit, and saw, at a fearful distance beneath, the points of the rugged crag, around which the waters were now slumbering in almost a moveless calm. He feared to stir—to speak—to give any indication of his danger, lest it should only have the effect of making the latter more imminent. His limbs trembled, and became bathed in perspiration, while he cast his eyes on that part of the rope where the fissure had taken place. He could almost—and only almost, reach it with his hand. Again all the horrors of the preceding night and morning were renewed, and a stupefying terror seized upon his brain. He ventured, at length, to give the signal, at which his companion was to draw him to the summit.—While he was doing so, and while he yet hung suspended between the dreadful alternative of life or death, some of the canoes passed under him on their way from the caverns to their homes, and the fishermen, in their own aboriginal language, began to hoot and jibe him as they passed, making various allusions to his position in the air, and drawing analogies concerning the rope, the humour of which poor Kinchela was in no condition to appreciate. A cold shivering passed through his limbs, when he saw the feeble portion of it approach the rugged edge of the cliff—and here, as if for the purpose of increasing his agony, Fed stopped turning the windlass, and approached the brink with marks of alarm and astonishment.

"'E', Pryce, man,' said he, 'do you see the danger you're in all this while? Sure there's the rope med a' most two halves of, above you. Sure if that broke you'd be ruined, man.'

"'Wisha, then, Fed, what news you tell!—Is that the reason you stop haulen of it, in dread I'd have any chance at all. Murther alive, see this.'

"I'll pull you up if you like, man; but what harm was there in me tellen you your danger."

"All o' one 'tisn't too well I knew it. Pull away, an' *sonher* to you."

Fed resumed his post at the windlass, and in a few moments after, Kinchela grasped the edge of the cliff: he succeeded in scrambling up—after which, without speaking a word to his companion, he flung down the net of barnocks, and fled, as if he were hunted by the fiends, in the direction of his mother's house—while his companion, after gazing after him and at the barnocks for a few moments, packed up their implements, and took to his heels, under the full conviction that the *phuca* was coming up the cliff to them.

"The Almighty is impatient, I believe," said Pryce, when he had reached his own door, "he will wait no longer."—vol. i. pp. 148—152.

The character of this unhappy criminal is, however, rendered in some respects engaging, by the affectionate attachment which, notwithstanding all his guilt, he still bears to his mother. It saves him from the reproach of being a villain, unredeemed by any virtue, and it imparts a softness to his presence, which makes him almost an object of greater interest than his rival.

The next tale is called "The Half Sir;" a designation applied, it seems, in Ireland to the *novi homines* who are above the less affluent orders, though not high enough to be enumerated in the class of gentlemen. The author sketches, with a vigorous hand, the difficulties which such an individual has to encounter, in making his way through life. In the person of Hamond, he pourtrays a young plebeian, who, deriving wealth from the beneficence of a near relative, and being well educated, thinks that he is entitled, not only to enter the most aristocratic classes in his country, but even to claim the heart and hand of one of its most brilliant ornaments. She coquets with him for a season—sufficiently long to make a deep impression on his feelings—and then gives him up for a noble wooer, who treated her with indifference as a lover, and with so much cruelty as a husband, that she is obliged to live apart from him on the continent. Hamond, in the meantime, becomes a misanthrope; while, in her solitude, her heart returns to him who had first essayed to win its affections. After endeavouring to dissipate his melancholy abroad, he returns to his own home, and, applies himself to the improvement of the peasantry around him. His mistress becomes a widow; and, seeking his forgiveness, becomes reconciled to him, and the usual consequence in such cases, marriage, puts an end to all their misunderstandings.

Frequent occasions present themselves throughout this tale for the display of the true Munster character, and they are seized upon by the author generally with success. The most amusing personage in the whole is, undoubtedly, Jeremiah, or, as he is commonly called, Remmy O'One, Hamond's own servant of all work. Lady Morgan has not drawn, even in her best days, a more humorous fellow than Remmy. Without him the tale would have been a very dull one; but mingled as he is in almost every scene he has a smile and a pleasant remark, if not a witty jest, for every body, and laughter follows always in his train. It is easy to draw the character of a fine lady, and still easier to deli-

neate that unhappy being, who flies from the haunts of men to indulge a lonely melancholy life. But to embody in one person such a combination of sagacity and drollery, of shrewdness and apparent simplicity, as we see in Remmy, required the powers of an artist of the first order. We have room for only one scene from this tale—the meeting of Remmy with his mother, upon his return from his *continental* travels with his master. It is the very best thing in the three volumes. The comedy is irresistible, and we have little doubt that it would tell with great effect on the stage.

"‘Why then, I declare,’ says Remmy, as he approached his mother’s cottage, ‘I declare, the old ’oman isn’t getten on badly for all!—The bonuveen,* and the little goslens! an the ducks, I declare! an the—no ’tisn’t!—Iss, it is—’tis a cow, I declare! Well, see that, why! Fie, for shame the oid ’oman, why does she have the doore open? I’ll purtend it isn’t meself that’s there at all, till I have one little *rise†* out of her.’

“With this design he adjusted his hat to an imposing cock, buttoned his brown coat up to his chin, thrust both his hands under the skirts behind, and so strutted forward into the open door, with what he intended for a royal swagger. On the floor of the kitchen sat a child of about three years of age, playing with a pair of jack-stones, who did not appear at all pleased with his intrusion. Perceiving that no one else was in sight, Remmy judged that the speediest means of procuring attention was by awaking some alarm for the infant. He therefore squatted himself on the floor and made a hideous grin, as if he were about to swallow the little fellow up at one bit. The roar which the latter set up at this strange menace quickly brought two women from an interior room; but Remmy was on his legs again, and as demure as (to use a popular similitude) a dog at a funeral before them. The elder of the females dropped a low, woman-of-the-house courtesy, to Remmy, who acknowledged it by a condescending nod and a smile of patronage.

“‘Your little lad, here, thought I was goen to ait him, I b’lieve, my good ’oman.’

“‘Strange, he is, Sir—O fie, Jemmy, darlen, to screech at the gentleman!—Will your honour be sated?’

“‘Thank you, thank you, honest ’oman!’ said Remmy, with an affable wave of the hand, and then laughing to himself as he passed to the chair (the hay bottom of which the good woman swept down for him with her check apron)—‘*My honour!* Well, that’s droll from the old mother!’

“‘I’ll be wishen you a good evenen, Mrs. O’Lone,’ said the young woman who was with her. ‘Come along, Jemmy.’

“‘Good mornen to you then, and tell Miss O’Brien I’ll be over wit her to-morrow surely. I expect ’em both now every other day, tell her.’ The woman and child departed. ‘I ask your honour’s pardon,’ the old lady continued, turning to Remmy, who was endeavouring to keep his risible muscles in some order,—‘May be you’d take somethen, Sir, after the road?’

* “Little pig.”

† “Equivalent to the London *Lark*.”

"No may be at all about it. Try me a little—it's a maxim o' mine never to refuse."

"From foreign parts, I suppose, Sir, you are?" said Mrs. O'Lone, after she had enabled Remmy to amuse himself in the manner indicated.

"Yes—I'm an Englishman born and bred," said Remmy, with admirable effrontery, trusting that his mother's ignorance of dialects would not enable her to detect the very lame assumption of the British accent which he used.

"If it wasn't maken too free wit your honour," said Mrs. O'Lone, after hesitating for a considerable time, while Remmy busied himself with a dish of *crubes*, "since 'tis from foreign parts you are, Sir, may be you'd meet a boy o' the O'Lone's there."

"There! Where, my good woman?"

"Abroad, plase your honour."

"Many's the place that's abroad, honest 'oman. If you hadn't a better direction than that goen looken for a man, ye might be both abroad together for a century and nevur coom within a hundbert miles o' one another—ay, two hundhert, may be."

"Shasthone!"[†] wisha! It's a large place, Sir,"

"But talken o' the O'Lone's, I remember meeten one o' them in me travels—Jeremiah O'Lone, I think—"

"Iss, Sir—or Remmy, as we used to call him, short—"

"Short or long, I met such a fellow—and being countrymen—"

"Countrymen, Sir! I thought your honour said you wor an Englishman."

"Eh, what? an so I am, honest 'oman, what of that? It's true I was born in Ireland, but what h'rt? No raison if a man is born in a stable that he should be a horse."

"Sure enough, Sir. But about Remmy, Sir, you wor saying that you knew him."

"I did, an I'll tell you a sacret. If I did, I knew as big a vagabone as there is from this to himself."

"O dear gentleman, Sir, you don't say so?"

"What should hinder me? I'm sure 'tis I that ought to know him well. He was the worst innemy I uver had."

"May be he had raison?" said Mrs. O'Lone, her tone of respect gradually subsiding into one of greater familiarity, as her choler rose and her fingers wandered in search of the tongs.

"The bla'gaard, what raison would he have to me? An idle, theiven, scamen rogue, that'll coom to the gallows one time or other."

"Your honour is maken fun o' me, bekays you know that 'tis his mother that's there."

"Are you his mother, poor 'oman? I'm sorry for you."

"May be if I wanted your pity, you wouldn't be so ready wit it."

"Well," said Remmy, "I heard a dale of Irish manners, but if I'm to take that for a specimen—"

"You'll get the worth o' what you bring. I see what you are now, you unnait'rel cratur!"—said his mother, rising from her seat—"I asked you to a sate by the widow's fire, an a share o' the widow's male, an there's my thanks, abusen and poll-talkeṇt o' the poor lad that's far

* "Pettitions."

† "An exclamation of surprise."

‡ "Backbiting."

away, and that if he was here, would pummel you while over he was able to stand over you, you contrary cratur!"

"'He wouldn't' said Remmy, coolly.

"'He wouldn't!' replied Mrs. O'Lone, lifting the tongs.

"'Would you strike me in your own house?' said Remmy, as the blow was about to descend over his eye.

"The old woman seemed to hesitate between her desire of vindicating Remmy's good name, and the obligations of hospitality which held her hand. At length, flinging the utensil into the chimney corner, and throwing herself, with a wild burst of grief, into the chair, 'I'll lave you to Heaven!' said she—'If it wasn't for that word, I'd make you that you wouldn't be so free wit your tongue. 'Twasn't a gentleman ever done or said what you did.—'Tis like you frightened the child a while ago, you cruale man you!' And here, unable to continue her invective any farther, Mrs. O'Lone lifted her apron to her eyes, and indulged herself in an unrestrained fit of sobbing and crying.

"'Ah, now, see what this is!' said Remmy, touched by the too great success of his *ruse*. 'I never saw you for a woman, that there can't be any fun wit you, you're so soft.—Come here,' relapsing into his natural tone—'throw your hands about me and kiss me, you old fool, an sure you ought to know Remmy before now.' "—vol. ii., p. 69

—76.

The third and last tale, *Suil Dhuv*, the Coiner, is of a different complexion from that which precedes it. It pictures forth, like the first story, some of the most daring vices of the Irish peasantry, and it is written with great energy, though often abrupt, and almost unintelligible, on account of the many breaks which disfigure the narrative. The Coiner is a profligate ruffian, who, being originally received, as a forlorn child, into the house of a respectable farmer, repays his hospitality in the end, by carrying away his daughter, and introducing discord and misfortune into his family. Not satisfied with these achievements, he corrupts the morals of a young and wealthy yeoman in his neighbourhood (Robert Kumba), who was engaged to an interesting girl in his own rank of life; but who became so great a spendthrift, under the evil influence of *Suil Dhuv*, that her father refused to allow the affair to proceed. Upon his death, *Suil Dhuv* persuades his friend to take away the young lady by force; and a party proceeds, under the direction of the Coiner, to the widow's house, to accomplish the nefarious purpose—doubly nefarious, as the Coiner intended, if he succeeded, to appropriate the young lady to himself. The attack is made on St. John's eve; a scuffle ensues, in the course of which, Kumba is wounded by his treacherous guide, and the ruffian himself loses his life. Kumba, in due course of time, becomes repentant, reforms his mode of life, wins back the favour of the widow, and is once more admitted to the presence of the maid, who, in all his wanderings, had never forgotten him.

There is rather too much of the sentiment of a fine lady claimed for the heroine, Lilly Byrne, whose very name ought to have restrained the exuberance of the author within the limits of simplicity. She plays too much on her harpsichord for the daughter of an Irish farmer in the days of Dean Swift, and, moreover, she has a greater admiration for the letters of Lady Mary Montague, than one would expect to find in a rus-

tic Munster girl. But she is, nevertheless, so engaging a person, that we cannot forbear transcribing that part of the narrative which describes her feelings and conduct, after her lover was first discarded by her father.

"For many days after this occurrence had taken place, Lilly could not persuade herself that all was in reality at an end between her and her lover—and that the scene which she had witnessed was other than a dream. All past so suddenly, so swiftly—so unexpectedly! She could not believe that the beautiful and glittering fabric which her young and sanguine heart had constructed with so much pains and self-gratulation, should thus, at the very point of its completion, be utterly harried from her view, passing as rapidly as the rushing of a summer wind, and leaving no trace of its existence more evident than the dreary sound of its departing glory. She still listened while at her work for the knock of her lover—suffering under an agony, in which all the fever of protracted expectation was combined with the sullen and barren stillness of despair. Every approaching footstep startled her with a sudden hope, which was awakened only to be again struck lifeless by the pang of a disappointment quite as sudden.—Her parents no longer received from her that devoted attention which in the security of her youthful affection she had been accustomed to pay them. When she knelt before them and bent her head to receive the parental benediction at morning and evening—the once sweetly murmured 'Blessing, father,—mother, blessing!' was hurried over almost unconsciously; and the affectionate prayer of the old couple, that 'God would bless her, and mark her to grace!' fell with the influence of an unmeaning sound upon her ear.—Her more secret devotions, too, were distracted and unsatisfactory. When she detected herself in the midst of a train of wandering reflections, it was in vain that she reproached herself, knelt more erect, clasped her hands more firmly, and attempted by gazing steadily upward, to raise her thoughts above her own worldly interests, and still the unsettled throbbing of her heart, by striving to lay all its feelings at repose in the lap of a pious confidence. The form of Robert Kumba, with his angry, rude, and selfish passionate look, would come floating on the eye of her memory through the upper air, and then every word and action, no sound or gesture omitted, of the scene which had taken place, would steal silently through her brain—her heart would swell and throb with a new tumult—to be followed by a new self-recollection—a new effort at resignation—and again a new distraction and a new distress. Her little domestic arrangements, also, were conducted with less care and diligence than formerly. The tortoise cat had holiday times in the pantry, the door of which, notwithstanding all Mrs. Byrne's agonized remonstrances, was repeatedly left ajar—and the good lady was once heard solemnly to affirm, that she had found the animal actually lapping the milk at one side of the *peck or keeler** which Lilly was skimming at the other. The *full-bound* [firkin] of butter—home made—which formed one of Lilly's own housekeeping perquisites, remained unfilled, although the fair of Cork was fast approaching, and uncle Cuth-

* "Probably derived from the old English *Keel*, to cool—as in Shakspeare:
"While greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot."

bert, the grazier, had repeatedly offered to dispose of it along with his own, which was always first quality, because the butter taster was a particular friend of his; a series of advantages, the possibility of losing which made poor Mrs. Byrne's heart ache with apprehension.

"Her daughter, however, continued to neglect the fair of Cork—her fine uncle—the full-bound—the tortoise-cat and the pantry-door, in spite of all her lectures. Her fits of abstraction and absent acts and words continued to grow and fasten the more upon her manner in proportion as they were observed—and her melancholy, which at no time presented violent symptoms, was silently wearing a channel in her heart, which deepened so rapidly, as, at length, to endanger the foundation of her health itself. 'Dry sorrow baked her blood.' She would frequently gaze for a long hour together upon the sunny lawn before the house, with a fixed and tearless eye, absorbed in a fit of intense abstraction—from which, if roused by her mother after many unheeded calls, she would start (like one who had been surprised into slumber), with a thousand hurried apologies—if by her father—with a sharp and peevish shortness of reply, which was most foreign to her character, and which made the old man's heart bleed.

"She never wept—but very frequently, when passing to her room at night, she would pause in the middle of the long and narrow flagged hall—the candle elevated in one hand, while the other gathered her thin night-dress about her bosom—and remain motionless as a statue, her eyes rivetted on the ground, her lips parted as if in astonishment, and her whole being apparently suspended, for several minutes, until at length the conviction of her desolation came back upon her—and biting her nether lip while she uttered a low, tremulous, and murmuring scream of anguish, she would rush along the passage to her own apartment, and fling herself on the bed in a passion of tearless grief, which wasted itself in short sobs, shiverings, and muttered sounds of suffering."—*vol. iii., pp. 205—211.*

The meek resignation with which the maiden endured her fate, and her exertions in order to appear cheerful before her neighbours, when they met in her parlour, are placed by the author in that striking point of view, which those only would think of, and can appreciate, who are thoroughly intimate with the internal world of the human heart. We shall conclude these extracts with a pathetic little ballad, sung by our favourite at a small tea party, the first at which she had presided for some time after she had lost her lover:—

"Old times! old times! the gay old times—
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!"

"It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!"

The Bishop of Winchester.

wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there—
But in my wisdom there is wo,
And in my knowledge, care.

Old times! Old times!

"I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To lean that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!

Old times! Old times!

"And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still:
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!

Old times! Old times!

"Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!

Old times! Old times!"—vol. iii., 259—261.

Some of the scenes and characters in this tale reflect credit upon the author's powers. The picture of the secret forge, in which the Coiner and his comrades pursue their guilty trade, is remarkably bold. The history of Suil Dhuv is an imposing piece of rustic biography, such as might well suit one of those desperate banditti, who were, in former years, the terror of Ireland. The young woman whom he associated to his own wretched fortunes, the daughter of his best friend and protector, is also drawn in very engaging colours. Her struggles between her duties to her husband, wicked as he was, and her affection to her aged father, who had become his bitter enemy, make us feel much interested in her fate, particularly when it is contrasted with the simplicity and humble happiness of her earlier life.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The Right Reverend George Tomline, D. D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Order of the Garter, Provincial Sub Dean of Canterbury, and Visiter of Magdalene, New Trinity, St. John's, and Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford, F. R. S., &c., was born about the year 1750. His family name was Prettyman. He was the son of a tradesman at Bury St. Edmunds, in the county of Suffolk; and, at the grammar school there, he, with his brother, John Prettyman, received the

early part of his education. From Bury he was removed to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he was distinguished as a good classical scholar and mathematician. In 1772, he came out senior wrangler; and, having been elected a Fellow in 1781, he served the office of moderator.

Fortunately for Mr. Prettyman, Mr. William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated premier, was sent as a student to Pembroke Hall College. To what is generally termed chance, but which others regard as the special provision of Providence, he was greatly indebted. The Earl of Chatham, when upon a visit to his son at Cambridge, was one day in conversation with the master of the college, respecting the future prospects of the youth. He inquired if he could recommend to him a person competent to take upon himself the office of his tutor. The master paused for a moment—looked out of the window, and then pointing to a person who was passing at a little distance, exclaimed, yes; the young man walking yonder will exactly suit your Lordship's purpose. The person thus indicated was Mr. Prettyman, Lord Chatham immediately sent for, and engaged him as tutor to his son.

When Mr. Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer, he proved himself not unmindful of his college instructor. Aware of his general talents for business, and especially of his great skill in calculation, he took him to be his private secretary. He also obtained for him, in the first instance, the valuable rectory of Sudbury, with the chapelry of Oxford, in Suffolk; and then, a prebendal stall, in the church of St. Peter Westminster. Upon the translation of Dr. Thurlow, to the see of Durham, in 1787, Dr. Prettyman was, in opposition to the claims of some of the first men on the bench of bishops, appointed Bishop of Lincoln; and, soon afterwards, Dean of St. Paul's. He is said to have been offered the bishopric of London, but to have declined it.

While his lordship was private secretary to Mr. Pitt, he was most severely and unjustly satirised, by the author of the work entitled, "Probationary Odes for the vacant Laureateship." In that work, he was designated as a man destitute of all regard for truth. The reverse of this was the fact; for, in point of integrity, his character was at all times irreproachable; and he possessed an urbanity of manner and an easiness of access, which endeared him to all. As a bishop, he governed his diocese in a most exemplary manner, being vigilant, impartial, and compassionate. Of his intention and benevolence, the inferior clergy experienced abundant and substantial proofs.

In the year 1796, Dr. Prettyman published a sermon, which he delivered in the cathedral church of St. Paul, before the King and both Houses of Parliament, on the day of thanksgiving for the success of his Majesty's fleets. The style of that discourse (as is that of all his other sermons, &c.) is simple and perspicuous, pathetic, and animated by a glow of devotional feeling.

In 1799, the bishop of Lincoln published his celebrated Elements of Christian Theology, in two volumes, octavo. This work, though professedly written for the use of students in divinity, is also admirably adapted for general perusal. In the interpretation of the thirty-nine articles, great good sense and liberality are evinced; and it is remarkable, that although the work exhibits a strong vein of orthodoxy, the right

reverend author expresses himself in terms unfavourable respecting the Athanasian creed; not, indeed, on account of its doctrine, but for the damnatory clauses which it contains. The bishop's Elements of Theology were keenly attacked by Mr. William Friend, in a series of letters to the author.

His lordship published, in the succeeding year, a Charge to the Clergy of his diocese; and, in 1812, came out his triumphant Refutation of the Charge of Calvinism against the Church of England.

It was in the year 1820, that his lordship was translated to the See of Winchester, the second bishopric, in point of emolument, in the kingdom, and bringing with it the prelacy of the order of the garter. His latest publication was a Life of his pupil and patron, Mr. Pitt.; but the work was not distinguished by that peculiarity of information, which he was considered qualified to impart, and which the public consequently expected.

Some years since, a person to whom the bishop was almost unknown, left him a very considerable fortune, on condition of his taking the name of Tomline.

His lordship had recently become a widower; and the loss of the companion of a long life, evidently preyed upon his spirits. Previously to that event, his appearance was, for his age, remarkably hale and vigorous. While upon a visit to his friend, H. Bankes, Esq., at Kingston Hall, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, the Bishop of Winchester was seized with a paralytical affection, which, as was at an early period anticipated, terminated in his death. He died on the 8th of November. Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Llandaff, is promoted to the See of Winchester, vacated by his death.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMN TO HESPERUS.

*Etrusca terra cœcic.
Sapph. Frag.*

BRIGHT solitary beam, fair speck,
That, calling all the stars to duty,
Through stormless ether gleam'st to deck
The fulgent west's unclouded beauty;
All silent are the fields, and still
The umbrageous wood's recesses dreary,
As if calm came at thy sweet will,
And Nature of Day's strife were weary.

Blent with the season and the scene,
From out her treasured stores, Reflection
Looks to the days when Life was green,
With fond and thrilling retrospection;
The earth again seems haunted ground;
Youth smiles, by Hope and Joy attended;
And bloom afresh young flowers around,
With scent as rich, and hues as splendid.

This is a chilling world—we live
Only to see all round us wither;
Years beggar; age can only give
Bare rocks to frail feet wandering thither;

Friend after friend, joy after joy,
Have like night's boreal gleams departed;
Ah! how unlike the impassion'd boy,
Is Eld; white-hair'd, and broken-hearted!

How oft, 'mid eves as clear and calm,
These wild-wood pastures have I stray'd in,
When all these scenes of bliss and balm
Blue Twilight's mantle were array'd in;

How oft I've stole from bustling man,
From Art's parade, and city riot,
The sweets of Nature's reign to scan,
And muse on Life in rural quiet!

Fair Star! with calm repose and peace
I hail thy vesper beam returning;
Thou seem'st to say that ~~troubles cease~~
In the calm sphere, where thou art burning;

Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse;—
Sure angel wings around thee hover,
And from Life's fountain scatter dews
To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mariner! thy ear,
O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,
Reminds him of his home afar,
And scenes he still loves, ah, how dearly!
He sees his native fields, he sees
Grey twilight gathering o'er his mountains,
And hears the murmuring of green trees,
The bleat of flocks, and gush of fountains.

How beautiful, when, through the shrouds,
The fierce presaging storm-winds rattle,
Thou glitterest clear amid the clouds,
O'er waves that lash, and gales that battle;
And as, athwart the billows driven,
He turns to thee in fond devotion,

Star of the Sea! thou tell'st that Heaven
O'erlooks alike both land and ocean.

Star of the Mourner! 'mid the gloom,
When droops the West o'er Day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
Of him who left her broken-hearted;

Darkness within, and Night around,
The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo! thou lightest the profound,
To tell that Heaven's eye glows above her.

Star of the Lover! Oh, how bright
Above the copsewood dark thou shinest,
As longs he for those eyes of light,
For him whose lustre burns divinest;

Earth, and the things of earth depart,
Transform'd to scenes and sounds Elysian;
Warm rapture gushes o'er his heart,
And Life seems like a faery vision.

Yes, thine the hour, when, daylight done,
Fond Youth to Beauty's bower thou lightest;
Soft shines the moon, bright shines the sun,
But thou, of all things, softest, brightest.

Still is thy beam as fair and young,
The torch illumining Evening's portal,
As when of thee lorn Sappho sung,
With burning soul, in lays immortal.

Hymn to Hesperus.

Star of the Poet! thy pale fire,
Awakening, kindling inspiration,
Burns in blue ether, to inspire
The loftiest themes of meditation;
He deems some holier, happier race,
Dwells in the orbit of thy beauty,—
Pure spirits, who have purchased grace,
By walking in the paths of duty.

Beneath thee Earth turns Paradise
To him, all radiant, rich, and tender;
And dreams, array'd by thee, arise
Mid Twilight's dim and dusky splendour;
Blest or accurst each spot appears;
A frenzy fine his fancy seizes;
He sees unreal shapes, and hears
The wail of spirits on the breezes.

Bright leader of the hosts of Heaven!
When day from darkness God divided,
In silence through Empyrean driven,
Forth from the East thy chariot glided;
Star after star, o'er night and earth,
Shone out in brilliant revelation;
And all the angels sang for mirth,
To hail the finish'd, fair Creation.

Star of the bee! with laden thigh,
Thy twinkle warns its homeward winging;
Star of the bird! thou bid'st her lie
Down o'er her young, and hush her singing;
Star of the pilgrim! travel-sore,
How sweet, reflected in the fountains,
He hails thy circlet gleaming o'er
The shadow of his native mountains!

Thou art the Star of Freedom, thou
Undo'st the bonds which gall the sorest;
Thou bring'st the ploughman from his plough;
Thou bring'st the woodman from his forest;
Thou bring'st the wave-worn fisher home,
With all his scaly wealth around him;
And bid'st the hearth-sick schoolboy roam,
Freed from the letter'd tasks that bound him.

Star of declining day, farewell!—
Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yonder;
Ere Isaac, mid the piny dell,
Went forth at eventide to ponder:
And when to Death's stern mandate bow
All whom we love, and all who love us,
Thou shalt arise, as thou dost now,
To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

Star that proclaims Eternity!
When o'er the lost Sun Twilight weepeth,
Thou light'st thy beacon-tower on high,
To say, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."
And forth with Dawn thou comest too,
As all the hosts of night surrender,
To prove thy sign of promise true,
And usher in Day's orient splendour.

Short Reviews.

Immortality or Annihilation? The Question of a Future State discussed and decided by the Arguments of Reason. 8vo. 8s. 6d. pp. 260. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1827.

For powerful reasoning to convince, and eloquence to captivate, we have seldom seen a work more worthy of the vital subject of a future state than the one now before us. Proceeding altogether independently of the assistance of Revelation, the author's argument is of the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*, and infers that it would be a palpable inconsistency in the Power which governs the universe, to destine man for annihilation after this life, and yet to endow him with the faculties and instincts that are peculiar to his nature. If death were to be the end of man's existence, it was a cruel mockery to inspire him with a longing after immortality; to give him reasoning powers that enable him to anticipate that death, which *then* would be his punishment, and to give him talents which, in such a case, it would be useless for him to cultivate or exercise. As an elegant piece of composition, for we would fain persuade ourselves that the arguments in it are not needed by many, this work deserves to be extensively known.

The Christian Poet; or, Selections in Verse on Sacred Subjects. By James Montgomery. With an introductory Essay. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 440. Glasgow: Collins. 1827.

If we are to understand the term "Religious Poetry" to mean sacred subjects, devotionally treated in poetical language and rhythm of verse, then does this volume contain, comparatively, but a small portion of it. Indeed, there is very little that is purely of a religious character; and without entering into the arguments which Mr. Montgomery has set forth in his introductory essay on the nature of sacred song, we may just remark that the present selection is a proof of our assertion, for the serious, or moral, greatly predominates over the pious, or devotional, in the productions of which the volume consists. It, however, contains much that is excellent in the graver cast of composition, and that will be new to the general reader; and the selection does credit to the taste and discrimination of its highly-gifted editor, who will doubtless receive the thanks that are his due from that numerous class for whom it is principally intended.

Conversations on the Animal Economy. By a Physician. 2 vols. small 8vo. London, 1827.

We have more than once expressed our opinion on the subject of conveying information to young people in the way of "Conversations," which in the present volumes are carried on between Dr. A., Harriet, Sophia, and Charles; they are at once instructive and amusing, and evidently the produce of one possessed of much information upon the subjects discussed, and, what is more to the point, of the art of pleasantly and intelligibly conveying it.

Museum.—No. 69.

2 L.

The Conversations open with an account of the coverings or integuments of animals; their arrangements by systematic writers are then adverted to, and a short but useful description is given of the varieties of mankind, as enumerated by Blumenbach and illustrated by Camper. The bones and muscles form the subjects of the fifth and sixth conversations; they are concisely described, and with sufficient accuracy. The brain and nervous system and the organs of sense are next talked about. The doctrines of phrenology are fairly explained; and in the conversations on smell and taste, vision, hearing, and touch, the anatomy of the respective organs, and their varieties in the different animal tribes are treated of, the dulness of the details being relieved by physiological illustrations. The remaining conversations are occupied with an account of the principal functions of animals, and of the several organs chiefly concerned in their performance; the varieties of teeth and stomachs are here treated of, and the structures of the heart and blood-vessels, as concerned in circulation and respiration. The production of heat by animal systems is then noticed; and the twentieth and concluding conversation is employed in the exposition of the general phenomena of growth and decay.

We have thus briefly stated the contents of these volumes, which are further illustrated by numerous wood cuts and several plates; and are perfectly ready to commend the performance as an extremely useful and proper book for young persons, but *not*, in our opinion, of both sexes: we should have been better pleased if Harriet and Sophy had been replaced by William and Thomas; for we cannot fancy the subjects here discussed as quite fit for young ladies. Boys, on the contrary, ought to know much more of these matters than they commonly do; and for conveying such information in a pleasing and familiar, yet neither vulgar nor superficial style, this compilation seems perfectly appropriate, and will, we trust, find, as it ought, a numerous class of readers.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy in the Sixteenth Century, including a Sketch of the History of the Reformation in the Grisons. By Thomas M^cCrie, D.D. 8vo. pp. 428. Edinburgh: Blackwood. London: Cadell. 1827.

DR. M^cCRIE is already advantageously known to the public, by his "Life of the celebrated John Knox," and by other valuable publications. In the preface to the present work, he informs us, that "he had, for a considerable number of years, been convinced that the reformed opinions had spread to a much greater extent in Italy, than was commonly supposed;" that "he had taken an opportunity of making this public: and had expressed, at the same time, a wish that some individual who had leisure would pursue the inquiry, and fill up what he considered a blank in the history of the reformation;" that "hearing of none who was willing to accept the invitation, he had lately resolved to arrange the materials relating to the subject, which had occurred to him in the course of his reading, with the addition of such facts as could be discovered by a more careful search into the most probable sources of information." With the result of these researches he now presents his readers.

His first chapter professes to describe the state of religion in Italy before the era of the reformation. He intimates, that most of the theological doctrines, which were the basis of the reformation, were introduced into Italy by a portion of the Vaudois, whom want of subsistence drove from their original residence, in the valleys of Piedmont, into Calabria. He thus describes their emigration and settlement :

" In the year 1370," says our author, " the Vaudois, who resided in the valleys of Pragela, finding themselves straitened in their territories, sent some of their number into Italy, to look out for a convenient settlement. Having discovered, in Calabria, a district uncultivated and thinly peopled, the deputies bargained with the proprietors of the soil, in consequence of which a number of their brethren emigrated thither. Within a short time the place assumed a new appearance: villages rose in every direction, the hills resounded with the bleating of flocks, and the valleys were covered with corn and vines. The prosperity of the new settlers excited the envy of the neighbouring villagers, who were irritated at the distance which they preserved, and at their refusal to join with them in their revels and dissipation. The priests, finding that they received nothing from them but their tithes, which they paid regularly, according to the stipulation entered into with the proprietors, and perceiving that they practised none of the ceremonies usual at the interring of their dead; that they had no images in their chapels, did not go in pilgrimage to consecrated places, and had their children educated by foreign teachers, whom they held in great honour, began to raise the cry of heresy against the simple and inoffensive strangers. But the landlords, gratified to see their ground so highly improved, and to receive large rents for what had formerly yielded them nothing, interposed in behalf of their tenants: and the priests, finding the value of their tithes yearly to increase, resolved prudently to keep silence. The colony received accessions to its members, by the arrival of their brethren, who fled from the persecutions raised against them in Piedmont and France. It continued to flourish when the reformation dawned in Italy; and after subsisting for nearly two centuries, it was basely and barbarously exterminated."

He shows, that the Vaudois and their religious opinions were favourably viewed on every side of the territory to which they removed; and wherever religious tenets became known, they met a people disposed to receive, to encourage, and to propagate them; and that, by degrees, they were disseminated over most parts of Italy. At first they were disregarded by the popes; were afterwards objects of persecution; and, at length, eradicated by the active and savage arm of the Inquisition. All this our author relates with great perspicuity and method; fortifying his text as he proceeds, by numerous authorities. His work is a valuable addition to the recent publications on the Waldenses. Much has been done to clear up their history, and to bring them before the public in a favourable light, but the libraries of Savoy yet remain to be consulted.

We hope our author will pursue his researches. Clauſſiepié informs us, that Beausobre left behind him a work in manuscript, entitled, " Les Preliminaires de la Reformation." We should be glad to meet it in print. Beausobre was a learned and judicious writer; and there scarce-

ly is a greater desideratum in History than what the Germans term, "Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem;" or "The History made for the Reform of the Church between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries."

*Notice sur Madame de Krudener, par madame Adele du Thon. Geneva.
1827.*

MADAME DU THON, the author of a "History of the Society of Friends," and of a notice on the late Pestalozzi, has now published this short account of the celebrated Madame de Krudener, who was so much spoken of a few years ago in Germany and Russia. She was the daughter of a Livonian nobleman, who took her to Paris when nine years of age, and introduced her early to the society of Diderot, Helvétius, Grimm, and the other philosophers of that time, who resorted to the baron's house. Those men were not exactly the most fit tutors of a youthful and susceptible mind. At the age of fourteen, the young lady married the Baron of Krudener, also a Livonian, who, after several domestic disagreements, at last obtained a divorce, in 1791. Madame de Krudener lived now in perfect independence, partly at Riga and partly at Paris, surrounded by a gay society of flatterers and admirers. She wrote a novel in French, called *Valeria*, a counterpart of Madame de Staél's *Delphine*.

We pass over the scandalous part of Madame de Thon's narrative, and come to the epoch of Madame de Krudener's change of sentiments. She was at Berlin, in 1806, at the epoch of the disasters of Prussia. The humiliation of that power, and the subsequent melancholy death of the queen, who had shown some partiality to Madame de Krudener, made a deep impression on the latter, and turned her mind towards serious subjects. The perusal of the works of Jung Stilling, a German mystic writer, favoured these impressions. In 1813, Madame de Krudener began her religious career at Heidelberg, by visiting the prisons, and preaching to the convicts. Next year she went to Paris, for the purpose "of reforming the moral and religious ideas of the chiefs of the allied armies." She had religious meetings at her own hotel, at which the Emperor Alexander assisted sometimes. This gave rise to the report, that she had suggested the first idea of the Holy Alliance. She afterwards went through Switzerland and Germany, preaching in the open air, and followed by a crowd of mendicants, whom she supported. There were at times as many as three or four thousand individuals of both sexes assembled to hear her. "She announced the impending end of the world: her ethics partook of those of the Methodist and Moravian sects—the power of grace without the works—and the necessity of regeneration. She terrified her audience by descriptions of the torments of hell, and abstained from speaking of the goodness and mercy of God, and of the consolatory promises of Jesus Christ. She went so far at times, as to reprobate the conjugal union as contrary to religion. Wives and daughters were seen forsaking their families to follow her, giving away their property to the poor."

The governments of Switzerland and Baden, ordered her to quit those countries. She wrote an apologetic letter to the minister of Baden, pleading inspiration as the irresistible cause of her actions. She then

retired to Courland, but the Russian government would not allow her followers to pass the frontiers, and forbade her to go to Petersburgh. In passing through Leipzig, she had won to her opinions a young theologian, of the name of Liedner, who wrote a book, entitled *Mocbenac*, in support of her opinions. She had also several interviews with Professor Krug, who published his conversations with her.

Always restless, Madame de Krudener obtained permission to go to Crimea, in order to convert the Tartars. The Tartars, however, it seems, were not disposed to conversion, and Madame de Krudener's hopes were again disappointed. The misguided woman at last caught a fever in that unhealthy climate, and died in 1824.

Such was the end of this enthusiastic visionary. It is but injustice to add, that Madame de Krudener had good qualities of the heart. She was generous, her sentiments were noble, and she was certainly religiously disposed. But her intellectual faculties, brilliant as they were, were deficient in harmony, and wanted that unity and concentration of purpose which genius alone cannot give, and which are only the offspring of morality and reason united. The same excitability of passion which led her astray in the first part of her life, carried her afterwards to the extreme of mysticism, for the want of a faith, pure, steady, and charitable, in the true spirit of the Gospel.

Miscellany.

On the Strix Cunicularia, or Coquimbo Owl.—Captain Head, and every reader of his "Rough Notes," will, we are sure, thank us for any hint tending to throw light on facts related in that spirited and interesting narrative; particularly as, in the course of his adventures, circumstances are occasionally recorded somewhat startling to those who are in the habit of considering whatever surpasses their ken or comprehension as a traveller's tale. Thus the concluding part of the following passage, however true to the very letter, as we shall show, has we know excited considerable surprise, and possibly considerable doubt as to its accuracy.

"The Biscacho* is found all over the plains of the Pampas; like rabbits they live in holes, which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. These animals are never seen in the day, but as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups like little villages, all over the Pampas. The biscachos, when full grown, are nearly as large as badgers, but their head resembles a rabbit, excepting that they have large bushy whiskers. In the evening they sit outside their holes, and they all appear to be moralising. They are the most serious looking animals I ever saw; and even the young ones are grey headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave. *In the day time their holes are*

* This animal is probably either the Cavia Paca, Spotted Cavy, or Arctomys Monax, Ferruginous Brown Marmot, though the latter is described as principally found in North America.

always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post. As one gallops by these owls, they always stand looking at the stranger and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscachos' hole.”—(Head's Rough Notes, p. 82.)

Captain Head has not given us the name of this owl, but in all probability it was the *Strix Cunicularia*, or *Coquimbo Owl*, which is described as flying *in pairs*, sometimes by day, and making its nest in *long subterraneous burrows*. In the singular motion of its head, it however corresponds with the *Strix Brasiliaca*, or Brownish Horned Owl, mentioned by Marcgrave in his History of Brazil, which he says is easily tamed, and can so *turn about its neck* that the tip of the beak shall exactly point at the middle of the back; that it also plays with men like an ape, *making many moves*, (as Willoughby translates it,) *and antic mimical faces*, and snapping with its bill. But for the best account we have met with, we are indebted to the splendid continuation of Wilson's American Ornithology by Lucien Bonaparte, under the title “*Burrowing Owl—a bird*,” he says, “that so far from seeking refuge in the ruined habitations of man, fixes his residence within the earth; instead of concealing itself in solitary recesses of the forests, delights to dwell on open plains, in company with animals remarkable for their social disposition, neatness, and order. Instead of sailing heavily forth in the obscurity of the evening or morning twilight, and then retreating to its secluded abode, this bird enjoys the broadest glare of the noon-day sun, and flying rapidly along, searches for food or pleasure during the cheerful light of the day. In the trans-Mississippi territories of the United States, this very singular bird *resides exclusively in the villages of the Marmot, or Prairie Dog*, whose excavations are so commodious, as to render it unnecessary that it should dig for itself, as it is said to do in other parts of the world, where no burrowing animals exist. These villages are very numerous, and variable in their extent, sometimes covering only a few acres, and at others spreading over the surface of the country for miles together. They are composed of slightly elevated mounds, about two feet in width at the base, and seldom exceeding eighteen inches in height. In all these Prairie dog villages, the burrowing owl is seen moving briskly about, or else in small flocks scattered among the mounds, and at a distance it may be mistaken for the marmot itself when sitting erect. They manifest but little timidity, and allow themselves to be approached sufficiently close for shooting; but if alarmed, some or all of them soar away, and settle down again at a short distance: if further disturbed, their flight is continued until they are no longer in view, or they descend into their dwellings, whence they are difficult to dislodge. The burrows into which these owls have been seen to descend on the plains of the river Platte, where they are the most numerous, were evidently excavated by the marmot, whence it has been inferred by the learned and indefatigable Say, that they were either common, though unfriendly residents of the same habitation, or that the owl was the sole occupant by right of conquest.” We have in the statements of Captain Head, however, a proof that both tenants habitually resort at the same time to one burrow; and we are assured by

Pike and others, that a common danger often drives them into the same excavation where lizards and rattlesnakes also enter for concealment and safety.

In the above extracts we have noted in italics the striking similarity to the account given by Captain Head. E. S.

Great Fall of Rain at Bombay.—In a letter from Mr Scott, jun. of Bombay, he says, that, during the first twelve days of the rainy season, 32 inches of rain fell, and that then all the roads became like rivers. In England, the average fall for the whole year is 32 inches,—the quantity which fell at Bombay in the course of twelve days.

Notice regarding the Falls of Rewah, and a remarkable Conical Hill at Myhur.—I left Benares with my regiment on the 5th of October, and arrived at Jubbulpoor on the 9th of November, 1826. Our route lay through Mizapoor, Rewah, and Myhur. When at Rewah, I left the corps for two days, and, in company with some of our officers and their ladies, went to visit the stupendous falls of the Lounse, or Loonse, generally called the falls of Rewah. They are three in number, and the largest of them is allowed to be the grandest yet discovered, Niagara not excepted. You may hear the noise of the fall at the distance of many miles; but the sight which is presented to you on your nearer approach is grander than I can possibly find words to express. The water dashes over a perpendicular rock 173 feet high, in one unbroken stream; and the vapour which rises from the bottom appears like an immense cloud of white smoke, and will wet one to the skin 500 yards off. The second fall is not quite so grand in respect to height, but I think more beautiful in appearance. In the very middle of it stands a rock, in the shape of a tall pillar, and so slight that you would expect to see it washed over by the stream which continually dashes around it. The top of it may be about seven or eight feet in diameter; and on that pinnacle lives an old Fakeer, who has not been off it for the last thirty years. He is supplied with food by some of the neighbouring villagers, who regard him as constantly employed in contemplation of the Deity. At Myhur we halted a day, which I spent in visiting the town, and some adjacent ruins, which are well worthy of note. About a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the town, there is a very curious hill, in the shape of a cone, very steep on all sides, and on the top of it is erected a small Hindoo temple, to which you ascend by a stair built in a straight line up one side of the hill, which is nearly perpendicular. It consists of 523 steps, each about 14 inches high. On going up I had to rest very frequently; and, on looking down, I sometimes felt myself so giddy, that had I not been supported by the bushes at each side, I dare say I should have rolled down to the bottom. This place was built long ago by one of the Myhur's Rajahs, and has always been looked upon by the Hindoos as a most holy spot. From thence to Jubbulpoor the country is almost all jungle, and the roads very bad; and we were all highly pleased when we arrived at the end of our journey.—*Letter from an officer of the 5th Extra Regiment of Native Infantry, to his Father.*

Distances at which Sounds are heard.—I recollect of being, many years ago, at the west end of Dunfermline, and hearing part of a sermon then delivering at a tent at Cairneyhill. I did not miss a word, although the distance must be something about two miles. It was the late Dr. Black of Dunfermline who preached, and who perhaps has seldom been surpassed for distinct speaking and a clear voice. The sound was such as I should have expected, in favourable circumstances, at a quarter of a mile. The wind, which was steady, but moderate, came in the direction of the sound. There are some miraculous stories of sermons being heard at many miles distance; but I did not view it in that light. I was riding westward, and at length saw the Doctor finishing his sermon, otherwise I should have doubted whether he had been at such a distance. Whether the sound had run along the road, as in a tube, I cannot say. I recollect little of what sort of road it is; part, I think, has pretty good dikes, which might guide and confine the sound, aided by the wind. Some gaping ploughmen may surely be heard calling to their horses more than two miles; and, were fishwives in the open country, their eloquence would probably extend still farther. Unfortunately, most people, when they call loud, are not intelligible. In Scripture, there seem to be instances of persons being heard far speaking from mountain tops, but perhaps they used a trumpet.—H. M.

From what Countries have the Islands in the West Indies derived their plants?—M. Moreau de Jonnes, who supposes that the deposits, whether calcareous or volcanic, of the Antilles, have been left dry by the sea at a later period than the great continents, had, in support of this opinion, to inquire into the origin of their vegetable population, and to endeavour to find out by what agents, and from what countries, each of their plants, was transported to them. For this purpose he prepared, during his residence at Martinique, mixtures of earth adapted for vegetation, and in which, he was well assured, there existed no germs of plants. He exposed them with the requisite precautions, and separately, to the action of tempestuous rains, to that of different winds, of birds of passage, and of various currents, and counted, as far as was possible, the number of species which each of these causes produced. He also endeavoured to estimate how far man himself may contribute to this end, by transporting seeds or germs of plants in the water brought from other countries in ships for the use of their crews, among the matters used for packing foreign goods, among wood and fodder, as well as in ballast, and among the hair of animals. The most powerful and constant of the natural agents appears to him to be the great equatorial current of the Atlantic. He found that, in the space of two months, it brought seeds of 150 different species; but all seeds are not capable of being equally transported by all the agents, and to be able to arrive at a given distance in a condition to reproduce their species, they require to possess certain conditions of lightness, mobility, resistance to destruction, difficulty or facility of germination, and others of a like nature. Thus, among the 150 species of seeds brought by the current, there were only twenty-six that germinated. With regard to the action of man, M. de Jonnes thinks it much superior to that of natural agents, and imagines that, in a few centuries, it is capable of entirely

changing the relations established by them in a country immediately after its origin.—*Hist. de l'Acad. Roy. des Sc.* t. vi. p. cxiii.

Captain Parry's reported Second Expedition to the North Pole.—Although it has been generally believed that Captain Parry was next season to resume his attempt in reaching the North Pole, we can assure our readers that no such plan ever was entertained by the Admiralty. The report may have originated in Captain Franklin's having expressed a wish to be allowed (by means of a ship sent by Behring's Strait), to finish the very small portion of the north coast now remaining unexamined; and, at the same time, a similar patch on the Asiatic side, respecting which a doubt has hitherto existed. But we are informed there will certainly be nothing undertaken until Captain Beechey's return with the *Blossom*.

The *Morning Chronicle* observes, discussing the unjustifiableness of a plan of emigration—"That the poor families have just as great a right to send the rich away, (if there are too many people in the country,) as the rich, the poor."—There is no doubt, we apprehend, that they have exactly the same *right*; but they have not altogether the same *power*.

Kew Palace, which thirty years ago cost half a million of money, has been for some time past in so ruinous a state, that it is being pulled down. (More by token, that part of it has fallen in during the operations, and four of the unfortunate labourers employed lost their lives by the accident.) The peculiar style of modern building—we don't mean to speak of "architecture," but of the vulgar work of putting stones and mortar permanently together—is becoming really worthy of public attention. Kew Palace, finished about five and twenty years—is selling now, for the waste materials. Carlton House—a building of yesterday, compared with the average duration of houses built in our less "enlightened" days—was in such a state for some years before it was taken down, that it was almost dangerous to inhabit it. Mr. Beckford's splendid "Fonthill," was on the ground within ten years after it was finished: and the new Custom House fell in, we believe, within eight years after its completion. The theatres and the churches, are the only buildings which seem to last any competent time; perhaps this is because the first are generally burned down before they have time to tumble down; and for the last, (being only in requisition once a week,) when they are once up, there is but little wear and tear to endanger them.

A new Monkey.—The *London Weekly Review* says, in describing the "Chimpanza," an enormous ape, recently discovered in Southern Africa—"This enormous monkey inhabits the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. Its height is sometimes greater than that of man; it has a small beard and mustachios; and is exceedingly pugnacious. It lives, in some measure, in society; at least, numerous individuals of the species congregate together, to plunder the negroes and carry off their wives. It builds itself a hut, makes love to the negresses, and drives away those who ap-

proach its dwelling, by pelting them with stones. *Several young ones have been tamed, and found to possess great imitative talents.*"

We have never read an exact account of this curious monkey before; but we are much mistaken, (now we see the description,) if we have not met some of the last mentioned specimens—the "tamed ones," with the "imitative talents"—within the last six months, about the "West end of the town."

Literary Intelligence.

The museum of Turin is particularly rich in Egyptian antiquities. Mr. Drovetti, consul in Egypt, has lately added many precious relics to this collection, which, among other things, possesses several Greek papyri of the time of Ptolemies, and these are now edited and illustrated by the learned A. Peyron, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin. The first part appeared last year, under the title of "*Papyri Græci Regii Taurinensis Musei Aegyptii.*"

That learned librarian, Salvatore Cirillo, is at present engaged by order of the king of Naples, in describing and illustrating the numerous Greek MSS., which exist in the Royal Library of that capital. The first volume of this rich "*Catalogue Raisonné,*" has appeared from the royal press, and contains the sacred works of the fathers, theologians, interpreters and historians of the Greek church.

The learned Abate Cancellieri, who died at Rome not long ago, at a very advanced age, was justly called a *living library*. His works are almost innumerable; a catalogue of them was published by his heirs, in one small volume. His principal productions are on matters of antiquarian and ecclesiastical erudition, biographical notices, &c. He was especially favoured by the late Pope Pius VII.

M. Kunkel is occupied in editing Meidani's Arabic Proverbs, amounting to about six thousand; many of them are furnished with valuable commentaries by Meidani himself, and among them will be found many important notices on the history and philology of the ancient Arabs. Professor Hamaker of Leyden had announced the same intention.

Professor Olshausen of Kiel, now living in Paris, where he is studying the ancient Persian idioms, intends to publish Zoroaster's works in the original language, with a translation; it will be one of the most important undertakings which has for many years been executed.

A work, in five octavo volumes, called "*The Eloquence of the United States,*" containing some of the finest specimens, from the beginning of the American revolution to the present time, has lately been published at Middletown, Connecticut. The style of its execution is highly creditable.

Professor Orelli, of Zurich, has just deserved well of the learned world, by classing and publishing, in a small volume, 257 Roman inscriptions, which have from time to time been discovered in Switzerland. A very able dissertation on the subject accompanies them.

Among the literary reports of the day, it is mentioned that a Selection from the *Papers, Correspondence, &c.* of the late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, is likely to be published. Much of cugious and interesting must have been deposited with one who had so much intimate intercourse with the world of literature.

Mr. Warden has presented to the French Academy his work entitled "*Researches into the Antiquities of the United States of North America,*" and has accompanied the presentation with some very interesting details, adding several notices, not less curious, of the monuments of Palenquè, in the ancient province of Guatimala. The first of these antiquities, hidden for so long a time in the thick forests of the New World, consist of considerable works, which extend from the south shores of Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. These monuments, of various form and size, and the objects of antiquity discovered up to the pre-

sent period, comprehend, 1. fortifications; 2. tumuli; 3. parallel earthen walls; 4. subterraneous walls of earth and brick; 5. openings in the earth, which have been called wells; 6. rocks with inscriptions; 7. idols; 8. shells belonging to other countries: and, 9. mummies.

Some curious Autograph Letters have recently come into the possession of Mr. Landseer the engraver. Among these are two from Dr. Adam Smith, addressed to Dr. Roe buck, of a very confidential nature, dated 17th November, and 9th December, 1774, concerning Dr. Franklin and American Politics, which throw considerable light on the secret history and intrigues of the time. There is another, of more than three folio pages, by Smeaton the engineer, respecting the Cannon Iron Foundry, &c., dated 28 September, 1763.

There died in France, in 1827, eleven peers of the realm, of whom one was a field-marshall; twenty-two lieutenant-generals; twenty-four major-generals; five bishops; two sub-prefects; two consuls; six deputies of the late chamber; one of the chamber not yet assembled; fourteen deputies of former chambers; four members of the national convention; eleven presidents of courts of justice; one advocate general; three attorneys-general; seventeen judges; one counsellor of the court of accounts; seven members of the Institute; five painters; twelve literary characters, including one female; five dramatic authors; four composers of music; eight actors; and five actresses.

Popilia, the mother of M. Crassus, the orator, was the first lady who had a funeral oration pronounced over her remains. It was composed and delivered by her son.

An Essay on the application of Mathematical Analysis to the Theories of Electricity and Magnetism, is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Torpidian; or, an Inquiry into the Literary Pretensions of the Officers and Members of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries, from the year 1815 to the present time, including critical remarks upon their works, will be soon published.

Preparing for publication, a copious English and Greek Dictionary, by the Rev. John Edwards, one of the masters at Harrow. The German and Greek Dictionary, by Rost, forms the basis of this work.

In the press, "Travels in Russia, Prussia, and Finland," by William Rae Wilson, Esq.—We hope that this volume will be better written than his work on Norway and Sweden.

The Beggar of the Seas; or, Belgium in the Time of the Duke of Alba, is preparing for publication.

Tales of Passion. By the Author of Gilbert Earle.

The Roué, a Novel of real Life.

Mr. M. Brydges is preparing in one volume octavo, a History of the Roman Empire under Constantine the Great.

Life of Jean Bart, a celebrated Naval Chieftain in the time of Louis XIV. being a Translation from the French. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, of Bath.

The Fourth and Concluding Volume of Mr. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth will soon appear.

Legends of the Lakes are announced by Mr. Crofton Croker.

Among our curiosities in literature, we have received from America the first No. of the *Hesperus*, a journal something on the plan of our own, published at Pittsburgh, which but a few years since was a distant desert!

Preparing for publication, a History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain and Portugal, from the Spanish of Condé, by M. Marles. Translated from the French.

Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems, by George Woods, jun.—are announced.

Egypt.—The prospectus has been circulated of a French Journal, to be published at Alexandria, and to be called, "L'Écho des Pyramides." It seems, however, that some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the pasha's consent to the undertaking.

Farewell to Time, or last Vews of Life, and Prospects of Immortality.

Mr. John Johnstone will publish next month, "Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the present day; with a Preliminary Sketch of the Early History of English Poetry, and Biographical and Critical Notices."

Preparing for publication, "Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, consisting of a series of Prints illustrating the most interesting ancient Buildings, Architectural and Sculptured Fragments, Street Scenery, &c. of all the Cities of England; with descriptive accounts of each subject. By John Britton, F.S.A. M.R.S.L. &c.

Robson's Picturesque Views of all the English Cities, consisting of 32 engravings by eminent artists.

Architectural Illustration of the Public Buildings of London, with descriptive accounts of each subject. Edited, and the greater part written, by J. Britton, F.S.A., containing 144 engravings.

In the present month, the first vol. of "The Works of the English and Scottish Reformers." Edited by the Rev. Thomas Russell, A.M. Also, a 2d edit. of "Sermons on various subjects," by the late Rev. John Hyatt. Edited by his Son, Charles Hyatt. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. John Morrison, Minister of Trevor Chapel, Brompton.

Count Peechio, well known, both in Italy and in England, as an Italian exile, and the author of a *Narrative of the Events in Greece, in 1825*, has just published, at Lugano, a work styled, "The year 1825, in England," in which he describes the commercial disasters of that memorable epoch. It is remarkable for the tone of fairness and liberal feeling towards this country, which distinguishes it from the exaggerated rhapsodies or invidious *tirades* of some other foreigners. Italian travellers are few, and still fewer those who write, but they are generally dispassionate and impartial.

Prince Odescalchi has published, at Rome, an Italian translation of the fragments of Cicero's *de Republica*, discovered by Mai. This is another proof that Italian princes, even at Rome, employ their time in liberal studies, instead of having become brokers and picture venders, as some flippant travellers have, with ineffable ignorance, characterized them. The Countess Malvezzi, of Bologna, has also published a cotemporary version of the same interesting work.

The indefatigable philologist, Ciampini of Florence, well known for his intimate acquaintance with Polish chronicles, has lately published a Critical Investigation on the History of the Famous Impostor Demetrius, who gave himself out for the son of the Czar, Basil the Great, and succeeded for a time in usurping the crown of Muscovy.

Manzoni's novel, "The Betrothed," has been reprinted at Turin, Florence, Bologna, and other towns of Italy. This mark of deserved popularity, flattering as it is to the author, is far from advantageous to the original publisher. The want of security for literary property, is one of the evils of the divided state of Italy, and it must act very unfavourably on the cause of letters.

The third and fourth volumes of the "Italians in Russia," by an Italian officer, have been published at Florence. This work is filled with the events of that memorable war, but relates more particularly to the part taken in it by the two Italian corps of the viceroy Eugene, and of Murat.

The first number of a monthly journal, entitled, "The Propagator of Animal Magnetism," has recently appeared in Paris. It contains some very curious cases, in the cure of which that species of remedy appears to have been applied with wonderful effect. It is not to be denied that the doctrine, controverted and ridiculed as it has been by some very learned physicians, has lately gained considerable ground in France.

The Vicomte D'Arlincourt, who is known to our readers as the author of some clever French novels, has lately published a new work, entitled *Ismalie ou la Mort et l'Amour*.

Miss Helen Maria Williams died lately in Paris, where she had resided since 1790. She wrote several works connected with France, which obtained for her a considerable degree of popularity in that country, as well as in this; but they have been already forgotten.

Mr. Salt, the late British Consul in Egypt, died on the 30th of October, at a village between Cairo and Alexandria. He discharged the duties of that office in the most irreproachable manner for several years, and obtained well-earned celebrity for his unwearyed spirit of enterprise, in causing numerous remains of antiquity to be dug out of the ruins of Egypt, and transmitted to England.

Among the announced forthcoming publications, we find the *Subaltern's Log-Book*, with reminiscences and anecdotes of well-known military characters.

Mr. Emerson has nearly ready for the press, a *History of the Greek Revolution*, from its commencement, in 1821, down to the battle of Navarino.

Mr. Britton has announced a second volume of his *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*.

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